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THE  
LIFE AND SERMONS  
OF  
REV. WILLIAM WYATT  
OF THE  
WYOMING CONFERENCE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

---

*Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee  
these forty years in the wilderness.—DEUT. viii: 2.*

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ALBANY, N. Y.:  
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## PREFACE.

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**I**N this, my last and finishing work which I leave behind me, I have gathered up from memory, and knit together the raveled ends of a life of sixty-six years, forty-four of which have been spent in the Christian ministry, that my family and friends may remember that such an one as I lived, and thought, and acted among them.

I have also had respect to the fact that my life, with all others, is part of the great book of Providence which is being written, and must go down to posterity.

My father, who was born in 1770, and was fourteen years old when the Church was organized, as will be seen by these pages, was intimately connected with the rise and progress of Methodism, both in the United States and Canada, for the first eighty years of its history. Under our own observation, the Church has grown from fourteen thousand in 1784, to be counted by millions in 1878, and from narrow borders, to fill the whole land—yea, overspread a continent and the world. Here I record the part I have taken in this great work, and furnish my contribution to the general history of Methodism in this country.

The events which I have here narrated were mainly associated with my life-work, although some of them have already passed into history and become the common property of the Church. And if the pleasure of reading them shall bear any proportion to that which I have had in recalling these early battles of the Lord, these trials and victories, and in living them over again, together with



the host of friends who have gone home before me, I shall feel amply rewarded.

But that which gives me the most pleasure at this standpoint, in looking over the past, is the glorious revival work in which we have been engaged. When we went to our charges, we bent all our energies to that one point, and we seldom failed to attain unto it. Many ministers who are now in the field, some of whom stand in the front rank of pulpit orators, with thousands of others, we have led to God's altar, and seen converted. We hope to join them all in the house above, not made with hands, where he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together.

The sermons were given to the printer just as I have preached them for forty years, without change of verbalism, punctuation, or doctrine.

W. WYATT.

ALBANY, *August*, 1878.

# CONTENTS.

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## CHAPTER I.—CHILDHOOD.

Birth—Log cabin—Blood—Pants and waistcoat—Beans—Cat baptized—On top of the barn—Goslings—Lost in the woods—Eggs—Conviction of sin—Saw the Devil—Father's library. - Page 1

## CHAPTER II.—CONVERSION AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

Father and mother converted—Pioneers move into Canada—Family altar—Irishman—Distillery—Scipio Circuit—"Chapter and verse men"—Jovial set—Power of the word—Chaplain to kittens—Writes a prayer—Preaches on the hay-mow—"Baker"—Goes to camp-meeting—Encounter with a rattlesnake—Conversion—Carried into the tent. - - - - - Page 10

## CHAPTER III.—COMMENCES TO EXHORT AND HOLD MEETINGS.

Talks to the children—First Sunday-school teacher—Enos Puffer—Text from an Almanac—Gentleman farmer—Prayerless death—Benjamin Fowler—Awful death—Moses King—Ark removed—"Give us a preacher"—Church built—License to exhort—Eyes opened—"What makes you whine so?"—Recommended for license to preach—Steals a sermon—Granted license—Attends grammar school—Thirst for knowledge—Manners—Wooden trenchers—Homespun clothes. - - - - - Page 23

## CHAPTER IV.—LEAVES HOME FOR THE CIRCUIT.

Graduates from the "lower meadow"—Sent to Slaterville—Fat pork and chickens—Fifteen-minute sermons—Appointed to Greene circuit—Old Brown—Saddle-bags—Temperance sermon—Father Pearne—Scanned and quizzed—Oisterbanks—Jemima Wilkinson—Walks on the water—Parse by the hour—Pantaloons—Curious mounds—Acrostic—Frenchman and the bear—Billy Hibbard.

Page 37

## CHAPTER V.—WINDSOR CIRCUIT.

George Lane and Selah Payne—Rev. 6:17—Gruber and the tad-pole—Dear, ah, brother, ah—Jonathan Edwards and the Six Nations—Pumpkin freshet—Harpersville—Fringed mittens—Remarkable coat—Joseph Smith, the Mormon—Call to preach—Temperance—Mosquitoes, their origin—Bishop McKendrie—Bishop Emory—Marries Mary A. Reynolds—"Fast young man"—Temperance lecture and disturbance—Going to Hell on horseback—Asks for a better charge—First conference—Slaterville—Revival—Peter's vision over again—Universalist converted—Tavern-keeper and wife—Calvinism. . . . . Page 52

## CHAPTER VI.—BARTON.

Ordained deacon—"The Western banner"—Anti-slavery—Bishop Hedding's great speech—Forty miles to quarterly meeting—Remarkable man—Quarter of a small pig—Two tallow dips—"Shout, but pay your preacher"—Revival—Chickens and Hymn-book—Small-pox—Pitch-pine lands—Speedsville—Irish family—Subscription for new Church stolen—Teaches select school—Albert born—Typhoid fever—Candor—Does the work of ten ministers—Honey-pot—Sweeping revival—Asia-ticks—Red school-house—Moulton—Pentecost over—Brand from the burning—Baptist pond—Baptist goose—Rev. George G. Cookman—Steam engine. . . . . Page 70

## CHAPTER VII.—TRANSFERRED TO BLACK RIVER CONFERENCE.

Stationed at Adams—W. W. Ninde—Laity—Paying and praying—Coloring hair—Wonderful piece of beef—Union services—Burchard—First call from Buffalo—Black tongue—Strange fate of two young ladies—Grandma Thompson and her vision of heaven—Stationed at Watertown—Official board—Willard Ives—An angel—A second Susannah Wesley—"Tract for the times"—Curious sermon—Death of Hiram Mattison. . . . . Page 91

## CHAPTER VIII.—LOWVILLE.

Amusing incident—Spasm in the thumb—Bishop Hedding—Hobby riding—Bishop Scott on the Second Blessing—Grand natural scenery—Temperance question—Fizzle of a grand ball—Mrs. Wyatt leads souls to Christ—Remarkable instances of conversion—Rev. John Dempster—Re-transferred to Oneida Conference—Stationed at Ox-

ford—Oldfort—Ami Hyde—Written sermon—Plenty of Churches—Conversion of Judge McKoon—Thinks he can preach—Tries it—Two pleasant years. . . . . Page 106

## CHAPTER IX.—UTICA.

Views on sanctification—Makes it a specialty—Remarkable instance of faith—Dr. J. P. Newman—Harry Bushnell—Mrs. Porter and Free Methodists—Something wrong—Immersion extraordinary—George Evans—Triumphant death—Catechism for a kiss—The devil in a pulpit lamp—Sent to Honesdale—Mania for Churches out of town—Spiritualism. . . . . Page 121

## CHAPTER X.—CARBONDALE.

Church in debt—Goes begging—Success in New York—Great revival—Fight with spirits—Traps a medium—Postscripts for tails—"Not come to pray, but to watch"—Receives a message from Lorenzo Dow—Tendency of spiritualism—The last of Harvey—Mother Lee. . . . . Page 143

## CHAPTER XI.—WILKES BARRE.

Amusing incident—"Where is the Irishman?"—Official board—Sunday school—First Sunday—Father Barnes—Walked eighteen miles to kindle fires—Father Moister—"Canaan"—Mrs. Judge Bennett—Sarah Miner—Hon. Charles Miner—First abolition speech in Congress—Out of breath—Owego camp meeting. . . . . Page 159

## CHAPTER XII.—WYOMING DISTRICT.

Rev. Henry Brownscome—Spread out thin—Fever and ague—Woodville Church—Subscription—"Five Methodist Churches in this Valley"—Bell—Rev. Asa Brooks—Revival—Children converted—Plymouth Church—Advice—Peculiar notions—Taken for a boatman—Wyoming Seminary and Rev. Reuben Nelson—Forty Fort Church—High pulpit—Wyoming—Count Zinzendorf—Rattlesnake—Rev. Anning Owen—"Hell is hot, and eternity is long"—Carverton—Crazy Harris—Justification and Sanctification seven miles apart—Rain stopped by prayer—"Crazy Harris; glory be to God!" Wakes a sleeper—"Go to hell, Amen!"—"I am here to fight, Hallelujah!"—"Be ye also ready"—"Bound for eternity"—"Bang!"—Albert converted—Stoddardsville—Keeping the Sabbath—Brother Stull visited by the devil—"Said devil, and didn't whisper it." . . . . . Page 170

### CHAPTER XIII.—HONESDALE DISTRICT AND BINGHAMTON.

Mountain gravity coal road—"Maniac"—Irish woman's dog—Camp-meeting—Two hundred conversions—Another camp meeting—Conversion of Rev. W. P. Abbott, D.D.—Rowdies—Bulls of Bashan—Devil defeated—"What will your rivrence take to drink?"—"Christen the baby"—Dedicate Churches—Henry Street Church—Sanctification—Nathaniel Lewis—Temperance speech—Didn't delay to take Lord's blessing—"Hogmatical"—Lorenzo Dow raises the devil—Failure to unite Churches at Binghamton - - Page 192

### CHAPTER XIV.—CHAPLAIN.

Congress—Abraham Lincoln—March of the army across the Rapidan—Battle of the Wilderness—Opium pills—Col. Tracy—Capt. Gorman's bravery—Spottsylvania—Field of blood—Death of Sedgewick—Hospital—A rebel Christian—New troops—Butler in a bottle—Death of Capt. Gorman—Shooting horses—Chickens and the chaplain—Battle of Cold Harbor—Rain of shot and shell—Death of a comrade—Christian commission—"At what college were you educated?"—Our horse—Resignation. - - - Page 203

### CHAPTER XV.—SUPERANNUATED.

New Church at Candor—Brother Judson—Changes—Change of relation—Removed to Albany—Arbor Hill—City of Albany—Newburgh—Ancestors—Daughter Lizzie—Trinity Church—Washington Square M. E. Church, N. Y.—Lansingburgh—Fultonville—Joseph Brant—Gen. Schuyler—Splendid soup—Overcome by heat—Wilkes Barre again—St. James Church, Kingston—Happy time—Bedford street, New York—Revival work—Conclusion. - - Page 235

## SERMONS.

|  | Page. |
|--|-------|
| I. General Resurrection . . . . .              | 249   |
| II. The Closet . . . . .                       | 268   |
| III. Esther . . . . .                          | 284   |
| IV. Paradise Lost . . . . .                    | 299   |
| V. Stone Kingdom . . . . .                     | 314   |
| VI. Jonah . . . . .                            | 330   |
| VII. Gospel . . . . .                          | 349   |
| VIII. Planting the Church in Ephesus . . . . . | 364   |
| IX. Samson . . . . .                           | 384   |

LIFE AND SERMONS  
OF  
WILLIAM WYATT.

---

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

I WAS born on the 20th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1812, amid the tall pines and uncultivated fields of Danby, Tompkins county, in the State of New York. My parents moved in the close of the last century from Fostertown, Orange county, New York, into Upper Canada, where they took up some new land and remained ten or twelve years. But becoming thoroughly disgusted with the government and country, gave away (or nearly so) their possessions, and returned to the States and bought land of one Robert Gossman, in Danby, and erected upon it a rude log cabin after the fashion of the times, and here lived fifteen years.

Railroads, steamboats, telegraphs, sewing, mowing and reaping machines, were not known. My father went on foot ten and fifteen miles down the Cayuga lake, and bought corn and had it ground, and brought it home on his back, out of which we

made our bread. We caught some wild fowl and deer for meat, had sage leaves for tea, and roasted ears of corn for coffee, sweetened with maple sugar, occasionally some boiled dock leaves and dandelions for a dessert. There were no neighbors on whom we could call for assistance, but when our stores gave out we went to the woods and gathered mandrakes, leeks, winter-greens, berries and other wild fruits. Friendly Indians often visited us, desiring to share our hospitalities.

Those were days to try men's souls, known only to pioneer life. To provide for the family taxed St. James' doctrine of faith and works to the uttermost. Yet those were days that made strong men, well able to fell the forest tree, to clear the land and plant villages, cities, schools and churches.

I have generally been taken for a foreigner, and, perhaps, with some propriety. My father was of English descent; his ancestors came over and settled in the Colonies long before the Declaration of Independence, and have a name and place in our country's history. My mother was French. So the cool, self-possessed, calculating blood of the Englishman, and the hot, precipitate, stirring blood of the Frenchman meet midway in my veins, and they twain have had many a hard fight. The former says, make haste slowly, take time to think, be sure you are right; the latter says, strike, strike at once, strike while the iron is hot. These are the forces that have stirred within me from the beginning. And when I have yielded implicitly to the one or to the other, I have made a failure, but when the two have been

quietly and happily blended, the results have been all that might be desired.

My father was never in a hurry, he took his nap regularly after dinner every day; he said "It took the Lord six days to make the world, and there was no use in trying to do every thing in one day." He obeyed strictly the Apostolic injunction, "Be careful for nothing." A man of sound judgment, and unchangeable purposes, with the solid comfort of good old David, when he said "My heart is fixed."

My mother was otherwise; she said "Father is so slow he is always too late to dinner." As might be expected the legitimate outcome of all this was mother was the first to move in the house. She was up in the morning, built the fires and set things in order generally, got the breakfast, milked the cows, fed the chickens and the pigs, and then called up her family. We liked it well, it seemed a good arrangement and we expected it to be perpetuated in our respective families, but in this we have been disappointed.

I had more of the French than the English, more of mother than of father about me. I took my type and physique from my mother; here I got my vim and soul; I lit my match by fires that she kindled, and was early at my life work. I knew little of farming or horticulture, and did not wait to read up on these subjects, but dropped all my childish trinkets, and like the quail with the shell on its back, I was off into the field at work. Before I got on my pants and boy's outfit, I was in the garden supervising and giving directions. My father had taken a



great deal of pains to procure and plant some choice early beans, they were growing finely. I pulled them all up and laid them out straight, when my father came in he found his beans laid nicely in a pile, and the ground cleared for more seed. Then my mother had a fine flock of goslings that she had nursed with much care. I had seen her feed them. Nothing passed unnoticed by me; I paid special attention to every thing that was going on, and watched every opportunity to find a job suited to my capacity. One day my mother was away from home, and it occurred to me, now is the time to feed the goslings. I went down behind an old stone oven that stood on the bank of a brook, and pounded up some charcoal. Then caught the goslings one after another, and stuffed them with it, much after the manner of feeding turkeys; then took them down to the brook and made them drink; then took them back and gave them another dose, and let them go. When my mother came home and looked after her pets, one, and another, and another turned over and died, that was the end of the goslings, and came near being the end of me, so near that I have not forgotten it unto this day.

But I was soon out again watching my chances for other work, and soon found some that I could manage. There was a man living in our neighborhood by the name of Joseph Moore. We had a pet cat that was very much thought of in the family; it occurred to me that she had been neglected and had not been properly christianized like the rest of the children. There were few Baptists in the neighborhood, and I

had not as yet given much attention to theology, but had heard them talk about baptism, and had seen it administered. Without making an appointment for divine service, or getting any witnesses to the ordinance, not even a god-father, nor god-mother, nor yet did I ask Miss puss the usual questions, nor wait the reading of the baptismal covenant, but took her to the spring and immersed her in the name of Joe Moore. But I found to my sorrow before I got through with it, that if the cat had been allowed to choose her own mode of baptism, she never would have chosen immersion. And thereafter I concluded to let the cats alone. Not having studied Darwinism very much, yet it appeared to me very conclusively that the cat was not sufficiently developed to submit quietly to baptism by immersion. The devils of Gadara had a much easier time to get the hogs under water than they would if they had gone into so many cats.

When in the course of human events, the time came to put away childish things, my mother made me a pair of linsey woolsey pants and waistcoat. I donned the boy's suit, put my hands into the pockets, and felt myself fully equal to any emergency of human life. My father had a small barn with a wing attached to the north end facing the road, thatched with straw. My little sister Amy, the youngest of seven sisters, and youngest of the family, was my constant associate, and I made her my special care. She thought what I did was just right, and was ready to carry out my wishes in every particular.

I had not as yet read the Bible, but had heard

our people talk of the temptation; here was an opportunity for a repetition of the grand event.

A ladder was standing against the wing of the barn, it was with great difficulty on Sunday morning that I drew Amy up on the top, and from thence to the ridge of the main building. A fine opportunity presented itself to point out all the kingdoms of the world. Mr. Sturgis Williams, a good Presbyterian, lived just below us, and used every Lord's day to harness his horses, and take his family to church. And before I had got through with pointing out the beauties of this glorious world, and the great possessions that would be obtained and benefits that would accrue, and before the orders had been given to bow down and worship; I looked down the road and saw Mr. Williams on his way to church, and here the ceremony abruptly closed, and without waiting for the closing hymn, or prayer, or benediction, helped myself down the ladder as quick as possible, leaving my little sister to make the best of her situation, to the no small mortification of the family, and amusement of the neighbors and meeting folks.

It was said that I was a bad boy, full of mischief; and it is very likely there was some truth in it. My older brother, Samuel, was killed at a mill when I was very young, which left me the only son in a large family, and I was allowed to do as was well pleasing in my sight. My mother used to spin and weave, and make clothes for the family. To spin forty knots of linen yarn in a day was considered a day's work, but she would spin sixty knots and do

her housework. I heard her speak of a reed which she wanted. This started a train of thought in my mind, and next morning very early I was up and off through a dense forest by a cow path, for two miles, to John Miller's, who was a weaver. There I fell in with some boys, and had a most happy time all day until late in the evening. The neighborhood was then notified to look for the lost boy, mother was greatly alarmed, and said she had had bad luck with her boys, one died when a child, from an overdose of laudanum, and another was killed at the mill, and now William, her last boy has gone, "An evil beast hath devoured him," "All these things are against me." But about nine or ten o'clock, at night, some friend piloted me back all right. Nothing was said to Mrs. Miller about the reed; I thought only of frolic and play, until the darkness of the night closed upon me, and a long piece of untrodden woods lay between me and my father's house.

About a year after this, in the spring time, when the geese began to lay again, my mother laid away twelve eggs, intending to raise another brood of goslings. I took one of the eggs and laid it under an old root in the field, thinking that it would be more agreeable to make a meal of it, than to feed another flock of goslings. There was no small stir among the children, about the lost egg, but no information could be obtained of it. It had very mysteriously disappeared. Mother said, "William looks very knowingly," yet he was the pet, and no particular advance was made to him about it, so the goose was set, *minus* the twelfth egg.

Here I felt for the first time in my life, a consciousness of guilt and conviction for sin, yet had no idea whence it came, or what it could mean. At this period of my life, I had a most remarkable and bitter conflict with the devil, not unlike the one found in the experiences of Martin Luther, John Bunyan and Benjamin Abbott, who thought he had come to carry them off bodily. In the night time as I lay in my bed, when the fire shone brightly, I saw him sitting on the floor, between me and the fire—saw him open his mouth—saw him standing by the window, and felt his cold hand distinctly on my person. Night after night I have lain with my arms about my older brother, who was yet alive, fearing lest he should carry me off bodily. I believe such a man lived as Daniel Webster, not because men say so, who have seen him, not because the books say so, I believe it because I have seen him, and taken him by the hand; so I believe there is a devil, not because it is in our creed, not because the Bible says so, but because I have seen him, and felt his hand upon me. You say that was the work of a heated imagination, or perhaps conviction for sin, yet to me it was a reality. Of the personality and power of the devil I never entertained a doubt. But whether any moral good came of it, whether it made me a better boy, is a question. Certainly the devil has no design to make men better, and why he was permitted thus early in life to visit and torment me, is more than I can say.

It has ever been to me an inexplicable mystery.

My father was a great reader; he had an invaluable library, no obscene literature in it; no fiction, not

even old John Bunyan himself; no infidelity, neither Darwin, nor Huxley, nor Tyndall, nor any German rationalism. It consisted in the Bible, Old and New Testaments, Apocrypha, and family record, the biography of Benjamin Abbott, Baxter's Saints' Rest, and Daboll's Arithmetic; we four and no more. My father read one book, here only my mother and sisters read; here I read and made myself acquainted with these Bible stories, and with that remarkable one on the life and times of Benjamin Abbott. This was my first and only reading; these books I read over and over again, and of their truth never entertained a doubt. The necessity of a change of heart and preparation for the future and heaven, with the eternal rest of the saints, I obtained from Baxter's Saints' Rest. Here I saw what I ought to be, but had not the moral power as yet to attain unto it. The great curse of the world to-day is our corrupt literature. A few good books, well chosen and read, would be an untold blessing to any family.

No such thing as a ball-room or card table, or theatre, or dram shop, or unwholesome society was known in my father's family. I was shut out from all worldly and contaminating influences, and shut in with a quiet christian family, who made it their daily and constant business to serve God, and get to heaven. Had I grown up under other circumstances, and immoral influences, I should have been dead and damned long ere this. Thanks be to early christian training that I am out of prison, and out of a drunkard's grave, and out of hell to-day.

## CHAPTER II.

## CONVERSION AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

MY father and mother were converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in or about the year 1784; they lived at that time in Fostertown, Orange county, New York. The whole Church then numbered 13,740. Their early ancestors, from time immemorial, had been members of the Church of England. But they were thoroughly in accord with the doctrines and usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and neither fewness of numbers, nor poverty, nor persecutions could keep them from joining the Church of their choice. They went fifty and sixty miles for their regular preaching, not by railroad, nor steamboat, for these had no existence, but by their own conveyance. For their quarterly meetings, and all great occasions, they went to the city of New York. They assisted in laying the foundations of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America.

Here they made themselves acquainted with the old pioneer preachers, and often heard them preach. Francis Asbury, James Foster, Wm. Watters, Free-born Garretson, George Shadford, were household names with them. These were giants in the land in those days, going in and out before them—burning and shining lights. They taught them Methodism;

and shining lights. They taught them Methodism; their blameless lives, godly conversation and eloquent sermons moulded their characters and formed their habits. While they had to contend with bitter persecution and the hardships of a new and rough country, still they were blessed with the most apostolic ministry in the history of the church. They had opportunity to hear most of the ministers in the connection, for in New York and on the principal stations they were moved every three months; yet they had the satisfaction to know that they had ministers examined in person by John Wesley, once a year in doctrines and moral character. Wesley at this time was very jealous of his ministers; he would have none but holy men, and men of good sense and sound doctrine.

My father owned twenty-five acres of land in Fostertown, four miles west of Newburgh, on the banks of the noble Hudson. This he sold, and, with my mother's brothers, John and Amos Caverly, moved into Upper Canada, not far from the head of Bay Quintie. Here he carried and planted Methodism, and it grew and prospered gloriously under his labors. From this standpoint it radiated and spread all over the provinces. The early ministers found a home at his house, and an earnest coadjutor in building up the church in that new and uncultivated country. Bay Quintie circuit was soon organized after my father entered the province, and in 1796 Samuel Coate was appointed to take charge. In 1798, Darius Dunham was on the circuit. A district in this year was organized, embracing all of Canada, called Bay Quintie



district. Mr. Dunham was appointed Presiding Elder, having also charge of the circuit of the same name. So the work began very soon to multiply: hundreds were converted and added to the church.

The next year, 1799, Joseph Jewell was appointed to the district, and Samuel Coate to the circuit, for the second time. In 1800, Joseph Jewell was on Bay Quintie district; Sylvanus Keeler and Wm. Anson were on the circuit. The work was rapidly increasing, but there was no Episcopal Methodism, as yet, in Lower Canada. In 1801, the name of the district was changed, and it was called Canada district; the name of the circuit was also changed to Upper Canada; Joseph Jewell and Samuel Draper had charge. In 1803, Nathan Bangs, the apostle of Methodism in Canada, entered upon his work in connection with Thomas Madden and others. Such men as John Reynolds, Henry Ryan, Robert Perry, Wm. Case and Seth Crowell, missionary, went in and out before them, bearing the vessels of the Lord. Better and more useful ministers had not been known since the days of St. Paul. They preached the gospel at the sacrifice of all worldly good to a poor people, who were in no wise able to furnish them a proper support. When my father went into Canada, there was no society, no circuit, no district, no Methodism in either province; but when he left, in about ten or twelve years, there were two districts, one in Upper and one in Lower Canada, with many circuits and stations. In the upper province, there were 2,355 members; 650 of these were on the Bay Quintie circuit, where he first settled and lifted up and

unfurled the banners of Methodism. The good work was also moving down the river, slowly yet surely. In Quebec there were twenty-five members, 28 in Montreal, 116 in Ottawa—179 in all in the lower province.

One great secret of my father's success in building up the church and propagating Methodism was divine service in his house. He served God at home. His motto was: Religion first, and all business matters subordinate. He had the altar, the church, in his house—the minister, the doctrine, the worship, the discipline—all that constitutes the church; and he never let his altar go down, nor allowed his domestic religion to be neglected. The altar in his house was like the ark in the house of Obededom—it brought light and life, prosperity and success. Here his children first saw the beauties of religion and learned to pray and give their hearts to God, and here most of them were converted. Then the Lord, according to promise, made his house a little sanctuary, a place of rest, and a place of safety. He inherited the promises: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear the Lord and trust in him." "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about them that fear him." Though he lived among the untutored Indians and savage backwoodsmen on the frontiers, both in the States and also in Canada, yet he was never molested. He knew there was a God in Israel, and here he rested securely.

There was an Irishman in Canada, who became very intimate in my father's family, who did all he

could to prevail on him to set up a distillery, and go into the liquor business. But he set his face as a flint against it. It was incompatible with the church in his house, its doctrines, its good influences. While he was protected from without, no internal foe was allowed to find shelter there. The Irishman was sent away, while my father said with old David, "I will walk within my house with a perfect heart, I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes."

When my father returned to the States, and settled in Danby, as in Fostertown on the Hudson, and in Canada, so here he found no Methodism, no society, no church, no religious meetings. His first work was to see what could be done for the Lord and Methodism. He mounted a horse and rode forty miles down the Cayuga lake, in the bounds of the New York conference ; which then embraced the whole of New York State, Pennsylvania, New England and Canada ; and found Peter Van Est, Presiding Elder of Cayuga district ; he sent him Asa Cummings and Thomas Wright, who were on the Scipio circuit, and he, Asa Cummings, organized the class in my father's house, consisting of six members. Nathaniel Wyatt, leader, Amy Wyatt, Rachael Barnum, whose husband was killed in the war of the revolution ; Fanny and Clarissa Everest, two maiden ladies, sisters, who lived about a mile and a half south of my father's house ; these women used to walk six and a half miles to Ithaca, ten or fifteen years later, with a pail of butter, and sell it for six and a quarter cents a pound ; and Mrs. Anna Mead, who lived about three miles west, over on the Inlet. These were the

six members in the first class formed in Tompkins county. This was sometime before there was any Methodist organization in Ithaca, and for twenty years thereafter there was preaching in his house. This was the great center of Methodism in all that section of country. Here they came for their quarterly meetings from thirty and forty miles around, which were held in the woods, and, when too cold, in my father's old log barn, warmed with large kettles filled with charcoal, such as were used in boiling sap.

The pioneer ministers made their home always with us. Matthew Van Doosen, James Kelsey, Benoni Harris, Elijah Batchelor, George W. Densmore, Ebenezer White, William Jewet, Benjamin Bidlack, John Kimberlin, Dan Barnes, Loring Grant, Charles Giles, Wm. Case and Abner Chase. These were the men who came regularly and preached every two and four weeks. I stood at the door when they came, to take their horses and receive their benedictions. All of these were not learned men, but they were men for the times, called of God, and raised up and sent out, like Moses, to deliver Israel; or John Knox, Martin Luther and John Wesley, to plant the Church and establish the kingdom and coming of Christ. They preached in great simplicity, yet in great power and in much assurance. They were great and good men, well able to lay the foundations to build our common Zion, so that the gates of hell could not prevail against it. They had a wonderful adaptation to the times. They could eat roasted potatoes, pudding and milk, sleep upon the floor and

upon straw beds, and take cheerfully the fare they found among the people. They were theologians; they understood perfectly the doctrines of the Church, and defended them with a master-hand against Calvinism, Universalism, Antinomianism, and all the peculiar heresies of the day. Two of these men were specially hard upon these isms. Asa Orcutt and Isaac Puffer were "chapter and verse" men. They would repeat hundreds of texts in a sermon, and tell where they could be found, so that opposers could not resist nor gainsay the spirit and wisdom by which they spake. They were extempore men—could exhort without a text, and stand behind a chair and read their text by the light of a candle, and preach without a book. Then they were observing men, able to seize upon every passing event and weave it into the thread of the sermon. Their discourses were not old and stale, thread-bare and barren, but new and fresh every time, full of point and vim, accompanied by the influences of the Holy Spirit. They were often accosted in the midst of divine service, and an impromptu answer had to be given. But they were men of genius—never taken by surprise, always ready, more than a match for their enemies. They were not sedate, sober, long-faced men at all, as some have been wont to think. They did not approach sinners, looking solemn as the grave, as though they were going immediately to the eternal world; but they entered cheerfully and heartily into every man's business, humored all his whims and peculiar notions. They became all things to all men, that they might by all means save some. They had

a cheerful and happy religion and countenance, and everybody was glad to see them. They were the most happy, most jovial set of men I ever knew. They would sit by the fireside, and tell anecdotes and incidents, and laugh, by the hour. Yet they had so much grace about them and power in prayer, that they left an irresistible moral and religious influence behind them wherever they went.

The meetings at my father's house were at first but thinly attended; Methodism was a new thing in the place, and all that the people knew of it was against it. It was a new religion. The neighbors were mostly New England Congregationalists, and slow to encourage a new sect. But as our ministers began to come round the circuit and preach, they soon gained the attention of the people, and the old log house was filled to its utmost capacity.

Divine influence came upon the people under the preaching of the word; they had never heard or seen anything like that before. They fell like dead men all over the house, some cried aloud for mercy, while others remained for hours perfectly helpless and speechless. Some said they were possessed of the devil, others said New England witchcraft was being revived among us; some said one thing and some another, but still the preachers continued to come and the work went steadily on. The word of God mightily grew, and was multiplied, and many were added to the Lord, and the number of the disciples was daily increased.

I was eight or nine years old when these manifestations continued to go on before me. I watched

them with untiring assiduity and utter astonishment, with no means of knowing what these things meant, or where unto they would lead. I was taught to believe that they were divine manifestations; that the Holy Spirit came mightily upon the people, whereby they fell under it; and here I left it, supposing that my parents and these ministers knew more about it than I did.

About this time in 1820, I began to think seriously upon the subject of religion. The Holy Spirit began to work in my young and tender heart. I was brought to this by force of circumstances. The example of my godly father and mother, the good influences that were brought to bear upon me from every quarter, made a strong and lasting impression on my mind. I had never been into the dens of infamy and places of amusements and folly; had never seen the dark side of this wicked and fallen world; had seen only the bright side, the christian side. There had been up to this time no period of my life that I did not pray. My mother taught me to pray so soon as I was able to speak. She took me into the closet put her hand on my head, and said, "God bless my son;" and he did bless me, and having obtained help of God, I remain unto this present in answer to the prayers of a godly mother. I came very near losing my life by the fall of a tree; then I fell into a pond of water, and just escaped drowning. The Holy Spirit evidently, used these events to bring my mind more fully to consider the propriety of attending to the one thing needful.

Without any thought on my part, or that of my

friends, my mind, under divine influence, was shaping for and being prepared for my life work. I had already assumed the functions of the ministry, and administered the ordinance of baptism to Miss Puss, and it now fell to my lot, to act as chaplain at the funeral of a large number of her descendants, who by birthright came into the regular succession, and claimed the right of the sacrament, and give them proper Christian burial, in duly consecrated ground, in the name of her illustrious sponsor and guardian.

Being associated with these old ministers, whom I had learned to venerate, though my father's house had never been spoken of in connection with the priesthood, I found myself by little and little, most assuredly verging in that direction. Instead of standing behind the chair, I would use it or a log of wood for my pulpit, and declaim to my sister Amy, who was my constant hearer. A chip or a piece of board served in the room of Bible and hymn book. It was evident to me, if I should go before a congregation to conduct divine service, I should need a suitable prayer. Hence I used to rehearse alone, to see if I could pray as long as my father did in the family. I went to the barn, and to the best of my ability, wrote a prayer at full length, and undertook to commit it to memory. I went upon the haymow, rehearsed my prayer, took my text, and poured forth a flood of eloquence upon the barn-floor beneath. The sheep, the trees and the solitudes were among my quiet and attentive hearers.

The thought of my being a minister had never been broached, much less entertained in the family ;



indeed, the matter was too absurd to be thought of anywhere. Had there been seven brothers, instead of seven sisters, it would appear more plausible. My father was getting old and feeble, had always worked hard, struggling with new countries and poverty. Every outward circumstance looked to the suitableness, nay, the necessity, that I should remain at home, and look after the interests of the family. Then my education was not with any reference to such an event. I had received only three months' instruction, in a poor common school. Here I advanced as far as to "baker," in Dilworth's spelling book, and the rule of three direct in Daboll's arithmetic; and thought that was doing well, and suppose it was; I had a mind to learn so far as opportunity offered. My father, being poor, was utterly unable to give me an education suitable to such a calling.

About once in a year, our people used to take linen sheets of their own make, sew them together and make a tent, and go to camp meeting. The unconverted members of the family were taken along, and usually obtained religion before the close of the meeting. There were few meeting houses in the country where the people might congregate, and large numbers gathered at these places, and were awakened and converted.

There was a camp meeting held in the town of Lansing, Cayuga county, commencing on the 22d day of June, 1824, which my father and mother and sisters attended. I went with them at the beginning of the meeting, and returned home with the horses,

as it was a busy season of the year and the team was needed on the farm. But on Saturday I returned to the meeting and remained until its close. This meeting was held in a grove near the Asbury meeting-house, at the time of the session of the Genesee Conference. This is known as the conference camp meeting. One thing occurred as I was on my way alone to the ground on Saturday that made a life-long impression upon my mind. I lost one of the stakes out of the wagon, and got a man to replace it. He took his axe, and went to a block by the roadside to hew the stake, where a large rattlesnake lay coiled up, with his head raised six or eight inches, leaning against the block. The man saw it, and paused, I knew not for what, as I did not see it. He crept slowly toward him, and cut off his head about six inches long. A number of men soon came up, and were prying open his mouth with a stick, looking at his teeth. I stood directly before it, when instantly it disengaged itself from the stick, and sprang and struck me on the shin bone. By a good Providence, the snake had not vitality enough left to bite, and I escaped unhurt. The country was full of these snakes, but this is the only time I ever knew one of these creatures to appear by the way or at the camp meeting. The Lord knew how to protect his people, who went to the tented grove for religious worship. The apostles took up serpents, and drank deadly poison, and received no harm; Paul shook the poisonous reptile from his hand into the fire, and was not injured. When we acknowledge the Lord in all our ways, He will direct and protect our steps.

My business at the camp meeting was well defined. My mind was fully prepared for the great event, the beginning of days, of weeks, of months and years. Twelve years of strict religious training had brought me to the point. Prayer—ardent, unceasing—was lodged before the throne ; the cloud, big with mercy, was visible in the heavens. Saturday evening we had a good sermon from one of the preachers of the conference, but no especial move. Sunday morning Bishop McKendrie preached a stirring gospel sermon, and the ordinations followed. The rain continued to descend in torrents all day. Cyrus Williams, one of my neighbors, said : “ I would not go to that camp meeting in this rain for all the good those Methodists will get there.” Sunday afternoon, about four o’clock, I went into the prayer meeting, knelt down, and yielded myself up to God. I made a full and perfect surrender. Eber Converse knelt by my side, and said : “ William, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” I did believe ; my faith took hold on God. The work was done—well done ; so that in half a hundred years a doubt has never been entertained—saved, gloriously saved ; a new creature, old things having passed away, old thoughts, old desires, old habits, all gone ; the people, the world, the surroundings, all new. I thought to get up and tell of it, but could neither move hand nor foot. Brother Hewitt, a local preacher, took me up into his arms, and carried me to my father’s tent, and laid me down upon a pallet of straw, where I praised God with a loud voice. Here I got my commission.

## CHAPTER III.

## COMMENCES TO EXHORT AND HOLD MEETINGS.

I WENT home from the camp meeting like the demoniac of Gadara, to tell what a dear Saviour I had found. The first person I thought of was Cyrus Williams ; it appeared to me if a man could get religion, it would pay him well to go in the rain to the ends of the earth. I gathered the children of the neighborhood together immediately, and exhorted them all to seek the Lord, telling them what great things he had done for my soul. It is proper that in this place some reference should be made to my neighbors who had much to do in fixing my habits, and forming my character and work for life.

Abraham Swartout lived in a small log house, half a mile west of my father's, in the pine woods ; a Presbyterian, a man of good habits and influences. He kindly took me by the hand, and gave me words of instruction and encouragement. He was my first Sunday school teacher. The school was in his house. My first Sunday school lesson was in the first chapter of John's gospel. " In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God, and the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." This was the beginning of my

theological course. Here Christ appeared to me the very and eternal God and very man, able to put one hand upon the head of an offended God, and the other on the head of offending man, and make reconciliation. This was the old and sure foundation upon which I began to build my superstructure, Christ the chief corner-stone, and I had a glimpse of the glory right here — "The glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." This was the only Sunday school in that section of the country, convened in a house fifteen by twenty feet square, with all the family furniture, cooking apparatus and beds. Yet the wilderness and the solitary place were glad thereof, and the desert budded and blossomed like the rose.

Enos Puffer lived one mile north of us, a blacksmith; a wild, rattle-brained young man, ready for any hilarity and sport that might turn up. A man of no ordinary mind, a genius of ready wit, with a clear sense of the ludicrous and love of the comic. He had many admirers and followers. He would collect a company of loose, vain young men about him, kneel down in their midst and pray so loud they could hear him all about the neighborhood. Then getting upon his anvil block, take his text from an old almanac, giving chapter and verse, would preach a sermon greatly to their amusement. He was never at a loss, but was ready for every occasion and for every work. With proper culture, he would have made a grand statesman or minister of the gospel. He early sought the Lord and joined the Methodist Church, and was just as active in serving the Lord as he had been in

serving the devil. He received license to preach, and for many years was employed by the Elder as a traveling minister. He had much more than ordinary ability, and labored diligently and successfully on his charges, and most invariably had a revival, and hundreds were converted under his ministry, who will shine as stars in his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. He was just as zealous for his country; his patriotism knew no bounds. He did honor to his constituents as a legislator in Albany, and preached with great acceptability in most of the larger churches in the city. He came to his end in the midst of his days and usefulness, and died in holy triumph as the Christian dies.

Rensselaer Wilder was a son of a celebrated physician—a gay, fashionable, pleasure-taking young man of finished education. Everything had been done for him that love, money and refined society could do, to make life happy and successful. He moved with ease in the highest circles of society and counted upon a long and brilliant life. His natural ability was not equal to Mr. Puffer, but unlike him he paid no attention to religious matters. The Church, Christian society, had no attractions for him—he saw no beauty in the world's Redeemer. He even made light of religion—thought little of those who habitually visited the house of God. Yet he was a firm believer in the Christian religion, but thought that youth was the time for pleasure. With Solomon, he "Commended mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry; for that shall abide with him of his labor the days of his

life, which God giveth him under the sun." The divine command is: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." But he deliberately sought this world with its pleasures, expecting in the time of old age to attend to the one thing needful. He found a suitable companion, light, buoyant, happy and gay; they were married, and life commenced under the most auspicious circumstances and promise. He bought land and became a gentleman farmer. In an unexpected hour a fever seized him. The doctor, after visiting him a few times, told him that he could not live and must make preparations for death. Rensselaer said: "I cannot die. I am not ready to die. I have made no preparation for such an event." He turned to the doctor and asked him to pray for him; the doctor told him he could not pray, that he must pray for himself. The neighbors came in to see him, and he said to them: "The doctor says I must die, but I am not ready to die, oh pray for me!" But there was not a praying one among them; they said, "We cannot pray; you must pray for yourself." And in his last extremity, with death staring him in the face, he turned to his wife, and said: "Phœbe, I am dying, and have no religion; pray for me." She answered: "Rensselaer, I never prayed, I cannot pray, you must pray for yourself." And death entered and closed the scene. The death of this young man made a deep and lasting impression upon my mind and upon the community.

Benjamin Fowler lived about one mile north of our house. He was emphatically a worldling, living only for this present world. He had a good farm,

and was in a position to make money, and did so, and set his heart upon it. No consideration of the future could divert his attention from the one great object of his life. He put himself upon very plain fare, and used the most strict economy. He spent no money for tobacco, none for whiskey, or strong drinks, none for fine clothes, nor gay equipage. He met with no losses; success crowned his efforts; he realized most fully his expectations. He was never sick, and no untoward calamity in his family was allowed to interrupt his plans. Conscience was hushed to silence when it rose up to demand a change. He imposed here his faith in christianity, "I am no infidel; I believe fully in the holy Bible and religion; in Christ, in the resurrection from the dead and life everlasting." Then he was a moralist; he owed no man anything; no crime, no dissipation, no immorality had soiled his garments, or tarnished his blameless, and spotless reputation. The fact is, this was his god; here he rested for salvation; he trusted in himself rather than in his Savior, that died for him and rose again, according to the Scriptures. Then he supported the gospel; he administered to the necessities of the poor; his minister's tax, his pew rent, was never unpaid. He, with his family, went to Church; every Lord's day you would find him in his place. Ever and anon he was moved by the preaching of the word, and the Holy Spirit's influences; the deep of his heart was stirred within him. At a camp meeting, as he was leaning over the rail of the prayer circle, looking at those who were seeking the Lord, the big tears coursed freely down



his cheeks. I took him by the hand and said, "Come, Mr. Fowler, go forward and give your heart to God." He said, as he lingered hesitatingly: "Not now, not now," and fell back upon his morality, and there he rested. This was his last call; the Holy Spirit he had so often grieved, here seemed to depart from him forever. His health failed him soon, and with his sickness despair gathered about him fearfully, and closed up every avenue through which hope and comfort could come to his soul. Ministers prayed with and for him, pointed him to Christ; they brought out the promises before him and urged them upon him. But he said; "These promises do not refer to me; the time has been when I might, and ought to have sought the Lord, but now the Holy Spirit has left me. He is gone; forever gone. It is too late now; I have trusted in Benjamin Fowler rather than in the world's Redeemer. No power now can save me; it is too late, too late." And in the bitterness of despair, he sprung from his bed, and ran around the room, crying aloud, "A wounded spirit who can bear? a wounded spirit who can bear?" And dropped to the floor dead.

Moses King lived to the east, in a small log cottage; his land joined ours. No man was more intimate with me, or gave me more encouragement in the way to heaven. He was a local preacher, and decidedly a leading mind in the Church, the father of a large family, who, like Abraham, commanded his children after him, all of whom are now members of the Church. He had marked peculiarities, yet was a good, conscientious man, having the altar in his

house, under which influence he brought up his children to fear God and keep his commandments. I used to go often with him to his appointments, and exhort and pray after him, and from him received my first lessons in public speaking. On his sick and death-bed I asked him how he felt about dying—if he was ready. He said, very emphatically, "I have attended to that." These Christians die well.

In 1831, Danby was taken from Spencer circuit, and made a separate station. The Ark was then removed from my father's house, where it had rested for twenty years, to a school-house at Danby Four Corners, where the preaching was established, preparatory to building a Church. Morgan Sherman was appointed to the station. He was a man of more than ordinary ability, yet, like Martha, he was careful and cumbered about much serving, having a considerable amount of property on his hands. Moses King and others had said, "Give us a stationed preacher, and we will support him." But, as the old Israelites who desired a king to reign over them, we found it was not an easy matter to sustain him. There was no parsonage. He lived in a part of my father's house, and allowed us twenty dollars rent, which was turned on quarterage. It should be said, to the credit of Brother Sherman, that he disposed as soon as possible of his property, and, uncumbered, went to work for the Lord.

The latter part of the year the charge began to brighten up and show some signs of life and improvement. Brother Sherman took hold vigorously of the new Church enterprise, canvassed the charge

thoroughly, and obtained a subscription sufficiently large to build the house of the Lord, and the Church was up and dedicated before the year closed. I, with others, went into the woods, cut and hewed timber, and drew it on to the ground. The people had a mind to work, to build a house for God, and they carried it through from the foundation to its completion, until the "top stone went up, with shoutings of grace, grace unto it!" It was a mighty achievement for a poor people, and the beginning of Danby station. My name is in the corner-stone, with the board of trustees, there to remain until the house goes down—a house worthy of the time and the place; and when the Lord shall write up Zion, it will be counted that this man and that man were born there.

This year, Brother Sherman gave me my license to exhort. I received it with fear and trembling, with the distinct understanding that it came from the Lord, and that he had called me to warn sinners. "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son, but I was an herdman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit: and the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and the Lord said unto me, Go, prophesy unto my people Israel." At South Danby, Bush Settlement, Steventown on the Inlet, and elsewhere, I made appointments. It was new business for me, yet I worked and prayed with all my might, and God blessed me, and gave me some souls for my hire. The eyes of the people were opened; they looked on with utter astonishment, and came out by the hundred to hear what this babbler had to say. I laid hold of the old gospel net, and let it down into

deep waters on the right side of the ship, and gathered for the Master some tadpoles and some good fish, and, as best I could, separated the precious from the vile. Where I was known, they treated me with great respect and attention; but in strange places, among the backwoodsmen, I met with all sorts of people, who were not accustomed to go to church, yet came out to see and hear the eccentric stranger. They would often speak out and ask curious questions. One young man said, "What makes you whine so?" and as I was kneeling down to pray, a Dr. Yaples said, "Pray the Lord to keep the frost out of the corn." The year ended well; some souls were converted, and the church was strengthened, united and encouraged. Br. Sherman was not returned, but sent to Owego.

In 1832, Handford Colburn, a very genial, pleasant man, was sent to Danby. He was popular among the people, a good pastor and a good preacher. We never tired in hearing him, but were always glad to find him in the pulpit, and, unlike his predecessor, he was always there. A large number, especially in the southern part of the town, were converted and added to the church. Here, on one Lord's day, he baptized and received seventy young converts into the church. He made himself very agreeable in society, was a perfect gentleman; his entire demeanor and pulpit efforts were calculated to draw the people toward him and toward the church. It was a most happy appointment for Danby; just what we needed to bring Methodism into good repute, and to establish it upon a firm basis.

I was recommended to the quarterly conference as a suitable person to receive license to preach. Br. Colburn said in church, "Br. Wyatt will preach in the school house on Jersey Hill to-morrow evening a trial sermon preparatory to coming before the quarterly conference for license." I had in my drawer at home a copy of the British Sketches. I had observed that many of the preachers used them and supposed that it was an indispensable qualification for the ministry. I very often heard Br. Colburn preach and went home and found the full outlines of his sermon. I heard him preach but a short time before from a text in Luke, 17-34: "Remember Lot's wife." I liked the sermon very well and thought it would do for me. I committed it perfectly to memory and when the time came went to the place of meeting; the house, as might be expected, was well filled, most of the leading members of the church were there, with Br. Colburn at their head. After the preliminary services I read for my text Luke, 17-34, "Remember Lot's wife," and preached the sermon right through, *verbatim et literatim*, introduction, application, all; left nothing out and put but very little in. The congregation had just heard it at the church. Br. Colburn asked me if I did not hear him preach that sermon at the church, I said, "Yes, most certainly, I did." When my case came up in the quarterly conference for license he said: "Brother Wyatt preached a good, well finished sermon," and moved that he have license to preach, and it was granted. Two good things were accomplished by the sermon, it effectually cured me from using the

Sketches. I parted with them as soon as possible, choosing thereafter to make my own sermons. And I heard no more sermons from our minister taken from the British, nor any other sketches.

My attention had latterly been called especially to books and study, with a view of obtaining a thorough knowledge of the English language. A grammar school was taught in the neighborhood by Solomon King, where I learned the rudiments of the language. Little else was thought of by day or night. Every man, woman and child, having any knowledge of it, was laid under contribution to help me out with some hard word or sentence. Miss Almira Dean, a kind friend and Christian lady, who was often at our house, rendered me good service. If I heard the language used incorrectly, or any rule of grammar violated, it grated harshly on my ear. I felt and knew well the fact that I never could be successful as a teacher, never could get the cultivated, intelligent ear, unless I had a thorough knowledge of the English language. I was often urged to take up the classics, but it appeared to me that it would not pay; that most of the labor here was labor lost. I wanted to preach the gospel, but did not expect to preach in Greek, nor yet in Latin, nor Hebrew. I found there might be some use for the modern languages. Among the Germans and French it would be convenient and useful, to be able to preach the gospel to them in their own language. But all the knowledge I received was obtained by my own industry and economy. We had no schools, no seminaries, no colleges, within reach. I carried my books

in my pocket, and as I walked the street would take them out and get a sentence or paragraph. And in the field I would lay my book open by my side while I was husking corn, and on the fence at the end of the furrow, when plowing, so I could get a sentiment and mature it as I went around the land.

I thirsted, and worked, and prayed for knowledge, and wondered why it did not come, as to Adam, by intuition.

But it was fearful to think of; the more I studied, the less I knew; Egyptian darkness that could be felt, bore no proportion to it. The shame thereof, was like the shame of an Egyptian, walking in thick darkness within ten feet of the broad sunlight that shone on God's Israel. This ignorance in the midst of knowledge, boundless knowledge, drove sleep from my eyes in the night time, and caused me to go about the street with my head bowed down like the bulrush. The command is, "Thou shall not covet;" but when I saw a man of letters, I did covet; I could not help it.

When I thought of going into the ministry, it was important for me to know how men lived in the outside world. The manners and customs of cultivated society, were to me like so many enigmas; and when they began to dawn upon me, I laughed outright, and had many of them in derision. When a boy, I went with my father and mother to Spencer, to quarterly meeting; we put up at Mr. Butt's, a family of some culture. When we came to the table for dinner, they brought on a plate of pickled beans. Pickled beans I never had seen before, and all that was stirring in the ludicrous and comic, came over

me like a shock of electricity, and I laughed uncontrollably, could not help it; rose and left the table. The habits, manners, and customs of frontier life, were closely allied to animals. The sheep, the oxen, the horses, the pigs, the geese and the chickens were our associates. Here we lived and moved and had our being. The kitchen, parlor, dining-room and bed-room were not separated, they were one and the same. And in cold, stormy weather, the feeble among the sheep and lambs, were brought in with provender for them to eat. When we came to our frugal meal, it was served without linen or silver; with wooden trenchers and wooden spoons on a table made of pine boards, and benches to sit upon. Our dinner was put in a large wooden bowl in the centre of the table, and here we all ate out of one dish, and were happy as any animal in the animal kingdom.

Our mothers and sisters had no silks and satins, "No tinkling ornaments and round tires like the moon, no chains and bracelets and mufflers, no head bands and tablets and earrings, no changeable suits of apparel and mantles and wimples and crisping pins, no glasses and fine linen and hoods and vails. They did not walk mincing as they went, making a tinkling with their feet." But they spun and wove, made up and wore their own dresses, and they were good dresses, warm and comfortable and looked well, so they thought and so they did. They were fully up to the times. There was no wedding, no church service of any kind that they did not have a dress suitable to attend; and they never stayed home



from church for the want of a new bonnet; a sun bonnet ordinarily graced their heads at church.

I saw that a minister of the gospel must take his place in cultivated society; and a rough, uncultivated, boorish man could only be offensive. That the manners of the farm and cattle yard, were not the manners for the christian minister, who was going out to win souls and make them like Christ. It looked to me, that a man sent out to battle with the rough ways of a rough and ungodly world, needed taste, discernment, nice perception to perceive and relish excellence in human performances. And the faculty of discerning beauty, order, congruity, proportion, symmetry and whatever constitutes excellence in men, in manners and customs, in religion, and the fine arts and in belles-lettres. I had religion, one very important qualification for the ministry; but when I thought of my untutored frontier ways, I was inspired to lay hold on grammar, rhetoric and logic, and devour them as a hungry man would devour his dinner.

## CHAPTER IV.

## LEAVES HOME FOR THE CIRCUIT.

MATTHEW WESTCOTT, stationed in Berkshire, Newark Valley, a young man of great promise, none more so among the young men of the conference; well cultivated, of deep piety, a blameless life, and an able and eloquent minister; he inherited that dreadful disease, pulmonary consumption, and died in the midst of life and usefulness. His sun set ere it had attained its zenith. As they stood by his bedside in the dying hour, one said, "Poor brother Westcott!" He rallied, and with all his remaining strength, said, "Call me not poor, for I am rich!" These were his last words, and he sweetly slept in Jesus. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Rev. John B. Benham, a returned missionary from among the Indians in Canada, was stationed at Slatterville, during the interim of conference, as junior preacher. Sylvester Mineer was at that time preacher in charge. I take great pleasure in saying that he took me by the hand when young in christian experience and in the ministry, and rendered me great assistance and encouragement.

The time had now come for me to enter upon my life work, for which my mind had been preparing for many years, a work whereunto I trust and think the Lord had vouchsafed to call me. It was a crisis in my history, approached by much fasting and prayer, and many tears, with fear and trembling, saying in my heart, "Who is sufficient for these things?" On the first day of August, 1833, in my father's *lower meadow*, I graduated with the highest honors of the class, having passed through the whole course of twenty-one years without losing any time or omitting any study, and received my diploma, and bade a long, long farewell to the glorious old institution. I was mowing with my father when two ministers of the gospel climbed over the fence, whom we recognized as Sylvester Mineer and J. B. Benham. They said: "Rev. Dr. Westcott has failed at Berkshire, and the Elder wants Br. Benham to take his place, and you to go to Slaterville; will you do it?" I said: "Yes; I have honorably served out my time, full time, here, of twenty-one years, and am now ready to depart." Then and there I threw down my scythe, took my leave, and have never returned to take it up.

It was a large four weeks circuit; there were ten or twelve appointments in a pleasant valley, the green fields, running brooks, hills and dales, skirted with the remnants of grand old forests, made it a most lovely landscape. Here I preached my first sermon after receiving license, was well known, found many warm friends, and stopped at the house of Mr. McLees, one of the best men in the world, so it seemed to me. He

owned twenty-five acres of land, which he cultivated in the best possible manner and raised produce enough for himself and some to spare. He was in a thriving condition, administered to all the wants of the ministry and the church, and laid up some money every year. Here we had good fare, plenty of fat pork and chickens, and fresh butter served up by the hand of good Sister McLees, who always did her own work. Jeremiah, an adopted son, was in excellent repute in the family and allowed to do as he pleased, yet it did not appear to me that he was pleased to do more than his share of the hard work. He thought the Lord had called him to preach the gospel, and he spent the most of his time in making himself acquainted with the usages of the church and work of the ministry.

At Varna, near Ithaca, I met with a kind reception and found a good home in the family of Mr. Munson. The people generally were very attentive to me in every part of the circuit. I was awkward and diffident enough and dare not look the congregation in the face when preaching, but would fix my eyes on a post or the ceiling and hurry through the sermon as fast as possible, and when done did not wish to see or speak to any one, but was so ashamed of my performances sleep departed from me, and I found little or no rest anywhere. I heard no complaint about long sermons, as is usually the case with young ministers. I took my type of preaching from Morgan Sherman, who seldom preached more than thirty minutes. I would sing and pray twice and preach all in fifteen minutes. One old Dutchman that came with his

team a long distance to church said: "If the man had preached as long as it takes to gear up my horses I would not mind it." I received, counting every thing, about ten dollars for my hire, and boarded myself at my father's. A pretty good beginning of the itinerant work, with little prospect so far of finding much honor in or making much money out of it.

The Oneida Conference held its session this year at Brockport, Monroe County, New York, October 15, 1834. I did not attend but remained at my father's making all due preparation to leave home as soon as the appointments came out. I was appointed under the Elder to Greene Circuit, with Father Pearne.

My father furnished me an old black horse, saddle and bridle, and saddle bags. My mother filled one side of the bags with some linen which she had spun and woven and prepared for me, and the other side with my hymn book and Bible and two or three other books. Then I had a new suit of home spun clothes throughout that my mother and sisters had spun and woven and made up for me. These I put on and on or about the 27th of October, 1834, old brown was brought to the door and I mounted and started for Greene Circuit with all the assurance of Abraham, who went out not knowing whither he went. About noon I rode into Mudlick and inquired if there were any Methodists in the place and was directed to Dr. Brooks, who received me with all attention, evidently supposing he had a new patient from the far west. He was not unaccustomed to such calls as his popularity was very great in those days. But I told him plainly that I had not come as a patient but was a

Methodist minister, on my way to Greene Circuit, and was in need of some rest and refreshments. This took him back a little, yet he very cheerfully took and fed my horse and gave me a good dinner. I inquired for Macdonough, where I expected to meet Br. Pearne, the preacher in charge. At early candle light, as they used to call it, I arrived at Smithville Flats, and put up for the night at the house of one of the principal Methodist families. While they were preparing supper the good man of the house made careful inquiry after my name and history. I said: "I am a Methodist preacher on my way to Macdonough to find Rev. William Pearne, preacher in charge of Greene Circuit."

He said, "There is evidently a good Providence in all this. We have an appointment here at the Agard meeting-house to-night for a temperance meeting, but the speaker has disappointed us. Now, will you go and take his place?" I said, "I am tired, having traveled all day, but will go and do the best I can." After supper we went over to the church, and a curious church it was; I had never seen anything like it before. The pews rose in regular gradation, so the back seats were on a level with the floor of the gallery. There were two pulpits, one above the other. We went into the upper pulpit; I looked over the breastwork, and it was like looking down into a great pit, and said, "Brother, I am afraid of that which is high, and think my head will swim; we had better take the lower pulpit." By this time the congregation had filled the house, and I was introduced as a Methodist minister from the west.

My text was Rev. 20; 1, 2, 3—"And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the keys of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand; and he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent which is the devil and satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more." I said, this great temperance movement that was just now dawning upon us was the angel spoken of in the text. These temperance organizations, these lectures, these prayers, these songs, the whole movement, was not gross and sensual, but it was benevolent, it was brotherly; its great object was to lift men out of the ditch and restore them to citizenship; the work, in all its bearings, was purely angelic.

Then I wish you specially to note, that the angel came down from heaven; John says he saw him coming down from heaven. This great movement in the temperance cause is not of earthly origin; it came down from heaven; the Holy Spirit is in it; God is in it, and it must and will prevail. Let no man lift up his voice against it, lest haply he should be found fighting against the God that made him, and the Christ that redeemed him.

Then you will observe that rum, brandy, gin, whisky, cider and beer; that dram drinking and drunkenness; that the whole system of debauchery, with all the evils that attend it, is that old serpent, the devil and satan, spoken of in the text.

Then you will distinctly note your *duty*—the duty of the old man and young man, the old

woman and young woman, all; the duty of individuals, the duty of the church, of the state, and all governments, the legislature, and all judges and courts of judicature, to be co-workers with the mighty angel, and lay hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil and satan, and bind him. And is it not time? has he not destroyed enough of our fathers and brothers, our wives and children, our sons and daughters? Then what shall we do with him? Shall we hold him a prisoner at large; let him walk about, and give men license to traffic with him? Shall we invite him to our weddings and social gatherings? Shall we bring him out to treat our friends and neighbors? No, no! bind him; bind him hand and foot; bind him well. Not by the slender thread of temperate drinking; not by the plea that he is useful in a sick-room, and as medicine. But bind him with the chain of total abstinence, of public opinion; bind him with the great chain of law, of legislation, and cast him into the bottomless pit, that he may deceive the nations no more.

Now, I trust, you know your duty, and I ask you as a stranger, to go to work. I ask you in the name of your families, in the name of the church, in the name of our beloved country, for which our fathers fought and bled, to go to work, and bind that old serpent, which is the devil and satan.

The next morning I got off in good season, and toward evening arrived safely at Father Pearne's. I introduced myself to him, as Wm. Wyatt, his colleague for the present year. He took me by the



hand and said, "How do you do?" Then he scanned me very carefully from head to foot, my height, my physique, my plain, homespun suit, my red hair. I have no means of knowing what he thought, for he is not demonstrative, but modest and retiring, a man of few words. I proceeded to relate to him the whole matter of who and what I was; how I was born and brought up in a log cabin, amid the tall pines of Tompkins county, New York; how I had a good christian mother, who early taught me to pray, and a pious father and seven sisters, but no brother; how I graduated and got my diploma in my father's lower meadow, one of the grandest institutions of learning in the world. I found them living very comfortably about four miles from Macdonough; his wife was a fine christian lady, pleasant and genial in her manners, one of the best and most lovely women I ever met. William, their oldest son, seemed to pay careful attention to the house and all that appertained to the circuit. He had license to exhort, and was preparing for the ministry. Thomas, a younger brother, was there, but had not developed into the great and good man, he has since made. I stayed long enough to get the plan of the appointments, and the preaching places assigned to me on the circuit, and went from there to Macdonough, to begin my Sabbath work. I put up with brother Oisterbanks, who lived in a log house. He and his lovely family received me kindly, and cheerfully administered to all my necessities. And always thereafter when in that part of the circuit, that was my home. I preached on the Sabbath to a small

congregation; had a good time, and slept well that night. The place was named after Commodore McDonough, and consisted of a small village and post office. The whole town contained about one thousand inhabitants; was all new and rough; little of interest could be found in it. There was a small Methodist church, built mainly by the money and influence of Father Strattan, but heavily in debt. In the south part of the town, there was a sulphur spring of some notoriety, which attracted considerable attention. The Methodist society was very small and poor.

Here my attention was first called to that very singular character Jemima Wilkinson, of world wide reputation. She claimed that she died and rose again from the dead. As she walked the golden paved streets of the new Jerusalem, with the untold multitudes of the redeemed and blood-washed, who were praising God for redemption, she heard it said, with a loud voice: "Whom shall I send and who will go for us." She said: "Here am I, send me." Then she bid adieu to heaven and consented to lead a life of suffering and persecution to save sinners. She said she was the Lord Jesus Christ, sent to redeem and save the world, and all that rejected her would be as the old Jews were, who rejected God, left to the uncovenanted mercies of a fallen world, with no hope and no Savior. She claimed power to work miracles, to heal the sick and raise the dead, and as evidence of it she would walk upon the water as our Lord did. She appointed a day to walk across Seneca lake, and a great assembly gathered to see

the wonderful performance. She drove up in her carriage and went to the shore and put one foot into the water, and then turning around, facing the multitude, said: "I cannot work this stupendous miracle unless you have faith. Have you the faith? Do you believe that I can walk across this great body of water?" The answer was universal: "Yes, we believe it." She then said: "If you believe it it is just as well as if I did it," and turned about, stepped into her carriage and drove away.

She claimed the right, as Lord of all, to take property wherever she found it. While traveling in the State of Connecticut she passed a house where the woman had laid out a long piece of fine linen to bleach. She said to her servant: "Go and tell that woman the Lord hath need of it;" he did as he was told and took the cloth, the woman all the while protesting against it; she put it into her carriage and drove off. When the woman's husband came home she told him what had happened; he mounted a horse, armed himself with a good horsewhip and soon overtook her, and demanded the cloth, in the mean time brandishing his whip in close proximity to Jemima's face. She thinking discretion the better part of valor restored the cloth, with many curses upon his head, and drove on. Like all other false prophets she failed to establish her divinity, and her race was short.

My next appointment was at Greene Village, on the east bank of the Chenango, eighteen miles above Binghamton, containing sixty dwellings, with one Congregationalist, one Baptist, one Episcopalian, and

one Methodist Church. Our Society was small, yet they gave me a hearty reception, and I preached to them upon the Sabbath; the Lord helped me, and gave me some encouragement. In the evening, I rode four miles to Brother Jackson's, and preached again from Matt. vi: 26. Found this a most lovely family—one of the best on the circuit—and deposited my effects with them, and made it my home while remaining on the charge. At his son's, William Jackson, I used to read grammar and parse by the hour and by the day.

I found Brother Gear and wife very intelligent and companionable; they lived at Geneganset, about four miles below Greene. He was a brother of John A. Gear, D.D., of Baltimore Conference. One day, when riding home with him from Church, he put his hand quietly upon my knee, and smoothed down my home-spun pantaloons, and said, "I wish I was able to get you a new pair." Both he and his wife were persons of high culture and fine tastes. It so happened that day, that the Congregationalists were unable to occupy their Church, as it was being repaired, and the congregation, with their minister, worshiped with us. The minister, neatly dressed, sat in the pulpit with me, and the contrast, to brother and sister Gear, was probably a little mortifying, and certainly I could not blame them. But what was to be done? I had not received money enough as yet from the circuit to buy me a pair of pants, and Brother Gear was not able to get them for me.

But a short time before, they had been investigating a curious mound, a remarkable relic of Indian

superstition and industry, found about two miles below Greene, on the river. It was six or seven feet high, and about forty feet in diameter, being nearly circular. There was a large pine stump in the centre of it, with one hundred and eighty circles or yearly growths. Estimating the age of the mound by the circles of the stump, it must have been over two hundred years old when this section of the country was settled. An examination of this mound was made in 1829, and a large number of human bones were found, so jumbled together that no conjecture could be formed as to the number of bodies buried there. The supposition was that these were the remains of bodies which had fallen in battle, and were hurriedly thrown together and buried. There were also found in one pile two hundred arrow heads, cut after the usual form, and all either yellow or black flint, never found in that part of the State of New York. In another part there were found about sixty, made after the same form and material. A silver band or ring was also found, of about two inches in diameter, extremely thin but wide, with the remains, in appearance, of a reed pipe lying within it. It was, doubtless, some sort of musical instrument. There were also stone chisels of different shapes, evidently designed to perform different kinds of work, and a long piece of mica, cut in the form of a heart, much decayed, and the parts separated.

At Triangle we had a small class, and preached in the house of Brother Chase, a well-educated Christian gentleman. He wrote for me an acrostic; and

I took four weeks for it, and wrote one for him in return; but made up my mind that I was no poet, and should never excel in that kind of composition. His daughter, a very talented, educated young lady, married Rev. Morris Pease, of the New York Conference. The Presbyterian and Baptist ministers were friendly, and showed me no little kindness. Also, at Connecticut Hill and Whitney's Point, we had small societies and preaching places. In the latter place, at the junction of the Onondaga and Chenango rivers, there were thirty or forty dwellings. Here we preached once in two weeks, in a school-house. The early settlers here were driven to great straits for food. At times they would dig the root of the anacum weed, and dried and ground or pounded it, and made bread of it. They caught fish and wild game for meat.

The traditions of the early settlers were often amusing. An ex-officer of the French army, Monsieur Ebel, kept bachelor's hall on the west bank of the Otsego lake. Some wags told him that if chased by a bear, the most certain mode of escape was to throw away his hat, or his coat, and the animal would be sure to stop and smell of it, and then, to profit by the occasion, he must climb a sapling, or a tree so small that a bear could not fasten his claws into it, to climb after him. Monsieur soon had occasion to test the fitness of the advice, and scrambled up a sapling as quickly as possible, and threw down his hat, then his coat, to Mr. Bruin. But the bear did not move, but made a bed of them, and laid down for a time, then tore them in pieces without-leaving the spot,

keeping poor Ebel treed throughout a cold autumnal night.

Billy Hibbard, a member of the New York Conference, died this year, on the 17th of August, 1834. He was well known in the whole Church, as well for his great ability as for his marked eccentricities. In calling the conference roll, the secretary read, "Billy Hibbard." The Bishop stopped him, and said: "Brother Hibbard, why do you allow yourself to be called *Billy*? that is a little boy's name." He quickly replied: "I was a little boy when my mother gave it to me."

An event occurred this year, which had much to do in giving special direction to my whole life. Rev. Reuben Reynolds was on Cortland circuit with Rev. P. Kinnie. The charge joined ours on the north. I went over and helped them in a meeting, at Brackle, for the space of about three weeks, preached twelve times, and gave one temperance address. "I being in the way, the Lord led me." Here I first saw Miss Mary A. Reynolds, and she appeared to me to be equal to any emergency, and suitable to any position and responsibility of life.

Father Pearne and I worked in perfect harmony, and very hard, this year. We attended all our numerous appointments, preached a great many times, and the Lord owned and blessed our labors. We could not report as many conversions as we desired, yet, on the whole, we had a good year; the Church grew and prospered. Although many were shaken by the *isms* of the day, yet we lost none. The charge was poor, and the finances very low. I

received less than one hundred dollars, and Brother Pearne, with his large family, about three times as much. At the last quarterly conference I was recommended as a suitable person to be received into the traveling connection.

More than forty years have passed since I bade adieu to Father Pearne, on Green circuit. He has gone to his long home, and I yet buffet with the chances of life. But what are the chances of life?

It has been computed that, among 10,000 people, the average deaths will be one a day. If this computation be accurate, a person in common health has a daily risk of dying, which, compared with the chances of life, is in the same proportion as an unit bears to the number 9999. This risk is seemingly so small that it commonly gives no alarm, and is scarcely thought of; whereas, if the same risk was placed on a different ground so as to be seen in another light, it would be generally alarming. Suppose, for instance, that to-morrow morning a lottery were to be drawn of this kind: 9999 white balls, and one black ball, should be thrown promiscuously into a box, and that 10,000 people, you and I among the number, should each put in a hand, and draw out a ball at random, and whoever chanced to draw the black ball should inevitably suffer death within twenty-four hours: I say, if we knew such a lottery were to be drawn to-morrow morning, and we must take our chance, it would doubtless produce in us some serious apprehensions, and might probably interrupt our sleep to-night.



## CHAPTER V.

## WINDSOR CIRCUIT.

THE Oneida Conference held its session at Oswego, New York, September 24, 1834. I was appointed to Windsor circuit with Ahira Johnson. At Windsor I put up with Brother Hinsdale Rose, a man of great energy of character. His wife, an intelligent Christian lady, made a good home for a way-worn itinerant; such it proved, at least, to me. The Society was much better than any we found on Greene circuit. Windsor first appears upon the minutes as a charge in 1832, yet Methodism was introduced into that place many years before. One says the first school which was kept in the river settlement was a very important institution. There two boys studied their spelling-book, reading-book, and arithmetic, and made good proficiency. These were George Lane and Selah Payne. Their highest ambition was to prepare themselves for school teachers, a business in great demand in the new settlements. Mr. Lane worked at farming during the summer and taught school in the winter. He was employed by Putnam Catlin, at the Great Bend, through the summer of 1802. After he became converted, and was made a preacher, Mr. Catlin often

made merry over the witty remarks of young Lane, when he lived with him. On one occasion he jokingly said: "I am going to be a Methodist preacher, and I will make the tears roll out of the old women's eyes." Both of these men were afterwards well and intimately known in the rise and progress of the whole Church.

William Goodsell says: "The first sermon I can remember to have heard was from a Methodist preacher by the name of Dunham, preached in Windsor, or in our part of the town called Randolph. Notice of it reached our neighborhood a week or two beforehand, and was the topic of earnest conversation and interest. The day arrived, and most if not all of our family were in attendance. The meeting was held at the residence of Mr. Jewell, on the main road towards the river. He was dressed in a suit of dark bottle green, with a black vest. His deportment was remarkably serious. He took for his text, Rev. vi: 17. He noticed many great events of past time that might properly be called days of God's wrath; such as the flood, the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the destruction of Jerusalem. But, continued he with increasing solemnity of manner, the great day of God's wrath, spoken of in the text, is yet to come, and we shall all see it. Notice was given that Mr. Leach would preach in the same place in two weeks. He came and preached from the same text. From these two sermons a deep impression was made on my mind, and I sought and found the Lord, and conversions became common among those who, like myself, heard the gospel for the first time."

The preachers on the circuit in 1800 were Jacob Gruber and Mr. McKain. Gruber was a Dutchman from Pennsylvania, well known in the Church. On one occasion, after preaching in the evening, a man came forward for prayers, and on his account the meeting was continued very late. At last a brother inquired of Brother Gruber if he did not know that the man at the altar had been drinking. He said he thought not. "Then go smell his breath," said the man, "and you will be satisfied." He did so, and found that it was true. He took hold of his arm, and he walked with him deliberately to the door and opened it, and said to the man: "You can go, sir," and, turning around, he said: "Brethren, we read the disciples toiled all night and caught nothing; we have toiled till twelve o'clock, and have caught a *tadpole*." Thus ended the evening service. A young minister who had contracted the habit of closing his words and sentences with ah, wrote to Mr. Gruber for some advice in elocution, and received this reply:

"Dear ah Brother ah: When ah you ah go ah to ah preach ah, take ah care ah you ah don't ah say ah, ah, ha. Yours ah, Jacob ah Gruber ah.

The young man was effectually cured.

Windsor was a small village on the west bank of the Susquehanna river, of fifty houses, and was formerly known as Oquago, and in an early day was inhabited by Indians. It was the general gathering-place for the Six Nations as they passed south to Wyoming, and also for the tribes of the Wyoming Valley as they passed north. Jonathan Edwards, the celebrated New England divine, while a minister at

Stockbridge, Mass., took a deep interest in the welfare of the Indians, in this place. He procured a missionary for them, Rev. Mr. Hawley, who remained with them until the commencement of the French war. About one year before this, Mr. Edwards sent his son, a lad of only nine years old, to Mr. Hawley, to learn the Indian language, in order to become an Indian missionary. When the war commenced a faithful Indian, who had special care of the lad, conveyed him back to his father in Massachusetts. A large portion of the way he carried him upon his back. That boy was afterwards president of Union College.

It was said in 1794, that there was a great scarcity of provisions in the place, caused by the immense rise of the Susquehanna, which swept through the valley, carrying away all their crops. Major Stowe, at that time, shouldered a bushel of wheat and carried it forty miles to get it ground; and then brought it home again in the same way. He, during his absence, bought a quarter of a pound of tea of one of the settlers, and brought it home with his grist. Then he called his neighbors together, who seemed to have some interest in the grist, for a general feast. But a difficulty arose about the cooking of the tea. They had never seen any tea made, and they had no such thing as a tea kettle, or teacups, or saucers. The Major being of a fruitful imagination, helped them out of their dilemma. He put the tea all into a large kettle and boiled it, then made a wooden bowl and dipped it out of the kettle, and drank of it first himself, and then passed

it around to all the guests. The flour they made into short cakes. But a serious difficulty arose here, they had no butter, nor lard for shortening. But Major Stowe helped them out again. There was some bear's grease in the house, and they used that as a substitute; but they had no pies for a dessert, for the great freshet, known as the pumpkin freshet, had carried all the pumpkins down the river.

I preached on the Sabbath in the Church in Windsor, held class meeting with them, and was glad to find a goodly number, who gave good testimony for the Lord. My next appointment was at Harpersville. Here we preached in a school-house, in the afternoon, to few members and a small congregation. This place was named after one of the early and principal settlers, related to the Harpers of New York. A son of the family was a drover. He took a drove of cattle out west, for which he received a large sum of money. He was followed by a ruffian, robbed and murdered. From this place we went to Page Brook and New Ohio, preached twice, and met two classes. Here lived Brother and Sister Cowdry, another good home for the preachers, and it was well occupied during our stay among them.

By this time my wardrobe needed looking to and overhauling, somewhat. A good Sister provided for me a pair of mittens, which she had knit with great care. At the next quarterly meeting conference the steward from that society, of which she was a member, made his report of the quarterage paid; and, among other items, he read: "Rev. Wm. Wyatt, one dollar, for a pair of fringed mittens." I rose to my

feet and said: "It is a mistake; I have had no such fringed mittens." There was no small stir in the conference about the matter. One said, to his certain knowledge, "Sister M. presented Brother Wyatt a pair of fringed mittens." I said: "No, not so; Sister M. did present me with a pair of *stringed* mittens; but they were of no use to me, for they hung me up to everything I touched;" yet the full price was allowed for them.

I was advised, as I needed a new overcoat, to get one made. So they procured a quantity of camel's hair cloth, and made me a cloak. They put a belt in the centre about the waist, by which it was tied around me. It was really a comical-looking thing when finished. It was more suitable to hunt bears in than for the pulpit. Brother Johnson, my colleague, made himself merry over it, and said: "When it was on, I looked as large as old *Brown*," the horse that carried me. Then the bill which was sent in to be paid, put the finishing touch upon the whole. Brother Johnson laughed, and said: "Four such cloaks will pay your year's salary." My stringed mittens and camel's hair cloak went well together, and so for the present my wardrobe was complete. Brother and Sister Cowdry enjoyed it hugely. They said it reminded them of John the Dutchman's coat. He said he had a remarkable coat; the best he had ever seen. "I was married into't, chopped wood into't, went to mill into't, went to meetin' into't, and drewed out dung into't." By this time it occurred to me, that if the garments made in New Ohio did such good service generally, my outfit might be all right after all.

If a man had the blues, and was about to give up all for lost, and wish, with Job, that he had never been born, the best thing he could do was to go and spend an evening with Brother and Sister Cowdry. If he did not see sunlight and get happy before the evening closed, he might take it for granted that his case was hopeless.

My next appointment was at or near Jesse Hale's, about four miles above the Bend. Here we had a flourishing Society, and preached once in two weeks. I preached to them on the Lord's day, and met the class; the good Spirit was with us, and we had a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

This Jesse Hale moved into the place from New England to hunt and fish; he caught a large number of deer and other wild game every year, and sent them to Philadelphia and sold them. Joseph Smith, the Great Mormon Prophet, married his daughter, obtaining her (so it was said, to say the least of it), without her father's consent. And it was given out that here he found the plates from which he transcribed the Mormon bible. A neighboring woman told us, that Smith came from the field one day, looking very gravely, with his work apron filled with white pebbles, claiming he had found something wonderful. He thus continued to act on their credulity and love of the marvelous, preparing the way, by little and little, for the book of Mormon. He looked into a stone in his hat and claimed that he saw hidden treasures, and among them the wonderful plates on which he afterward said his bible was written. We saw the tree at the root of which he had dug for gold and

said he found those wonderful plates. He was regarded as a worthless man in society, and nobody thought that he would ever make such a sensation in the world as he has.

Here we found Brother Hazzard, and formed a very pleasant acquaintance with him and his devoted family. The Lord and the Church appeared to think that he ought to preach the gospel, but he persistently refused. He felt that he had no qualification for this great work, yet unceasingly heard, "Wo is me if I preach not the gospel!" When I came round to his house, one of his sheep had died; when another four weeks brought me to his house again, one of his cows was dead; and in four weeks more, an ox was dead. I then said: "Brother Hazzard, what do you think the Lord has killed your sheep, and cow, and ox for?" "Oh!" said he, "I guess the devil did that." "No," said I; "Brother, the Lord has a controversy with you, and it will never be settled unless you do your duty." He finally consented to take a local preacher's license, and became very acceptable and useful; he rendered great assistance to the circuit preachers by attending funerals, visiting the sick, and supplying their lack of pastoral work.

We preached also down on the main road, near what is now known as Kirkwood. Our meetings were held in a school-house. We had a few members about there; not enough to keep up prayer and class meetings; but there were several good families, and it was only three miles from the Bend. We thought it best to occupy the ground; and from



these small beginnings have grown up a good Methodist society and station. Here also we organized a temperance society, and we used to give them lectures and sermons on that subject. The people were thoroughly waked up to its importance. I wrote out a total abstinence pledge, and the good people of the place generally came forward and signed it.

We were greatly annoyed in the new settlements along the river by mosquitoes. The Indians had a tradition among them concerning the origin of these creatures. "There were in times of old, many hundred moons ago, two huge feathered monsters permitted by the Manitou to descend from the sky, and alight upon the banks of the Seneca river, near the present route of the canal at Montezuma. Their form was exactly that of a mosquito, and they were so large that they darkened the sun like a cloud as they flew between the earth and it; and, standing on the bank of the river, one on each side, they guarded the river; stretching their long necks into the canoes of the Indians as they attempted to paddle along the stream, gobbled them up as the storking, in the fable, did the frogs. The destruction of life was great, for the embargo was so strictly enforced that not an Indian could pass without being devoured in the attempt. It was long before the monsters could be exterminated, and then only by the combined efforts of all the warriors of the Cayuga and Onondaga nations of Indians. But the warriors were successful, and the mammoth mosquitoes were slain; but, sad to relate, when the carcasses decayed in the sun, every particle became vivified,

and flew off in myriads of clouds of mosquitoes, and have filled the whole country, so that they can never be exterminated."

My next appointment was Osborn Hollow; preached in a school-house to a small congregation, yet had some encouragement that good might be done; I found lodgings in the family of Brother Westfall. The circuit was large and laborious, with many Sabbath and week-day appointments, and only one week in four for rest and study. Word came to us, on the 10th of March, of the death of Rev. William McKendrie, senior Bishop of the Church. We had no telegraph, and did not get the news for five or six days. I was requested to improve the occasion by suitable services. He was emphatically a pioneer; labored largely in the frontier settlements. He was elected Bishop in 1808, and served the Church in that capacity for twenty-seven years. His death was most triumphant; his last words were, "All is well, all is well."

Another of our Bishops died also this year—John Emory. By an inscrutable Providence, he was removed in the midst of his days and usefulness. On Wednesday, the 16th day of December, he left his home in the morning, and was thrown from his carriage, receiving a wound in his head; he died before night. In 1832, he was elected Bishop, serving in that office only three years. When he died, one of the brightest lights in the Methodist Episcopal Church went out.

On the 9th day of June, 1835, I was married to Mary Almena Reynolds, by Rev. Mr. Goodrich, in

Augusta, Oneida county, New York. Rev. Horace Agard, my Presiding Elder, heard of it as he was returning from the General Conference, and was not a little disturbed. He said, "I advised Brother Wyatt, before I left, not to get married; but as soon as my back was turned, he went and did as he pleased. He is decidedly a fast young man, and will be likely to make us trouble yet." And it appeared to me thereafter, the screws were upon me a little; certainly it was just and right, that a young minister should be kept to his moorings.

I had much to do this year in the great temperance movement. We had a strong organization at Windsor, and held our meetings every week. We met with opposition in the Church and out of it. Total abstinence was unpopular with many of the best citizens, and even ministers of the gospel said it was not unlawful to drink when needed. I was known far and near as an advocate of total abstinence. One day, before my lecture in the evening, a Presbyterian minister met me and manifested much feeling, lest I should take too strong and untenable ground. He said, he supposed, I would take the ground of expediency. I told him I should go to the law and the testimony, and see what that had to say; that the Bible account of temperance would be the theme of the occasion.

The house was well filled; a very large gathering of our best citizens. There came in a young lawyer, who has since been in the Legislature of this State, with about a dozen anti-temperance men, and took the front seats. He had prepared a set of reso-

lutions, and expected to pass them by a vote of the house, to nullify and break up the already organized temperance movement. They remained quiet, or nearly so, looking me right in the face until the close of the lecture. Then Mr. H. sprung to his feet, and began to show the impropriety of our arrangements, and to propose new measures. He was kindly requested to desist and not disturb the meeting. He said he had the floor, and must and would proceed. Squire Pratt, now of Binghamton, was in the congregation, and was requested to restore order. Still Mr. H. continued his harangue. I then got up and pronounced the benediction, took my hat and started for the door; the congregation *en masse* moved after me. He jumped up on the front seat, lifted up his hands and voice, and said, "Stop! stop!" He succeeded in keeping the young men he brought with him, and, perhaps, half a dozen others. They then passed their resolutions without opposition and quietly retired.

There were a great many Universalists, all through that section of the country, especially along the river, who were very boisterous in their opposition to the orthodox churches. The following fact was told me by an eye witness, yet living. A man who lived three miles below Bainbridge village, was very bitter against the doctrine of eternal punishment, and all who believed it. He lived to be old, and through the most of his life, especially his later years, turned the whole thing into ridicule. He was often heard to say, "When I die and go to hell, I should like to go on horseback." Hundreds

heard him say it. When he died and his grave was dug, the gates were left open for the procession. A horse, blind in one eye, strolled in through the open gate, and made his way to the open grave, fell in and broke his neck. The gentleman having charge, seeing the procession coming, walked out to see if all was right, and, to his horror, found what had happened. The funeral cortege was stopped, and waited until the horse was taken out of his grave. The incident was a remakable one, and made a deep and lasting impression upon the whole community. Nothing more was heard about riding through hell on horseback, and the mouths of many blasphemers were stopped.

This was a year of hard work for Brother Johnson and myself, and of little success upon the charge. We did what we could to make the people better, and get them converted, but did not realize our expectations. I received about seventy dollars in quarterage, all told. I told my Presiding Elder, at our last quarterly meeting, that it was not possible for us to live on what we had received, and if it was convenient next year, I would like to have an appointment near my father's, so I could live at home. His reply was extempore and very prompt. "Perhaps they will send you home." That cured me effectually ever after from making any request about my appointment.

Our next conference was held at Binghamton, Broome county, New York, September 22, 1836.

This was my first conference. Everything was new to me, and it was my constant study how best

to profit by the occasion. I walked about the place, peered into the shops and stores, went down to the junction of those grand old rivers that had rolled on since time began to run his race, and here fell into each others embrace, to be separated no more until lost in the Chesapeake and mighty Atlantic. Then I turned my attention to the Bishop, preachers and business of the conference. I had every thing to learn, and this was the most elaborate, best arranged school that had ever come within my reach. The strict examination of the character and usefulness of each preacher by name, appeared to me to be as wise as it was deeply laid and planned by the great and sagacious founder of Methodism. No arrangement could be made better calculated to make active, useful and holy ministers. Here I passed my first examination in the required studies. I found no difficulty before the committee, yet have no means of knowing what their report in my case was. But my character passed and I was continued.

I was sent to Slaterville with Alonzo Wood; this brought me back to the starting point, to do my first work over again. Brother Wood and I commenced our year's work right early and in good earnest. We took our stand on the hill midway between Virgil Corners and Marathon. Here in a small meeting house, we held meetings every night for two or three weeks. The work commenced very soon, and progressed gloriously, spreading all over the neighborhood, and entering almost every dwelling. Fifty souls, we trust, were converted to God, and gathered into the church as the fruits of

that meeting. Brother Wood, would exhort and pray with great power, and was well adapted to revival work. He said, "he knew that he could not preach much, but he thought that the Lord wanted an exhorter, so he went out."

At the close of our meeting on the hill, while he was yet pondering in his mind where next to begin, the Lord came to his help in a dream. He saw in his night reveries, with a little variation, the vision of Peter. A great sheet, knit at the four corners, held by four several angels, one at each corner, filled with all manner of fourfooted beasts and creeping things. He heard the voice distinctly: "Arise, slay and eat." It rested on the cupola of the little church on the hill. While he was considering in his mind what this could mean the four angels, at the four corners, spread their wings, lifted the sheet, with its precious contents, took it down to Virgil and deposited it upon the steeple of the Methodist church in that place. This settled the question as to the place of the next meeting. We commenced accordingly at the church in Virgil Corners.

For three or four weeks we kept up our meetings unceasingly. The whole place was moved. Ten, twelve, fifteen, came nightly to the altar and were converted. Esquire Woodard, one of the first minds in the place, came one night to the altar. He turned around, facing the congregation, and said: "I have been, as you all know, a Universalist. A firm believer in the final holiness and happiness of all men, irrespective of moral character. Here I have rested for salvation, firmly intrenched in my morality. But

have now made up my mind that I must be born again or I cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." And then made an earnest appeal to all his friends to start with him to lead a new life. There was a great move in the congregation, and a large number followed his example and came to the altar. It was a time of great power, a moral earthquake, the place was shaken wherein we were assembled.

There was a hotel kept in the village, a place of resort for all those who wanted to drink, carouse and say all manner of evil of the meeting, and those who conducted it. Br. Wood and I received our full share of slander and vituperation. The keeper of the house was in a great fever lest we should get away all his customers and destroy his business. The next we knew the man and his wife were both out to church; all were taken by surprise and were perfectly astonished to see them there. At the close of the sermon, when the invitation was given, they were among the first to come to the altar. They plead earnestly for salvation, and were brought sweetly, yet surely, into the kingdom of God's dear Son. They gave clear and convincing testimony for the Lord, and of the great work wrought in them, before the whole congregation. They went home and put all intoxicants out of their bar and out of their house. From that time they kept a strictly temperance house. We found room for the Lord in the inn. The change in them was wonderful; they became perfectly docile and teachable, devoted, humble Christians. It was a great triumph over the powers of darkness, and made a great revolution in the circle in which they moved.



Many of the most vicious, who frequented their house, were converted and joined the church. At the first quarterly meeting Brother Wood reported one hundred converted and received into the church. A good beginning of the conference year.

We had to contend earnestly for the faith. Calvinism, like Alexander the coppersmith, did us much harm. A man by the name of Edwards, living at Virgil Corners, the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, who was not a member of the church, but whose wife was a member, and devoted christian. They had only one child about four years old, the idol of the house-hold. This darling child was taken sick and died. The mother was inconsolable; she grieved for the loss of her child, but more with the fear that her child might be a reprobate. She sent for Mrs. Wyatt and me; we told her that her child was in heaven. We directed her to the glories of that better land, where sickness, death and parting can never come. We told her the child could never come to her; but she must go to it, and could you see your child as she is in heaven to-day, clothed in white robes, and walking the golden paved streets of the New Jerusalem, you could hardly wish her back. "Oh!" said she, "If I could only be sure that she is there." "All children" said we, "dying in infancy, are saved by virtue of the atonement." But she replied: "You know my husband is not converted, and so both of us are not of the elect." We told her that could make no difference, as the child could not be damned for its father's sins. But she said, "Our minister does not think so; he says, he

hopes my child is saved, but the very doubt kills me." We said to her, there is very little hope for us, if such as she is not embraced in the atonement; your child is in heaven. We left her measurably comforted, but it was a long time before the terrible fear left her that her child had died outside of the covenant of mercy, and was lost.

Our next meeting was held at Varna; here we had a few conversions, but no marked success. The enemy came in upon us like a flood; they that were for him seemed to be more and stronger than all they who were with us. The good work of the Lord, that commenced with so much promise in the beginning of the year, mostly died out before it closed.

I learned many things on this circuit, and made some advancement in science and religion. I received about one hundred dollars in quarterage, and parted with my old friend, Brother Wood, and the people of the circuit, with the kindest and best of feeling.

## CHAPTER VI.

BARTON.

THE Oneida Conference convened this year at Cortlandville, Cortland County, New York. Bishop Hedding presided, and I was elected and ordained Deacon.

Two things occurred at this session intimately connected with the interests of the Oneida Conference and of the whole church. We had long felt the need of a local paper in Central New York. The enterprise was opposed by many of our best members and ministers. It was thought that it would materially interfere with the circulation and general interests of the Christian Advocate and Journal, our great denominational paper, published in New York. Dr. Bangs, editor of the Advocate, and Beverly Waugh, book agent, were among its strongest opponents. The Conference, however, favored the enterprise, and the Revs. G. P. Moore and F. A. Wiggins commenced at once, in the city of Auburn, "The Western Banner." It very soon became embarrassed; subscribers enough to pay the current expenses could not be obtained, and the Conference and preachers had to pay very large arrearages.

The second great event was the vigorous and deter-

mined introduction of the anti-slavery question. The excitement in the church, in many places, reached a fearful height. Zion's Watchman, published in New York, by Rev. Leroy Sunderland, was a fire-brand thrown into the church and country, blowing and burning like a mighty comet. The church, her bishops and leading men were accosted and vilified as pro-slavery, giving their aid to rivet tighter the chains of the bondman who was sighing for liberty.

A strong set of anti-slavery resolutions was introduced into the New England Conference but Bishop Hedding pronounced them out of order, and refused to put them to vote. A prominent member of the Bleecker street church, Utica, introduced a resolution, and it was passed in an anti-slavery convention, that they would receive no preacher, sent to them by the Bishop, who refused to put to vote such resolutions in an annual conference.

Bishop Hedding, at this conference, delivered his remarkable speech on the "Golden Rule," which had greatly excited and convulsed the Eastern conferences. He did the subject good justice, and if all had followed his advice it would have saved them and the conference a vast deal of trouble.

Orrin Scott and Sunderland, who introduced these offensive resolutions were present, and in the beginning of the conference, went to the Baptists and engaged their church, and lectured on the subject of slavery, every afternoon. The Baptists were deceived by these men; they supposed the house was needed for the regular conference business. A resolution was introduced by Dr. George Peck, into

the conference, and was passed, denouncing their course as irregular and seditious. The Baptists then closed their house against them, and they looked in vain elsewhere to find a place to lecture.

I received my appointment to Barton with J. O. Boswell. We stopped at Factoryville, and found an upper room in the house of Frederick and Alpheus Tozer, where we commenced house-keeping on a small scale. Yet we were in a good family, and our surroundings were very pleasant and comfortable. Here was a small meeting-house, with a good society, the best we had found. At Barton village, there was a weak and sickly society, with a few good faithful members. Brother and Sister Bensley, had "a church in their house," and made it their business to serve the Lord, and conscientiously gave to benevolent objects according to their ability. At Smithboro, another Sabbath appointment, we had a small society, and a few men in it. There Elder Agard lived, and his family attended our church. Mrs. Amy Brooks, an old fashioned Methodist, and a member of the first society formed in the place; was yet active in all church matters. In an early day, she often rode on horseback, thirty and forty miles to attend quarterly meetings. She has been as far as Oxford and Norwich for some great Methodist gathering. Her son, Benjamin Brooks, is one of the principal supporters of the church in Smithboro. Brother Bonham, forty years a class leader, was yet at his post ready and willing to do battle for the Lord. Mr. Mills Nathan and Gilbert Smith, were still active and useful members.

At Ross Hill we had a preaching place. Brother Ross, the leader of the class, commenced life poor, but made himself rich by giving. A devoted Christian man; the minister was always at home in his family.

At Barton Hill and Tioga Centre we found small classes and preaching places.

Ellistown was a good appointment. There lived quite a remarkable man. When he was ninety-five years old he was in perfect health, and able to do his day's work on the farm with his men. He had amassed a large property, and was a member of the church for more than fifty years. His house was the preaching place until the church was built. He was a Scotchman by birth. As he left at our house a quarter of a small pig, worth two dollars, he said: "Brother Wyatt, I have done a great deal for the Methodist church. I have paid two dollars a year, quarterage, for more than forty years—one for myself and one for Peggy" (his wife).

I preached one evening at this church when it was illuminated with two small tallow candles, one upon the pulpit and one about midway of the house. I proposed to them to put them both out and let the moon shine in, as that might make a better light. They were sometimes very demonstrative in their devotions. The wife of their Presiding Elder was at one of those meetings and took occasion to give them a word of admonition. She said to them: "It is well enough to shout, if you feel like it, but it is better to pay your ministers and not let them starve."

Brother Boswell was very companionable and was

ready to every good word and work. We labored harmoniously together to promote all the interests of the church. The Baptists were the leading denomination in Factoryville, and they guarded with a jealous eye their position. We had sometimes to contend against immersion as the only mode of baptism and door into the church. Calvinistic doctrines disturbed some of our converts, and did them much harm. We held extra meetings in Ellistown for about four weeks. I did the most of the preaching, as Brother Boswell was not an extempore man. The good work of the Lord began to revive and multitudes came nightly to the altar, inquiring what they must do to be saved. The altar was often filled, five and six deep, with old and young, rich and poor, crying for mercy, and mingling together their penitential tears. The place was moved as by a rushing, mighty wind. The tall and sturdy oaks of Bashan, that had stood unmoved for years, fell before it as grass before the mower's scythe. Ten, twelve and fifteen were converted in a night, and testified that Jesus Christ had power on earth to forgive sins.

We moved the meetings to Factoryville, as the church was more accessible and convenient for the people. But there was no abatement in the work, it went forward with increasing interest and power four or five weeks more. A work of this magnitude had never before been known in the place. The son of one of the deacons in the Baptist church was powerfully converted and wished to join our church; his father violently opposed him, but found he could neither whip religion nor Methodism out of him.

Another, a lad, the son of a widow, sold some chickens to buy him a Methodist hymn-book, and now said he: "I must have a Methodist Bible, also," and gave his mother no rest until he had, what he supposed, the coveted treasure. A few years ago a Rev. gentleman of the East Genesee Conference called at my house and said: "Do you remember a boy in Factoryville selling chickens to get a Methodist hymn-book and Bible?" I replied: "I remember it well." "I am that boy," said he, "and now I am endeavoring to preach the same gospel that saved me, when a poor boy, through your instrumentality." About two hundred were converted and added to the church, and the membership doubled during the year. The Sabbath school also, as well as all the spiritual interests of the church, was greatly enlarged. It was a year of marked prosperity and success.

Mr. Hallet, a prominent Methodist of New York, bought a farm and settled in Factoryville. He and his family were fine accessions to our church. Gilbert, his oldest son, was a local preacher of considerable ability. Br. Hallet was sick a long time. I visited and prayed with him daily. The Erie railroad was talked of, and it was expected to cross his farm, and would very much enhance its value. Satan took advantage of this to draw his attention to worldly things, and made many and vigorous attacks upon him. It was his last mighty struggle with the prince of darkness. But he gained the victory and triumphed gloriously, and went safely home. I preached his funeral sermon to a large and sympathising audience, from Psalms 12-1: "Help, Lord, for the godly man



ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

We had also a good revival in the Burhyte neighborhood, and a number of good converts were added to the church, and among them Andrew Burhyte, who afterwards made a very acceptable and useful local preacher. There was one preaching place on Barton hill, that we never visited more than once or twice during the year, on account of small-pox, which raged fearfully there. There were many deaths, and much suffering from this terrible disease.

The pitch pine lands about Factoryville, used to be considered worthless; they were sold in an early day for twenty-five cents an acre; but now they are among the best farming lands in the country. Wheat, corn, and fruit of all kinds, are raised in great abundance.

Our next conference convened in Ithaca, Tompkins county, New York, August 22d, 1838, and we were sent to Speedsville. There we occupied a house with Leander Legg, a fine family; his wife was a Presbyterian, he was a Universalist, but was converted during our stay with them, and both finally joined our church, and died in the faith, and now are at rest. We need not conceal the fact that Speedsville was a hard charge. I was young, and inexperienced, and had little adaptation to the place. It was a Universalist neighborhood. Many of the best families were educated in that faith. They had the main control of the only church in the village, where they worshiped on the Lord's day. There were some

good Presbyterian families in the place, who had preaching once in two weeks at the church.

We had twenty-five or thirty first class Methodist families on the charge. They received us kindly, and did all they could to make us comfortable, and co-operated heartily with us in all that appertained to the interests of the church. We found there some Methodist families who were not reliable; they could not be depended upon in an emergency. There was an Irish family recently from Ireland, four of whom were members of our church. They had good farms, and considerable personal property. The old gentleman, venerable with age, was well acquainted with Wesley, had often heard him preach. When we went on the charge, they appeared very friendly, and we anticipated much comfort with them.

There were two Methodist churches on the charge. One at Speed's settlement, a mere shell, unfit for use, and was never finished, and one at the Rawson settlement, a comfortable little house, that would seat three hundred persons. At Speedsville we very much needed a church of our own, and I took hold of it in good faith and good earnest. We procured a lot of four acres of land in a very central place on which to build. There was a small house upon it, into which we afterward moved. I canvassed the whole country round and raised a subscription of over fifteen hundred dollars for a new church. We designed to make it up to two thousand, thinking that would be quite sufficient to pay for the lot and build us a comfortable house of worship. This Irishman and

family signed four hundred dollars. He became dissatisfied with his large subscription and set himself at work to defeat the whole project. He came to my house and said, in his most winning and gracious manner: "Brother Wyatt, I am going over to Candor and I know some persons there who, I think, will sign something handsome for our new church. I thought I would call and take the paper and get their subscriptions, and help you along a little in your good work." I let him have it, and that was the last ever seen of the paper. He concealed and destroyed it, and so defeated the whole enterprise.

Our salary was very small, and to make up the deficiency we taught a select school in our own hired house.

Our second year upon this charge was 1839, the centenary year of English Methodism, and in this year our son, Albert Harmon was born, now a member of the New York East Conference.

During our stay here the Lord sent a judgment upon the people. Typhoid fever, in its most malignant form, visited a great many families. A large number died; in some cases two and three and four in a family. When the disease began they made light of religion and Christians. They wanted no ministers and no praying about them. But as the dreadful visitation progressed, and the dying and the dead were seen in almost every house, they became fearfully alarmed. They were afraid to go into the room where the dead lay to prepare them for interment. Then their faith was shaken, their sandy foundation gave way, they had not where to stand. They began to call now for ministers and praying people. They

sent for me to come in haste to the bedside of their sick and dying ones. We did the best we could to encourage them to seek that religion which they had despised, and to point them to that Savior they had denied, and whose atoning blood they had rejected. The attention of the people was arrested, and they began to seek after a religion that would help when they most needed help—a religion that will do to die by. Here Universalism received its death wound. A goodly number of its strongest votaries and supporters embraced religion and joined the church. So that our two years labor and suffering were not wholly lost. The Lord overruled all for their good and his glory.

Conference convened at Cazenovia, Madison County, New York, August 19, 1840. We were sent this year to Candor, Tioga County. The parsonage was comfortable, and we moved right into it and commenced our work for the Lord and the church. There was here plenty of sea room, all that could be desired for healthy exercise in the pastoral work. The eastern hills, along whose skirts we found work to do, are now in the Berkshire and Newark appointments. The south, along the eastern branch of the Owego creek, is now embraced in Flemingville. The southwest, along the valley of the Irish settlement, where we preached once in two weeks, and sometimes much oftener, now belongs to Tioga Centre and West Barton. The extreme western boundary of the town, visited by us fortnightly, now belongs to Spencer. The northern line of appointments is now in South and West Danby. Fairfield and Shindagen have

been merged into Caroline and Slaterville Stations. I preached twice every Sabbath at Candor Corners, and then spread myself out thin enough to cover all this territory that now goes to make up, in whole or in part, ten distinct charges. And this was Candor Station. I did the work alone that it takes ten ministers now to do.

I attended more funerals and weddings than all the other clergymen and justices together in this territory. This was no sinecure; this was the place for the exercise of sound judgment and for hard work. The ground had been cultivated for many years; worked and burned over and over again, and some of it abandoned as useless. It was full of *isms* and backsliders and hardened sinners.

Rev. Gaylord Judd, a venerable superannuated member of the Oneida Conference, lived at Candor Corners. He was my daily and constant counselor. He did me good service in every department of the work. Revs. Hewitt, Bacon and Elwell were efficient local preachers. There were some, not a few, choice spirits among the laity—men of age and experience—men of piety and decision—men who could be depended upon in time of need. I felt securely, yea more, I felt with such a body-guard, surrounded with such a corps of men of influence, piety and talent, and all agreed, we were well able to go up and possess the land.

There was a place over the mountain by the name of Fairfield, better known at this time as Honeypot, because of the large number of wild bees found in the vicinity. Here we had a few members who had

long borne the heat and burden of the day. Here I preached every alternate Sabbath, in the afternoon. I commenced meetings here and held them, preaching every night, for several days, but there seemed to be no move, and we closed the meetings and went home. The next week Hiram Clark came over to our house and said his brothers and some others that he knew, he thought were serious, and wished the meetings continued. I sent an appointment for the next evening. He went back and circulated it far and near. In the evening the house was well filled. After preaching we invited penitents to the altar, and about a dozen came right forward, and among the rest, two young Clarks, brothers of Rev. Dr. Clark of the Wyoming Conference, and more earnest, teachable penitents we have never found. All were taken by surprise. The Holy Spirit came mightily upon the people. It was a time of awful solemnity and great power.

The next meeting the house was filled to its utmost capacity. When it was noised abroad, the people came from every quarter, and the work moved right on, increasing in interest and power for many days and weeks. Eight and ten and twelve would be converted in an evening. Hard cases and moralists, Universalists and skeptics, young men and children, old men and women—every class and age came. The work swept the place. It ran like fire in a dry stubble. Whole families were brought in, and the altar was set up and prayer offered where it never had been known before. There were about one hundred converts. This revival built up the Church, and estab-

lished it upon a firm basis. Rev. Brother Crandall, stationed in Owego, and Rev. John Griffin, a holy man of God, rendered us good service. The school-house, where they worshiped, became too strait for them. The way, in this revival, was prepared to build the house of the Lord, which long since has been done, and now, in a convenient place, in the midst of those green hills and beautiful farms and orchards, stands a neat and commodious Church, the pride and glory of the place.

When we commenced our work at Candor, we found a preaching place at almost every school-house all over that country. The people had not been instructed to go to Church, but expected to have the Church brought to them—a practice that we endeavored to break up as soon as possible, yet it was so firmly fixed that it took time to bring it about. Here lived and died that most remarkable man, Rev. Joseph Towner. He often preached in my father's house. He was one of nature's noblest sons, but his early opportunities were small. When he was converted it was with difficulty that he could read a hymn, but by persevering effort he obtained tolerable knowledge of the English language, and became one of our most popular and useful men. Once, in preaching in our neighborhood, he had occasion to refer to the Asiatics, and he called them Asia-ticks. The Rev. J. Griffin, after hearing him, said: "That was a new kind of ticks; I have heard of wood-ticks, and sheep-ticks, but I have never heard of Asia-ticks before." His gift was more for exhortation than preaching, and often under his powerful appeals the vast multitude would

melt like wax before the fire. His knowledge of human nature was wonderful. He was one of the first Methodist ministers I ever heard. It was announced at my father's that there would be "local preaching" on a certain day, by Joseph Towner, and the whole community came out. His popularity was very great.

In Pleasant Valley lived also Father and Mother Lott, historic characters. They were from Connecticut, where they experienced religion about 1790. As soon as they arrived in the Valley, they commenced laboring for God. Father Lott traveled over hills and through the valleys to tell the story of the cross on the Lord's day, while he worked on his farm through the week. He was a man of deep piety, fervent zeal and great energy. His wife was equally famous for her devotion to the cause of Christ. Like Zachariah and Elizabeth of old, "they walked in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless." They went together to meeting, walking from ten to twenty miles to his appointments. He would preach and she would shout, and as soon as he was done, she would exhort with great power and effect.

At the red school-house, one of these old preaching places, about two miles below the village, we commenced our next meeting. We were encouraged, from our great success in Fairfield, to expect good results from this central point. I had rested a little and now rallied my forces to make a vigorous attack upon this stronghold of wickedness. We preached and prayed and worked with all our might, for about two weeks, with little success.

After preaching one night, I went to the back part



of the house, and spoke to a young man by the name of Moulton, the son of a Presbyterian minister who had recently died and gone to heaven. He was polite and genteel in his manners, and of a finished education. He was a leading mind among the young people of the neighborhood, and exercised a controlling influence over them.

I was satisfied there was a great seriousness in the congregation; that they were deeply convicted of sin and were looking, this way and that way, for some one to start. And I was just as well satisfied that Moulton was the man; if he would make a move, the rest would follow. I asked him if he would go forward and seek the Lord. At first he gave me an evasive answer, but turning to a young man by the name of Smith, who was sitting by him, said: "Smith, if you will go, I will go." Both of them then arose and went to the altar. Every one in the house was taken by surprise. Nobody expected any such move, or thought they went for any good purpose. Moulton told me afterward that he went partly out of respect for me, and partly for derision; that he had no thought of getting religion when he went to the altar. "While there," said he, "I took out my tobacco box and passed it to young Smith, and we had a merry time of it." But Moulton was sorely wounded under the prayer of a devoted sister. I hardly ever heard such praying in my life. The Holy Spirit came down and moved all hearts. Heaven and earth seemed to come together.

When the meeting was dismissed, the young people rushed to the door and shouted, "Moult, come on

here! Moulton, come on here!" They expected a spree, but Moulton was too much wounded for a spree, and taking out a large pocket handkerchief, tied up his face, and went silently home. He said his tooth ached, but his heart ached rather than his tooth. He had a restless night, his life of sin and rebellion against God, was all brought in careful review before him. Next day toward evening he went around to the house of young Smith, and said: "Have you seen anything of Wyatt to-day?" "Yes, I have seen him." "Did he say anything about me?" "Yes, he spoke of you." "Well, come; are you going to church to-night?" They then started for the meeting, but after going a little way, they retraced their steps at Moulton's suggestion, but finally stopped, and Moulton said: "Live or die, sink or swim, I will go to church." And at the close of the sermon, they were the first to start for the altar. All now saw that they were in earnest, and about forty young men started from every part of the house, and came forward.

We got the keystone out of the arch and it caved in. Moulton, with the rest, begged and prayed with all his might for the space of an hour. I never witnessed such a time in my life; it was Pentecost over again. He received no light, but struggled on mightily. At last he arose, turned his face to the congregation, put his hand in his pocket and drew out a pack of cards; holding them up, he said: "With these cards I have broken God's holy day many a time; instead of going to church as my sainted father taught me to do, I have taken these young men, and gone into

by-places and played at cards the whole live-long Sabbath day; and now I cannot get religion until the cards are destroyed." And he handed them to a man, who put them into the stove. A young man kneeling by his side said: "The devil burn with them! the devil burn with them!" He then knelt down, his last idol being put away, and it was but a little and the victory was won. He lost his burden, and found "Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth."

It was a muddy season of the year, and the next day there were found many packs of cards trampled into the mud on the street. Young men who had not courage like Moulton, to burn their cards at the altar, as soon as they got into the street threw them away. Moulton told me afterward, that to his certain knowledge, forty packs of cards were destroyed that night. Pretty good havoc among the devil's books.

These young men now with Moulton at their head, turned right about and went to work for the Lord, as earnestly as they ever worked in the service of Satan. They went to their friends through all the country round about; none escaped their influence. They brought them in by the score, and they were converted to God. The place became too strait for us, and we moved up to the church; the work did not abate, but moved on like some grand old river, bearing down all before it. The work became general; the whole place was moved, men left their stores, their farms, their offices, and turned their attention to God and religion. Judge Baragar said,

“Wyatt is hauling them in, hauling them in, good and bad, he lets none escape.”

Most of the leading members now in the church at Candor, were converted at this meeting. Two of the most efficient and useful ministers in the Wyoming conference, William and Charles Judd, and Maria Jane, their sister, were among the number. One is now in India, a faithful missionary, in that far-off land, where he has been laboring for many years, with his devoted wife, Miss Hubbard, also a convert at this time.

And if we could look in upon the redeemed multitude safe in glory, who can tell how many we should find here gathered in, and saved with the power of an endless life, as the fruits of this meeting? About two hundred professed to be converted. It was one of the grandest occasions in the life of an ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ.

A highly esteemed young lady, one of the young converts, died in holy triumph about the time of the close of these meetings. I visited and prayed with her during her last sickness, and she greatly rejoiced to think that she had been taken from a life of dissipation; that she had been plucked as a brand from the burning, and gathered into the fold of Christ. I preached her funeral sermon to a large and deeply affected congregation. My text was, “*And one of the Elders answered, saying unto me, ‘What are these arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?’*”

I took occasion to show how and when she washed her robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, as no fuller on earth could white them. It

was at our meeting, at the house of God, that she deliberately turned her back upon the vanities of a gay and wicked world; and with many of her young companions gave her young heart to God, and she found in the dying hour that that religion which she had embraced was her support. And she triumphed gloriously amid the cold and rough waters of the dark river. She cast her anchor within the pier's head, and outrode the stormy and windy tempest, and entered the harbor of eternal rest.

In the Irish settlement we had a small society, and a preaching place where we held meetings for three weeks, and had thirty or forty conversions. The Baptists had a small church near this place, and preaching every Lord's day. The minister and his people made themselves rather busy with our chickens, and got some of them into the water, and attempted to make ducks of them. They sent for me, and I went over and preached a plain gospel sermon on christian baptism, and it was reported that Wyatt had drained all the water out of the Baptist *pond*, and they had dried up and quit. One old Irish lady said: "That man Wyatt had picked every feather off from the Baptist goose's back." I baptized my converts after preaching that day, and received them into the church.

I had one of my terrible turns of sick headache, and the Baptists said, "it was, no doubt, a judgment upon me for the awful sermon I had preached." Public opinion was turned effectually against them, and a most decided quietus was put upon them. After that they concluded to let these Methodist

converts alone, and I heard no more from them. The church was built up and firmly established by this revival, and a subscription was soon started and a new church was built, but requiring more preaching than we were able to give them, from the station they were merged into a separate and independent charge.

At the White school-house we had a class, and I preached regularly. Here the work of the Lord was revived, and many souls converted to God, and the society was greatly strengthened and enlarged.

At Wilseyville, a regular preaching place, ten miles from the White school-house, we also held extra meetings with very good results; a large number were converted and added to the church.

The 11th of March, this year, Rev. George G. Cookman, embarked at New York for his native land, on the steamship President, which has not been heard from to the present time. A few days before he left home, he said to his children, "Now boys, remember, if your father should sink in the ocean, his soul will go directly to the paradise of God, where you must all meet me." He was among the best pulpit orators in all the country; his style was nervous and elegant, and such was the power of his imagination, he was never at a loss for images of beauty and apt illustrations. Being a man of intense feeling himself, he possessed the power to control the feelings of his audience. He was twice elected chaplain of the United States senate. Without controversy, one of the grandest men and ministers on the continent.

My last work at Candor, was to preach the funeral

sermon of Mr. Colborn, father of Rev. Handford Colborn, then of the Oneida conference. In closing up my two years work on the Candor station, it was apparent to me, and to all, that the hand of God had been in it from the beginning. They were years of hard work, yet years of great peace with God, and favor with the people, and marked success in winning souls to Christ.

## CHAPTER VII.

## TRANSFERRED TO BLACK RIVER CONFERENCE.

THE Oneida conference, held its session this year at Oxford, August 10th, 1842. Bishop Hedding presided. I was transferred to Black River conference, and stationed at Adams. I went to fill a vacancy, occasioned by the transfer of L. L. Knox, to the Maine conference, to take charge of a literary institution. This arrangement was none of my seeking; but it was made by the special request of one of the Black river preachers.

Adams is fourteen miles south of Watertown, on the road to Syracuse. It had one Methodist and one Presbyterian church, a select school, a seminary for young ladies and one hundred and twenty dwellings. Rev. W. W. Ninde, a second Summerfield, one of the most eloquent and sweet spirited ministers in the conference, had been stationed there three times. The charge grew up under his immediate supervision, and received the impress of his amiable disposition, and the people expected all their ministers to be like Brother Ninde, and do their work as he did in every particular, even to the reading of the burial service.



Rev. Arza J. Phelps, my immediate predecessor, reported one hundred and ninety-four members. Rev. Mr. Walker was a local preacher of more than ordinary ability. He was very useful and popular among the people. Ira Mayhew, principal of the Seminary, was a man of fine literary taste, of polished manners, really a great and good man, one of our best members. Montgomery, professor of languages in the Seminary, and chorister in our church, was decidedly intellectual, and ought to have been a minister of the gospel, but he refused this high and holy calling, and in after years he and his wife wandered off into Swedenborgianism, and left the church. He died young, and a cloud rests upon his grave. Judge Skinner, Blackstone and Merriman were men of marked ability, and prominent among the laity of the church.

At Thomas settlement, three miles south-west, we had a large working society. They were able farmers. They served the Lord every day in the week at home, and then were just as earnest in their songs and prayers in the church on the Sabbath. They paid their minister and remembered all the benevolent institutions of the church. They said: "Paying and praying ought to go together." Brother Thomas was their leader. He had grown old and gray headed in the service of his Lord. He had considerable wealth and lacked no good thing. He and his wife were going a short journey to visit some friends, the children said: "Father's hair must be colored so that he will look young again." So the night before they were to start, with great care the dye was prepared

and brushed into the old gray hair. The transformation was wonderful, so that Father Thomas really looked young again. But when they got up in the morning, to start on their journey, the nice black hair had become a beautiful *red*, and all they could do *red* it would be.

There was a Mr. Stickney, who had recently been converted, in the neighborhood. He was not a little at a loss to know what church to join. His wife, also a young convert, said: "We must join the Presbyterians, they have the largest church and are the most popular." But the Baptists were after them, and said they must be immersed, for that was the only door into the church. Then he liked the Methodists, they had such good lively meetings. He had the following dream, which settled the question for him. He thought, in his dream, he had on his shoulder a fine piece of fat beef, taken out of some creature, and he must find the creature from whence it was taken. He took it up town, first to the Baptist church, but did not find it there. Then took it to the Presbyterian church, but found no creature there in which his beef would fit. He then took it to the Methodist church, with no better success. Then taking it upon his shoulder he carried it back to the Thomas settlement and stopped with it in the school-house, where the Methodists held their meetings. Here he found that Father Thomas had a bullock dressed and laid out with a piece cut out just the size of his piece of beef. He put it in, and it fitted exactly, and he said to himself: "I have found the place where my beef belongs." He awoke and told his wife: "I am a

Methodist; that is my place; we must join Father Thomas's class." He did join, and became one of the most active and useful members of the church. I preached once in two weeks, in the afternoon, in this place, and then returned to Adams village and preached the third sermon in the evening.

We joined with the Presbyterians, and held union meetings in their church for three or four weeks; I alternated with Rev. Mr. Kirk, their minister until he said, he could preach no longer. The work commenced very finely, many were converted; and we should have done well if he had been able to preach his alternate night; but failing to do this, the Presbyterians were not willing to leave the work wholly in my hands, and they obtained the services of Rev. Mr. Weeks, an evangelist, who came and monopolized the whole ground, putting an end to the union meetings. I found, to my mortification, that I had been making Presbyterians, and not Methodists, and had been building up their church at the expense of our own, but there is no blame to anybody but myself. Here I learned wisdom, and found that there was a more excellent way. My opinion is, that these Methodist ministers had better work on their own ground, and in their own way, and with their own tools.

I was the more easily led into the above arrangement with the Presbyterians, from the fact that some of our dear friends belonged to that church. The Whipple family were especially kind and friendly. Henry Whipple, now Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church, made himself very dear to us by his constant attentions. This was the old stamping ground of

Burchard, the great northern evangelist, who had very peculiar pulpit tactics, and, with his knowledge of human nature was well able to stir up and electrify the masses. This Presbyterian church was his handiwork, raised up and established under his labors and supervision; its members, its altars, its usages—all bore the Burchard impress. This was his rallying point, here he marshalled his hosts for those great religious, evangelistic campaigns of northern New York, known and read of all men. He had seven chosen prayers, these did all his praying at his meetings, while all others were expected to keep silence in the churches. Blackstone, one of my official members, was one of the seven, and I do not wonder that Burchard with his sagacity, should choose him. Blackstone, was a host at the altar, I have found few men in all my travels equal to him.

Burchard related the following remarkable dream. He said, "When I was preaching in Buffalo it went hard, there were few conversions, and I became about discouraged. I dreamed that I died, and went to heaven's gate, and knocked for admittance. The angel on guard came to the gate and said, 'Who is there?' I answered, 'It is Burchard from Buffalo.' 'Well, said the angel, 'I will go and see,' and he was gone a long time. I was in great distress, and gave up all for lost, and said to myself, 'I shall never get in here.' But after long and weary waiting, the angel came back and opened the gate, and told me I could come in. I then inquired of him, what made him stay so long. The angel answered, and said, 'It is the first call we have had from Buffalo, and I had to search the records.'"

Mrs. Rev. Isaac Hunt, a devoted and intelligent christian, beloved by all who knew her, died here. She belonged to the Salisbury family, one of the historic families of the place. She died in great peace, in full hope of the resurrection from the dead, and life everlasting. I preached her funeral sermon from 1st Thes., 4-13 — "*But I would not have you to be ignorant brethren, concerning them which are asleep.*"

We were visited with the plague called black-tongue. It baffled for awhile the most skillful physicians, and entered almost every house; few families escaped its ravages. Yet we were graciously protected, only one in our family was visited by it, and she very lightly. We inherited the promise, "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling; for he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Oh! the precious goodness of the Lord. These mighty angels who stand on guard about our dwellings, never tire and never sleep.

There were some sad reminiscences connected with the memory of our work in this place. Our house was a large double house, belonging to Dr. Dempster; another family occupied one part of the house. During the winter, they had two very bright, active young ladies boarding with them, and attending the seminary. They were children of Methodist families living in the country, and we were very intimate with them. We did all we could to persuade them to seek their souls' salvation. But they spent their evenings at cards and like dissi-

pations. Life looked long and bright before them, and they thought there would be time enough for them in the future to attend to religious matters. It was a winter of great enjoyment; nothing arose to mar their happiness. Their ringing, happy laugh was heard in every part of the house, as they passed back and forth through its spacious halls.

They finished their winter term and returned to their homes. The younger one, was an only child of a wealthy and influential family. The brother of the older young lady, a young man of about eighteen years, and his friend were out sporting, with their guns. In returning home they passed on a sidehill, in full view of the first young lady's home, and saw her come out of the door of her father's house, and enter into an out-building. They said gleefully to each other, "Let us fire into the building and frighten her." They did so, and passed on their way in mirth and gladness. The young lady not coming in, search was made for her, and she was found cold and frozen in death, the ball having passed directly through her heart.

The young men were arrested and tried, and both families were thrown into the deepest distress. The mother of the young lady killed, became hopelessly deranged, and in less than two years, followed her only child to the grave, from an insane asylum. Her father died soon after, with the unwashed clothes of his murdered daughter, hanging by his bedside. In two years the whole family had passed away. The young man who fired the fatal shot, was found guilty of manslaughter, and sent to state's prison for four

years, to mourn over his madness and folly, while the bitter weeping went on in his father's family, for a reckless son and brother.

An intimate friend of these young ladies, who attended school with them, the son of a widowed mother, was during our meetings deeply awakened and felt the need of religion. We labored and prayed diligently with him, but he was young and hopeful, and went on with his pleasure saying to himself, "There is time enough yet." The latter part of the following summer, he went into the barn to unload some hay, in backing the wagon, the pitch fork on the top of the load struck a beam and fell, one of the tines striking him in the breast. He pulled it out with his own hands, and started for the house, but found he could not reach it, and laid himself down upon a tuft of hay and there died in a few minutes, the fork having pierced the heart.

I had two good happy years with my friends in Adams. I found one hundred and ninety-four members in the church, and left two hundred and thirty-one. When I went to the charge, the stewards asked me how much they paid me at Candor. I told them three hundred dollars a year. They said, we will give you four hundred, and with this I was well pleased. The liberal perquisites combined with it, made us very comfortable. Our daughter Elizabeth, the late Mrs. Rev. W. P. Abbott, D.D., was born here. We found in this place, some "elect" women, whose purity and usefulness, we have never seen excelled; who have a name and a place in the history of the church, "an everlasting name that

shall not be cut off;" a name acquired by turning many to righteousness, that shall shine as the firmament and as the stars, forever and ever. Some with polished manners, and classic tastes, and others less refined, but not less worthy of note.

Among the latter should be mentioned :

Grandma Thompson, as she was familiarly called ; a woman of strong mind, and unflinching devotion. She had been made perfect through suffering ; she had had a full cup wrung out to her of rum's dark doings. Her husband was intemperate, and in her younger days, she had spent many a cold, lonely night in a barn, driven from her house by an infuriated husband. She also had buried two lovely daughters, and was now, in her old age, left quite alone in the world, except one unconverted son, who lived in the country. She had a little home alone in the village, where she might have more time for communion with God, meditation and prayer, and be near her beloved church. I visited her often, but never left her without a desire to know more of the deep things of God. Her walk was so close with him, that she sometimes saw visions of God and of angels, as in the days of old, when God talked with man face to face.

One Lord's day summer evening, at her son's in the country, while she was watching and musing by an open window, and was contemplating the heavens that declare the glory of God, and the firmament that showeth His handy-work, she said to herself: " Oh ! that I could be as the least one of those stars, that I might reflect, as they do, the image of the heavenly,"



and then she selected one, the smallest she could find, and prayed: "Oh Lord, make me like that star." As she prayed and looked, suddenly that star shot forth a great light. This filled her with unspeakable joy, and in that sweet frame of mind, she laid herself down for the night.

She soon found herself separated from the body, and looking down upon it said: "Farewell old body, you and I have traveled many years together, and have had many good times, now we part, you for the rest of the grave, and I for my heavenly home." And again she said: "Farewell old body." As she said this she found herself rising, borne by an invisible power, up through space, on and on, until she heard the sound of music from the other shore. Faintly at first, it was wafted down to her, but it increased as she ascended until the towers and battlements of the heavenly city, lay in full view before her. The music became enrapturing while she was still borne on, until she came into the presence of what she conceived to be the throne of the eternal God. And although she saw no form, yet such an overwhelming sense of the presence of God, and the home of the glorified filled her heart, that bursts of praise rang out upon the midnight air, and for a season, at least, the joy of the redeemed seemed to be her joy, and the whole night was spent in songs and shouts of praise. She arose in the morning, feeling more like an inhabitant of the heavenly world than of earth. At the breakfast table her son said: "Well mother, I guess you were at camp meeting all last night," and looked up into her face as he spoke. He had just raised his fork to his lips, but such was the glory on his mother's

face, that he laid it down in silence; and arose and left the table without tasting food. She always thought that such would be her experience, when she was permitted to leave the body never to return. Like Paul, she had been caught up into the third heaven, and like him she longed for the reality of the vision.

At the Black River conference, which was held at Potsdam, July 31st, 1844, I received my appointment at Watertown, Jefferson county, New York. It is situated on the Black River, eight miles above Sacketts' Harbor, a place of great water power, well adapted to all manufacturing purposes, the shire town of the county, and a great business place.

Here was a large hearted, noble Methodist church, decidedly the best we had ever found. We enjoyed the benefit of coming to a church, having wise, cultured, and liberal leaders. Judge McKnight, a man eminent in his profession, had left the impress of his warm, loving spirit upon the people. And under such leadership, there had grown up an official board of great liberality and power. I have found but one other church at all equal to it in all my ministry, and that was Wilkesbarre. In all our after years we have looked back upon many of those office bearers as models, whose good common sense and far sightedness furnished indemnity to the church, and a strong arm on which a minister might lean.

Willard Ives, a steward and class leader, and general financier, was a pattern of meekness, fidelity, and untiring perseverance. He was unselfish in all his relations to society. I have seen him when the house was full, find a seat for his wife and mother

and then go up into one of those old fashioned high galleries and take a seat, to listen to the sermon. He is a man whom the church delights to honor. He was sent to the first Evangelical Alliance, held in the old world, and had a place in the first General Conference that admitted laymen. The Lord has blessed him with the control of a large amount of worldly goods, and in all his associations with banks, and monetary matters, and churches, and benevolent institutions, he devises liberal things, and by liberal things he stands. His venerable and aged father and mother, were life-long and useful members of the church, and were every way worthy of such a son. The family of Bishop Andrews had their home here, and a model home it was; love, refinement and intelligence, added to a deep interest in their minister's family and the church, made them very dear friends to us.

Also, a Mrs. Angel, who had so much of the pure and heavenly spirit about her that she seemed nearly allied to the angelic brotherhood. Her husband was a prominent lawyer, but an unbeliever. She was timid, modest and shrinking in all but her religion, in this she was bold as a lion. She believed it was her duty to have worship in her family, and although her husband would not always remain himself, yet he required his children to be present. Thus she was able to maintain a proper religious influence over them, while she carefully trained them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He would invite to his house judges and lawyers of his own views on feast days and Sabbath days, but no matter - he was present, she always kept up her altar and

maintained her worship. She told me if any persons did not wish to hear her pray they must not be found among her guests. The beautiful life of this "elect" lady has left its influence for good upon the old Arsenal street church, as well as upon society at large.

There was also an English family, worthy of special note, by the name of Welch. He was a dry goods merchant, and his wife was a milliner, and they trained their children to this business, every thing was done as by clockwork. She came the nearest to a Mrs. Susannah Wesley, of any woman I have ever seen. They had ten children, nearly all of whom had grown to years; but whatever changes of weather, or of ministers, they were all and always in their places at church, with their hymn books and Bibles, seated according to their respective ages. It was her custom when a child was weaned, to give it into the charge of one of the older girls, and she was made responsible for its dress, food and moral training. In case she was in doubt about any matter that appertained to the child, she was at liberty to ask advice of her mother, but beyond that she was held responsible for the welfare of her charge; and a better trained or more lovely family we have never seen. Their house was like a beehive, every one busy, and each one in his proper place and work; at the table instead of the usual grace, they sang:

"Be present at our table Lord;  
Be here and every where adored;  
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we  
May feast in paradise with thee."

They were beautiful singers and all sang, and it was not uncommon for strangers at their table to be affected to tears. Their dear father and mother have gone to their long home, while their children rise up to call them blessed; and all that happy family are in heaven, or on the way there.

Other names equally dear to us, and to the church are not forgotten, Baker, Wright, Peck, and others were valiant for the truth, and pillars in the church. Heaven is already the richer, and the more desirable because of those we knew, and with whom we walked to the house of God, in Watertown. Rev. Father Fields, a superannuated minister, and man of God; Father Ives, Keyes, Welch, and others

"Sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
While we in hymns below."

✓ Rev. Hiram Mattison, D.D., our illustrious predecessor, had written his "Tract for the Times," and scattered it broadcast among the people. In it, he took the ground that all organizations to promote temperance and moral reform outside the church should be discarded as out of order and useless. I found the church divided about midway on this subject, with a good deal of feeling on both sides. The thing would have died out and taken its place with the heresies of the past, could it have been let alone. But Brother Mattison, a man for whom I entertained a high regard, went to Rome, and started a paper advocating his peculiar views, and circulated it widely among our people. This had a tendency to increase and keep up the controversy. In the midst of the whole of it, it was reported a man was

found dead upon a work bench with the "Tract for the Times" in one pocket, and a bottle of rum in the other. This increased the excitement, and we could hear or think of little else. Brother Mattison, in his paper published at Rome, called for short sermons. I wrote one for him, taking for my text "the title of his paper." It was published in one of the Watertown papers. In his review of the sermon, he called it a curious production; I suppose it was; it was written under high pressure, and designed to strike on all sides, and so it did. The whole matter was duly considered at our next conference at Mexicoville, and was disapproved, and he was advised to discontinue the publication of his paper at Rome, and he did so accordingly.

My estimate here was six hundred dollars and parsonage, all of which was promptly paid. We had no general revival, yet I trust it will be found in the great harvest at the end of the world that some sheaves were gathered from Watertown, and safely garnered. Brother Mattison died in the bosom of the Methodist Episcopal church, only as the Christian can die. He said in the last hour: "I feel a wonderful pressure upwards." And up he went, and rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. So died a great and good man.

The arrangement was perfected, and the papers all made out between us to unite our efforts in the "American Protestant Alliance" to promote Protestantism against the encroachments of Roman Catholicism in America; but death came and closed the arrangements and put an end to the peculiar organization.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## LOWVILLE.

THE Mexicoville conference convened July 9th, 1845. Bishop Hedding presided, and sent me to Lowville, Lewis county, New York.

Bishop Hedding had wonderful control over himself. No matter what the subject of discussion brought before him, a muscle of his face never moved to indicate his preferences or opinions. While sallies of wit that sometimes made sad havoc with the dignity of the conference, over which he presided, he sat unmoved as a statue. I was present when this incident occurred: A Brother was recommended for admission on trial, but his reception was strenuously opposed, chiefly on the ground of alleged inadequate mental training. This, however, was denied by those who claimed to be much better acquainted with the candidate, than the Brother who opposed his admission. But the latter was by no means disposed to yield his point, and in his rejoinder gave instances of false syntax in a sermon he heard him preach. In the midst of his remarks, a son of the Emerald Isle, and a member of the conference, whose ready wit was a striking mental characteristic, hastily sprung from his seat, and advancing a step toward the speaker, said with an

air and earnestness which would be difficult to describe— "*Bruther, Bruther*, don't you think he was embarrassed because you were there?" The stroke, coming suddenly and unexpectedly, was irresistible. The conference was convulsed; even the Bishop could not stand before it, giving himself up to his emotions, his whole frame shook as if receiving successive shocks from a galvanic battery.

The Bishop had a vivid sense of the ludicrous. At the session of the Black River conference in Mexicoville, I saw him equally moved. A Brother was brought forward and strongly urged by his friends for reception on trial; but it was said in opposition to him, "That he had not sufficient energy of character to make a successful Methodist minister." A prominent member of the conference declared that "During my absence, he came to my house and stayed two or three days, and my wife had to take the whole care of his horse, drawing water from the well for it to drink, and feeding it. When I returned and reproved him for his indolence," he said, "It was not possible for me to feed and care for my horse, *for I had a spasm in the thumb.*" The house came down as by an electric shock, and the Bishop was perfectly convulsed.

Bishop Hedding was the expounder of law in the Methodist church, and from his decisions appeal was useless. His masterly "golden rule" argument was as oil poured on the troubled waters, and its soothing influence was felt through the length and breadth of the land. He set his face as a flint against "hobby riding," and up to his dying day maintained the



doctrines and usages of the church. When urged in his last sickness to profess entire sanctification, to give that theory the sanction of his example, he persistently refused, and said, as more congenial with his feelings and beneficial to the church,

“ I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.”

In his whole life he taught if a man is born of God, he is a child of God, “an heir,” an equal heir with Jesus Christ to the inheritance. “For he that is born of God doth not commit sin, he cannot because his seed remaineth in him,” and in this he is worthy of imitation.

We heard Bishop Scott at the Troy conference, upon sanctification; at the close we asked him, “why he did not tell us about the second blessing.” He said, very decidedly, “For the simple reason, I do not believe in it.” And thus the Hedding influence is still seen and felt.

Bishop Hedding, was the great apostle of Methodism in America; it grew up from infancy under his observation, it breathes his spirit and bears the impress of his fashioning hand.

Lowville was named after Mr. Nicholas Low, of New York, who owned large tracts of land in the county, it was first settled in 1795, by some families from Connecticut. It is the largest town in the county, and contains four good churches, and a Quaker meeting-house.

There is one of the grandest natural scenes near this place to be found in the state. “There is a chasm of about two hundred feet in depth, and of a bowl

like shape. On the north and west sides, the rocks are nearly perpendicular, but on the south, sloping and covered with lofty trees. It is called Chimney Point, from its resemblance to the termination of a conical pointed chimney. This place is becoming the popular resort of the fashionable tourist. The surface of the ground in the vicinity is nearly level, and as he comes upon its brink suddenly, its wildness strikes him with awe. Opposite and on the left are perpendicular rocks, before him are lofty pines and hemlocks, and far below, as it were in the very bowels of the earth, through the openings in the foliage, indistinct glimpses are caught of the flowing rivulet. While the roar of the waterfall, and the grandeur of the surrounding landscape add an interest to the scene rarely experienced. Here the St. Regis Indians kindled their council fires, and held high carnival on these vast hunting grounds."

We found at Lowville a good society of about three hundred members, somewhat scattered through the country; Revd's John S. Mitchell, Schuyler Hose, I. L. Hunt, Luther Lee, James Erwin, Harvey E. Chapin, and many more, all strong and true men, had gone before me on the charge. There was an intelligent, strong, active, official board, one that could be relied upon to work in harmony with their minister. The charge was in a good religious working condition, left so by Brother Chapin, my predecessor, and they gave us a warm and hearty reception.

The temperance question was considerably agitated all through that section of the country. The excise question was left with the people, and the town

was carried for "No license," by the five votes of the clergymen of the place. I lectured and preached a great deal on the subject in Lowville, and all the neighboring towns.

The tavern keepers were not a little disturbed; claiming that we were getting away their customers, and injuring their business. Mr. House, who kept a hotel near the parsonage, laid a plan to defeat the temperance movement, and get back his old patrons. He gave out for a great ball; published it in all the papers, and by flaming posters. He sent to New York for fowls, fruit, and a great many very perishable dainties, and had his tickets printed, and committees of arrangements appointed, sparing neither pains nor money to make it the grandest affair ever known in the place. To each of the clergymen he sent a family ticket with his compliments, and a pressing invitation to be present, saying that he had set apart the best room in his house for their especial benefit, in which they could entertain their friends, and hold religious service at their pleasure. It was to be a great religious ball, in which church members and ministers might dance like David and the old Bible saints. There came on a warm spell of weather, that spoiled the most of his meats and fruits, and on the day appointed it rained fearfully all day, so that very few could get there. Then it turned to snow, and snowed all night, and all the next day, and filled up the streets to the tops of the fences, so, what few guests he had were unable to get away. Thus ended this great farce and religious burlesque.

We held some extra meetings and the work of the Lord was graciously revived, and a goodly number of souls were converted and added to the church. Mrs. Wyatt, became very much burdened in heart for the salvation of the people, and prosperity of the church; she prayed and fasted for several days unceasingly, and then went out to work for God, and as the result, several conversions occurred that were very encouraging and instructive to us in all our afterwork.

Brother Lamphere had two daughters, splendid young ladies. Mrs. Wyatt felt it her duty to talk and pray with them. She went to their house, feeling that the Lord had sent her, but there was a young lady friend there, and they were having a merry time; she felt sadly and thought perhaps she had made a mistake in her call, and was about to leave when the young lady friend left, and she embraced the opportunity of pressing upon them the immediate need of a change of heart and life; they became solemn and interested, and she left them both in tears. They came to the meeting deeply penitent, and soon found peace and were happily converted to God. They lived in the enjoyment of religion, burning and shining lights, and brought their young friends with them to God's house, and they were converted. They both died young and suddenly of heart disease, yet triumphantly and entered into their eternal rest. Were they not brands plucked out of the fire?

Being thus encouraged, Mrs. Wyatt resolved to try again. A man and his wife had attended the church quite regularly, he was a Roman Catholic, we thought they came to pass away the time, but she

resolved to know. His wife was a milliner, and kept many girls and it was difficult to get a private interview with her. But looking to God for help, she went to her store and obtained an opportunity to see her alone; she told her errand, and was on the point of leaving, as the woman seemed to treat the matter with indifference, when all at once, Mrs. Clearwater, for that was her name, smote her breast and gave such a groan, that it startled her and fully indicated the deep pent up feeling within. "Oh said she, for six years I have known my duty in all these things, but if I am to be a Christian I must have family religion, and my husband will most certainly oppose me." Mrs. Wyatt told her she must look to God for help, and take the course the Holy Spirit had so long marked out for her, and warned her not to put it off longer lest the Spirit should be grieved, and leave her. She invited her to the meeting and left. She came but still insisted, that home was the place for her to begin, and in this she was right.

That night she told her husband; he said nothing to oppose her, but rather encouraged her. Next morning he arose earlier than usual, and something said to her, he has gone out to pray, and sure enough he had. When he came in he took down the Bible and read a chapter, then he gave her such a look that she could neither misunderstand his wishes nor her own duty. But "Oh!" said she, "I could not do it, I could not pray; I had flattered myself all the time there was no difficulty with me, it was all with my husband. But alas! my own wicked and deceitful heart was the bar, the only difficulty in the way."

She continued to seek, and her husband also, but he was the first after all to pray in the family, and both were soon converted, and became active and useful members of the church.

The wife of Esquire Dodge was a timid shrinking person, always looking to her husband to take the lead in every important matter. He was a man of very strong intellect, much respected by all who knew him, yet a Universalist in sentiment. His wife had a Christian education, but feared to make a profession of religion before her husband. We encouraged her to take the step, and with much trembling she at last came out, presented herself at the altar, and was converted. Her husband did not oppose her as she had expected, and a few weeks later, as they were sitting alone in the twilight, he began of his own accord to talk on the subject. Then she told him all her heart, and he became so convicted of sin, that she prayed with him as long as she could, then sent for some praying friends living near, and they came in and prayed. About midnight he was soundly converted to God. He became a glorious Christian worker, leading his own children first, and then his neighbors and friends to Christ. His wife said to me, "Twenty years I have waited for my husband to take this step first; but Oh! how good the Lord has been to me just as soon as I was willing to take up the cross and start, then, in a few short weeks my husband also came, and now my children are coming." One of them a short time after received upon her sick and dying bed at our hands baptism, and the Lord's Supper, and died in

holy triumph. And all the rest of the family are safely housed in the ark, and on their way to heaven.

W. X. Ninde, son of Rev. Wm. Ninde deceased, a lad of about fifteen years old, was also converted at this time. He lived with his grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, and is now an able minister of the Gospel, taking the place of his father in the front rank of pulpit orators. I preached one night from Ephesians, 2-12—" *Without God in the world.*" Lawyer Knox was present, and the sharp arrows of the Almighty reached his heart. He went home but found no rest, by night and by day, at home, and in his office, "*Without God in the world,*" sounded in his ears, and he could think of nothing else, until he gave his heart to God and became a new creature. He was a man of ability in his profession, and useful in society.

Rev. John Dempster spent a few days with us, and preached on the Sabbath two very able and eloquent sermons, as only he could preach them to our people. He raised six hundred dollars in the town, for the Concord Theological School, the pride and joy of his heart.

The Black River conference convened this year at Malone, Franklin county, New York, June 16, 1847. Bishop Thomas A. Morris presided, and re-transferred me to the Oneida conference. The Oneida conference held its session at Binghamton, Broome county, New York, July 21, 1847. Bishop Morris presided, and sent me to Oxford, Chenango county, New York.

The old fort in the midst of the village was yet visible, how old even tradition could not say. A pine

stump that stood in the centre of it had two hundred yearly circles distinctly formed. The Oneidas say, this was the dwelling place of "Thick Neck," the old chief of antiquity, here he dwelt and built his fortifications. Curious Indian relics and bones, were also found in great abundance in and about the fort. Here also stood Cork Island, just below the bridge in the midst of the river. It is not yet out of the memory of man, when two men of deadly hate proposed to go to that pleasant spot, in the clear limpid waters and fight a duel. Their seconds loaded their pistols with cork, and they fought with great bravery, and settled the question of honor with their cork bullets. Hence the place was ever after known as Cork Island.

The Academy was incorporated in 1794, a very popular institution of learning, where many of the most intelligent and useful citizens were educated. Here Miss Hyde received her education, and for a long time acted as preceptress in the institution, and from here was transferred to the Lima Seminary, as preceptress, where she married Dr. Hibbard, and here her brother, Professor Ami Hyde, laid the foundation of an education, which has fitted him for eminent usefulness in the church. He is a popular preacher; he writes out his sermons at full length, and commits them to memory. The people were always delighted to hear him when he came home to visit his friends, and none more so than myself.

One Lord's day I most gladly gave Professor Ami my pulpit, and sat down, and put myself in as comfortable a position as possible to hear a good sermon; for we heard none other from him. He



took his text, and started off with more brilliancy and assurance than usual; all eyes were upon him, and all ears open to hear a most polished popular sermon. He went on about ten minutes, made an emphatic pause, then took out his pocket handkerchief, then took up the glass of water and drank freely. He then cleared out his throat, hem'd once or twice. By this time his embarrassment was seen by the audience, we all knew something was the matter; but he made another and desperate effort to recover himself, and said, "The Jews were a peculiar people;" then "God is good in giving his Son to die for us," and gave utterance to several other things which had no connection whatever with his subject. Then he sat down, and turning around to me said, "Brother Wyatt, you have the floor." He completely forgot himself, without a possibility of recovery. We all laughed heartily over it, the choir sang, the benediction was pronounced, and the congregation went home very much amused, if not instructed.

There was one Methodist, one Presbyterian, one Baptist, one Episcopalian, one Universalist church, and five clergymen. Churches and ministers enough for a village of a hundred and seventy dwellings; but they were eastern people, brought up in the land of steady habits, and all taught to go to church, and the most of them did so. Our churches were all well filled on the Lord's day, with a very intelligent, well disposed people.

We went to South Woods, and preached once in two weeks, where we had a small society, and found

plenty of good cheer, buckwheat pancakes, and maple sugar.

At Norwich Hill, we had an appointment once in two weeks Sunday afternoon, then went back and preached in the evening at Oxford. On this hill we had a meeting-house, and a large society of able farmers of very intelligent, enterprising New England people. We held extra meetings here, many were converted and we found much comfort in associating with this dear people. Two camp meetings were held in the neighborhood, of great power and interest during our stay among them. It was really, in most respects about equal to the Oxford appointment, and in some things better. I believe it has been made a separate station.

At Oxford village we found a large flourishing society. Brothers Chapman, Northrup, Lord, Stratton, Monroe, Washburn, and Cooper, with their families were all active in the church.

Judge McKoon, one of the best and most prominent lawyers in the place, had formerly attended the Episcopal church, of which his wife was a member. He now came to our church. One evening after preaching we gave an invitation to any who wanted religion, to come to the altar for prayers; five or six little boys came out and occupied the seat, no one else came. The Judge was in the congregation and deeply penitent, he had made up his mind to go forward that night and seek the Lord, but when he saw those little children take the place, his resolution well nigh failed him.

It was a matter of surprise, and talk among all the

people that he should leave the Episcopalians and join himself to the Methodists, it drew the attention of the whole community. He said to himself, "An ex-judge of the county, where I have presided for a long time, a prominent lawyer at the bar, a man full fifty years old, can I go forward before all this people, and seek God with those little children." This caused a great struggle, he had tried many causes, given judgment in intricate and difficult cases, but a case so difficult yet so important in its findings, and issues had never been brought before him. He stood on trial before the bar of his own conscience.

It was to him a matter not of dollars and cents to be estimated, by the usual standards of loss and gain, but a matter of life or death, of heaven, or hell, with him. His whole life passed in review before him, his sins pressed upon him with all their accumulated force and exceeding sinfulness, as a cart is pressed beneath his sheaves. He had sinned against the best of beings, had sinned when he knew better against light and knowledge, he had sinned for half a hundred years. Then he had promised the Lord, that he would go forward that night; and he arose and came forward and kneeled down meekly with those children saying, "Let me go to heaven with little children." His prayer for mercy went to God with the prayers of babes. And he thanked the Lord heartily "that the things which had been hid from the wise and prudent had been revealed unto babes." A heart so deeply humble and so truly penitent, was not long in finding the pearl of great price. The first opportunity, he told us what the Lord had done for his soul. He

said: "He did not know what his old friends would think, to see him kneeling with these little children, but he thanked the Lord that he was here, and that he was willing to have religion, anywhere and any how that seemed good in the sight of the Lord."

He began immediately,

To tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour he had found.

His age, influence, and marked ability were laid under contribution to bring his old associates and friends to repentance, and to help forward the good work of the Lord. He would sing, and pray, and exhort in our social meetings, and many were brought to Christ through his instrumentality. Soon after he was received into the Church, he began to feel that he could and ought to preach the gospel. He said, "He thought these ministers would preach with more propriety and usefulness, if they would take their illustrations more from nature and every-day life."

He appeared to think he could go right on and preach without any difficulty. I told him he might try it; if he thought he could do better than the ministers, we would give him an opportunity; and I made an appointment for Judge McKoon, to preach in the Church on Sunday evening. The house was filled to its utmost capacity by his old friends. He had prepared himself with great effort, went into the pulpit, took his text, and began to preach. But he soon found that he was off the track, and out of his place. He was not before a jury pleading law, and it was all new and strange to him. He soon forgot his

sermon, and despite all his preparation, became utterly confused and frightened. He knew not what he said. Then he began to tell his experience, and tugged and worked for the space of fifteen or twenty minutes, until the perspiration ran down his back into his boots, but could think of nothing. I had seen men embarrassed in the pulpit before, but must confess this surpassed all embarrassment I had ever witnessed. Yet it did him good; he learned here that to plead law was one thing, and to preach the gospel another. We never heard him criticising ministers, or preaching after that. The quarterly conference gave him a license to preach, and he made a useful local preacher.

A new parsonage was procured of Father Stratton, and the Church was newly carpeted, and renovated throughout, and the grounds were graded, and a row of sheds built.

We had two pleasant years at Oxford; they were a people of more than ordinary intelligence. We held our own, notwithstanding many removals and deaths, and made some increase in the membership. The Oneida Conference held its session here at the close of our second year, and it required a great deal of labor to provide places of entertainment for all the preachers. Bishop Hamlin presided, and his wife was present, and their influence was such during their stay among us, that it will never be forgotten by the people.

## CHAPTER IX.

## UTICA.

IT is, perhaps, due to myself and my friends, if not to the Church at large, that I here give my views on the great subject of entire sanctification; and bear full, free, and unequivocal testimony, before many witnesses for all time to come, of what the Lord has done for my soul.

From early childhood, I have been taught to look upon this blessing as the highest possible attainment that a human being could possess this side of heaven, if not in heaven itself—the crowning glory of a life of faith on the Son of God—of a soul redeemed and saved by the blood of the Lamb. At the close of the conference, as the Bishop read the appointments, and said: “Utica, Bleecker street, William Wyatt,” I turned my face to the wall and wept; not because I was dissatisfied with the appointment, nor yet because of utter inability for the place; for Adams, and Watertown, and Lowville, and Oxford; in membership, and intelligence, and responsibility, were not behind Bleecker street; but I wept for my sins, was convinced of the necessity of higher attainments in the divine life. I was taken wholly by surprise; it was the first intimation to me of my appointment, and it came

upon me like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky. I leaned against the wall to keep from falling to the floor.

Bishop Hamlin had his opponents; some said, "He is saintish," and others, "He is overmuch righteous." But I regarded him as the highest style of man—a perfect Christian. It was through his instrumentality, under his labors and godly example, that I was led to seek the blessing of a clean heart. My attention had been called to this subject before at Watertown, where I earnestly, with fasting, and prayer, and many tears, put my offering upon the altar, and waited the coming of the Holy Ghost to witness its acceptance. But I was not satisfied; and, now, with new and increased determination, began to seek after the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. I felt that nothing less would do for me, and prepare me to meet the expectations of the people of Utica, and do my work there as it ought to be done. I read "Thomas A. Kempis," "The Plain Account," "Madame Guyon," "Wesley's Sermons and Journal," "Watson," and "Fletcher," "Mrs. Fletcher," and "Hester Ann Rogers," "Carvosso," and all our standard works on the subject. The work to be done, the way to do it, and the path before me that leads to full salvation were made so plain, "that the way-faring man, though a fool, need not err therein." I knew my duty, and felt fully determined to do it.

I had been justified freely from all things, from which I could not be justified by the law of Moses, and never entertained a doubt of the fact. When I looked at myself outwardly, I felt no condemnation; the divine law was not violated. My personal, domestic, and Church duties were all strictly attended

to. The commandments were all kept. I worshiped the one living and true God, the maker, and upholder of all things, and did not bow the knee to the likeness of any thing in heaven, nor on earth, nor in the waters under the earth. The name of the Lord was never taken in vain, and the holy Sabbath day was never violated. Father and mother were reverentially honored, and no man's blood had by my hands been shed. The seventh commandment by me had never been violated, neither lust, nor adultery had polluted my soul. No man's goods had been taken unlawfully, nor false testimony given against my neighbor. No man's money, nor goods, nor houses, nor lands, had ever been coveted. All these I kept from my youth up. I stood in the light of the law blameless, before God and man. I was a legalist.

"I rested in the outward law,  
Nor knew its deep design ;  
The length and breadth I never saw,  
And height of love divine ;"

but when I looked inwardly, then the difficulty was at once seen :

"I see the perfect law requires  
Truth in the inward parts ;  
Our full consent, our whole desires,  
Our undivided hearts."

Pride had its dwelling place here connected with an unsanctified ambition, my mark was set high from the first. It never entered my heart to spend my life in beating the bush, nor preaching the gospel on the



top of Pocono. The front rank was the point at which I aimed, from the beginning, and could never be satisfied with anything short of this. A laudable ambition is desirable, it is an excellent virtue, no man can do well without it; but self-conceit, and vanity, have no affinity with the fruit of a holy heart. To preach little sermons was no part of my programme, but flattery and applause though never sought were not incongenial with my feelings.

Then anger was never wholly subdued. For twenty-five years I fought against it with all my might, and at times it seemed to be eradicated, but under provocation it would come up again, greatly to my mortification. No passion of the human heart ever caused me so much hard labor, and deep humiliation.

Then the love of the world had its strong hold in the citadel of "man soul," and exerted an influence over all my acts. The fare of a Methodist minister was so far beneath the ordinary wants of humanity, that it required more than an ordinary amount of grace to endure it. A man with the ability of these ministers might go into business and make money like other men. The sacrifice required to be a minister of the gospel, is a sacrifice of all that men hold dear to them in this world. The pleasures, the wealth, the honors, the comforts, and luxuries of this life, are things that more or less occupy the attention of the human mind. Then the thought of having no shelter in old age for my head, and the danger of being thrown upon the heartless charities of a cold world, required unmeasured grace to

overcome. This was the hardest point in the conflict. I could give up everything else, but the prospect of being left in old age with infirmity upon me, and no longer able to preach, without income and means of support, it was a life and death struggle.

Then selfishness was another inward difficulty; a desire to be a man, to think and act, and feel like other men, to be able to say yes, and no, as a man among men. The minister is expected to be servant of all; never to think, nor feel, nor speak for himself. His trustees and stewards, his class leaders and local preachers, his thousand and one hearers who come from their stores, and shops, and counting-rooms, and offices, with their multitudinous feelings, and desires, and preferences—these do his thinking. Here he gets his orders from the “Thread to the shoe latchet;” from the pulpit, to the smallest domestic want. And their wishes must be obeyed, or his usefulness is at an end, he must of necessity be removed. And the question to be settled was, “Are you ready to do it? Are you willing to be anything or nothing for Christ’s sake? Yet is it not enough for the servant, that he be as his Lord?” “For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich?” Then Unbelief stands at the head of all these forces, and wields the sceptre over men; he rules with a rod of iron, he dashes men in pieces like a potter’s vessel. He destroys more of the human family than pestilence, and war, and famine combined. The great com-

mission reads, "Whosoever believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned."

And right here was the issue; I felt with Paul, "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I saw that by the deeds of the law, no flesh should be justified; that it was not of works lest any man should boast." Here was a great sinner, yet here was a great Savior; I felt that, "It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." He is mighty to save; He saveth to the uttermost all that come unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. And just so soon as my faith rested here on Christ as my present and all-sufficient Savior, the work was done; and in the fullness of my heart I cried out, "Ride on thou Almighty King,

"Triumph and reign in me,  
And spread thy victory;  
Hell and death and sin control,  
Pride and wrath and every foe;  
All subdue; through all my soul,  
Conquering and to conquer go."

I was a long time in coming to this point; every step was carefully weighed, and prayed, and when the work was done, it was instantaneously done. This was my experience, and I found not a perfection of judgment, and in no sense a physical perfection. A frail, sickly, erring being, but yet a sinner saved by grace and made perfect in love. I found occasion to speak of it, and did so in the pulpit, and in the

social circle, in the families, and at the bedside of the dying Christian. It was my watchword and theme, my morning and evening song, during my stay at Bleeker street. We made it a specialty, preached largely on the subject, and introduced it into the families as we visited from house to house. Then we had special meetings for holiness in our own house, and many from different parts of the city, and from the country, round about, came to these meetings, and were sanctified, and carried the holy fire to their homes.

Rev. Isaac Foster, of State street, was a congenial spirit, and ready to take hold with us in any and every possible way to promote the work of holiness among the people. My predecessor had not made it a specialty, and the people were taken a little by surprise. Some of the leading members were not pleased with the measures, and did not co-operate with us, yet they made no open opposition to the work. Both of the Methodist churches fell into the current, and did what they could to help forward the good work of the Lord.

The work soon became general; not only in our churches, but in other churches in the city, and in the villages round about. Baptists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians took it up, and talked of it in their public meetings, and by their firesides, among their children and domestics. The parsonage was a "house of prayer for all people;" penitents, and persons seeking after a clean heart came daily. Little else was done, and the whole house was made a place of prayer and consecration. "Holiness to

the Lord," was our motto in every room in the house, and at all hours of the day and all hours of the night. An old domestic said: "She never got into such a place before; she could not go into any room in the house at any time but she would find somebody on their knees before God."

The children of the Sabbath school took it up, and had their special meetings at the church and elsewhere, and cried aloud unto God for new and clean hearts, and went home and talked to their parents and friends about it, and they came out to see what all this could mean; "and the number of the disciples daily increased."

The class-leaders took it into their classes, and every member was questioned carefully as to his or her progress in the way to heaven; and all were exhorted and encouraged to seek without delay for entire sanctification, and to set up the altar of prayer in their houses.

Sister Sutton, a local preacher from England, one of the most devoted, good-sensed Christian women I ever met, gave us a hearty welcome to the city. We found in her an able counselor, and good help in all that appertained to the deep things of God. She was perfectly at home in every department of christian experience. She bowed the knee daily "before the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, and comprehended, with all saints, what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and knew the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

She was a woman of remarkable power in faith

and prayer. She was a sorrowful woman—not a stranger to the ills of a fallen world. Her husband was a confirmed inebriate, yet she affirmed, with the greatest assurance, contrary to all human appearances, “John Sutton will never die a drunkard.” He was a butcher by occupation, and drove a wagon; and it was feared that he would be killed by falling, when intoxicated, under the wheels. But she, in her extremity, laid the matter before the Lord, and got the assurance from Him that he should never die drunk. One day, two men came to her house, and said: “Madam, your husband is killed; he has fallen from his cart, and it has run over him, and he is dead.” She said to the men: “He is not dead.” But they said: “He is surely dead, and his body will soon be brought home, and we have come to prepare you for its reception.” She went immediately and put on her things, saying to the men, “Go and show me where he is.” They went to the place, and found him lying in the road, to all human appearance, dead, with several men standing around him. She walked up to him, and said: “*John Sutton, get up here!*” He opened his eyes, sat up, and began to speak, and, with the assistance of his wife and the men, walked to his home, about a mile and a half distant.

On another occasion, in a dark, rainy night, as she was praying, it was said to her: “Go to the creek with a light, for your husband has fallen into it, and must have immediate help or he will be drowned.” She arose from her knees, took a lantern, and started in the direction of the creek, and found him struggling

in the water, as it had been revealed to her. He was endeavoring to gain the other side, where he most surely would have perished ; but by her timely presence with the light, she arrested his attention, and thus saved him from a watery grave. Brother Sutton always affirmed, that he was saved from drowning at this time by the prayers of his wife, and that he was restored to the church and society through the same means, saying :

“ I on the brink of ruin fell ;  
Glory to God, I am out of hell.”

They were both licensed preachers in the Primitive Methodist church in England, before they came to this country.

She believed fully the divine record ; and when she prayed, she had not the shadow of a doubt but she would get the things for which she prayed. She came to God as you would come to a man, expecting the fulfillment of promise. When in an emergency, and we needed help, we would go to Sister Sutton. and she would pray us into glorious sunlight every time ; she never failed.

Rev. J. P. Newman was stationed at Hamilton, a little charge of about ninety members, in the Cazenovia District ; at that time he was a very fine preacher and promised great usefulness to the Church, still nobody expected he would ever rise to his present prominent standing. This may be attributed to his close application to study, fidelity, untiring perseverance and the good pleasure of the Lord. He came down to Utica, and preached nightly for us for about

three weeks, and the Lord greatly blessed his labors, and made him eminently useful in winning souls to Christ.

Here I met for the first time Mr. Harry Bushnell, a resident of the city and known through the country as a great temperance lecturer and reformer; a man of marked intellectuality, he was a man of wealth, an enterprising active man in society. He had formerly been a prominent member of the Methodist Church, but the great abolition excitement combined with other influences had led him astray, so he lost his religion and left the Church. But prayer unceasingly was offered for him, we worked hard to get him into the Church and into the social meetings as aforetime. At times he would weep and show signs of reform, but they were only temporary he was wholly given to backsliding. In the latter end of his life his friends thought he showed signs of repentance, and died in hope. His wife was a high-spirited, yet a good and loyal member of the Church. Her house was the home of Methodist preachers; she had nothing too good for their comfort.

Miss Sarah Bushnell, their only daughter, was well educated, talented, gay, and wholly given to pleasure. She was convicted under a sermon I preached, from Rev. 6-17, and felt that she was making haste to the judgment without a preparation for the great event. Mrs. Wyatt went to her house, and told her mother she thought Sarah was under conviction, as she saw her weeping in Church during the service. The mother thought it incredible; but she went that night with Mrs. Wyatt to Church, and came to



the altar, gave her heart to God, and was happily converted. She often said, "Oh! how I thank God that I have been snatched from the places of amusement, and dissipations of a wicked city, for the coming winter." I baptized her by pouring, she kneeling in the water, and received her into the Church; her life ever after, was that of the Christian, and her death was most beautiful, and triumphant. She sent word to us, from her dying bed, that she was going to see our dear sainted "Lizzie," whom she loved very dearly, and that we must come and join them, in that world of light and blessedness, and that they would be there to welcome us.

John Porter was one of the leaders; he was the first to receive us into his house when we went strangers into the city. He was a reliable man; we always knew how, and where to find him. His wife, Mrs. Porter, was of New England Unitarian descent; though orthodox in her views of the trinity, but now a Methodist, yet her standard of religion was very low; a strict moral life outwardly was about all that could be said of it. She very readily came into this movement for a higher life, and sought and found it, and professed entire sanctification, and became wonderfully active in getting others into the same blessed enjoyment. Sanctification was more than her meat and drink; it was her constant theme and study. With what anxiety and undying solicitude did she pray for, and watch over her minister. Every now and then she would come in and speak to him burning words of admonition and encouragement. He and his family seemed to be her special

care and charge; every sermon he preached, she scanned carefully to see if it breathed the spirit and temper of holiness to the Lord. She was a refined, educated woman, and able to dress as expensively as others in the city, yet she put off her costly dress, and put on the most plain and simple apparel, always neat and becoming. She had naturally a jovial disposition, yet in all her conversation and intercourse with society, she breathed the spirit, and aimed to set forth the example and tempers of her Lord.

She was one of those women by nature constituted a ruler. She was a leading mind, and gathered about her many followers and admirers. She opened her parlors for divine service, and gathered in large congregations to seek the blessing of holiness. She studied carefully Mrs. Palmer and Madame Guyon's works, and made herself acquainted with Methodist theology on that subject. Some, I think, in the Church, became jealous of her success, and did not give her that encouragement that she had a right to expect from their hands. In a year or two, she found her pastor not in harmony with her measures or her meetings; they were styled fanatical. Stringent measures were used to put down what was styled false doctrine. The final result was, after some years, that Sister Porter and her friends seceded, and organized one of the strongest and most wealthy Free Methodist Churches in western New York.

From all this I was taught a lesson; I was satisfied that there was something wrong somewhere,

either in the doctrine taught or in the measures adopted. I did not wish to make Free Methodists; the Lord never called me to do that work. I have made careful observation now for thirty years on this subject, and have found that when sanctification has been made a specialty, the result has been evil, and only evil, and that continually. Instead of building up and consolidating, it tends to divide and scatter. Just so soon as we lift such a standard a company of persons of doubtful reputation will come forward and profess the blessing, and will be forward to condemn all others, greatly to the injury of the cause of God and the Church. These ministers are commissioned to preach the gospel, *the whole gospel*, and nothing but the gospel.

I used frequently to go down to the Mohawk and immerse our converts; it was a very uncomfortable place for that purpose. The banks were steep and slippery; the river bottom soft and muddy, and the water was dark and turbid. On one occasion as I was baptizing some young ladies recently converted, in the midst of the dark waters I came very near losing my foothold and falling. A large congregation stood on the bank, and what added to the perplexity of the occasion, the devil sent one of his Gadarene subjects to be immersed. He came unceremoniously right to the river; we all thought that he was coming into the water, without asking any questions or waiting for any preliminaries; but his hogship stopped suddenly, and gave several significant grunts, evidently being dissatisfied with the mode of baptism; and, wheeling quickly about, ran violently through

the crowd, bringing several ladies and children to the ground, and soiling the white hose and dresses of many more, creating an uproarious laughter. The whole thing was done with so much promptness that nobody had a chance to move or give suitable place and attention to the distinguished candidate. I venture to say a more ludicrous scene never occurred at a baptism since the devils immersed the two thousand swine in Gadara. Yet honestly I do not believe we have either precept or example in the Bible for immersion except in the case of the swine. And the best way you can arrange a public immersion, to say the least of it, is not in very good taste, and I am glad to find that most of our ministers are beginning to abandon the practice.

This year my old friend, George Evans, died. He was a man of strong mind, great energy of character, and much goodness of heart. As a preacher he was plain and pathetic, sometimes a little eccentric; but often powerful. In his more happy efforts, he was truly eloquent, combining great force of thought with uncommon power of expression, so that his hearers were unable "To resist the wisdom, and the spirit by which he spake." He was an uncommon man, yet always on small, poor charges, his was a life of toil and sacrifice for the Master.

Rev. Horace Agard, my first Presiding Elder, died January 8th, 1850. In his last sickness he had a terrible conflict with the devil; despair with all its horrors gathered about him. "His Biographer says on Monday, two days before he died, his fearful apprehensions had all fled, no more to return, and

now he began his songs of triumph, and exclaimed: "Praise the Lord!" "Glory to God!" "Jesus is precious!" "Precious Savior!"

"I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers."

On the evening of the same day he seemed to have the wakefulness of a disembodied spirit, and not being inclined to sleep, he often repeated

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

He was very joyful during the whole night, and prayer having now given place to praise, though not accustomed to sing, he attempted to sing that sublimest of doxologies—

"Praise God from whom all blessing flow," etc.

On Tuesday, about eleven o'clock A.M., he had a most ravishing view of the invisible world, and exclaimed in transports: "I see heaven open before me. I gaze on sparks of dazzling light which are undimmed by the gaze. I dwell with angels and God forever! Yes I shall go to heaven! Oh, the prospect, the glorious prospect, is worth a whole life of toil. 'Glory to God! Glory to God!'" Then stretching up his thin, palsied hand, and pointing towards heaven, he exclaimed: "Heaven is mine after all; Oh! beautiful! beautiful! beautiful!"

This year, also the venerable William Cameron died. He preached at my father's house when I was a little boy. He told me if I would kiss him he would give me a book. I at once put my arms about his neck and paid the price for a Methodist catechism. His memory is precious.

John Williams, at Bleeker street, a school teacher, was one of the most remarkable men I ever met—a man of strong faith, a holy man of God. He thought, with Dr. Clark, that men now, if they would live right, would never die; they would go to heaven as did Enoch and Elijah. For a long time Brother Williams lived so near to God that he expected to be translated. But he came to a better and more orthodox mind; and when his work on earth was done, he died in peace, and went to heaven, as all other good Christians do. I never expect to find a better man.

I was preaching in State street, Utica; there was a large oil lamp standing on the pulpit; a large congregation had convened on Sabbath morning, and two ministers were sitting in the altar, listening to the sermon; I had unusual liberty in preaching on the devil, his personality and power, and had just quoted at length that passage in Zachariah, iii; 1—“*And he shewed me Joshua, the high priest, standing before the angel of the Lord, and satan standing at his right hand, to resist him.*” And proceeded to say: “The devil has much to do with these ministers; when they go into the closet, he is there, to divert their attention from the Lord, the only proper object of worship, and distract and divide their

thoughts; when they go into the study to prepare their sermons, he is there,

‘to soften the truth of God most high,’

and say, preach smooth things, cry peace and safety; and when they go among the people, from house to house, he is there, to defeat the grand work of pastoral visitation, and make the presence of the living minister of none effect; and when they go into the pulpit to preach the gospel, he is there, to blunt the edge of the old Jerusalem blade, so that it fails to become a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart; and he is here! He is in this pulpit to-day, to prevent my doing this people good.” This passage was uttered with an earnestness of voice and gesture that showed I meant it, and was no friend to the devil. So intent was I in emphasizing the fact that the devil was close at my right hand, that I forgot my proximity to material things, and stretched out my right hand at full length. Smash, dash, went the pulpit lamp. Our right hand had stove in the glass globe, and sent lamp, fragments and oil into the altar.

Rev. D. Torrey sitting in the altar, intent on what the preacher had to say, barely escaped an anointing. The congregation laughed, yet I made no pause, but went right on with increased intensity and energy, saying: “There! we told you the devil was at our right hand, and the fact is now well demonstrated. This broken lamp, spilt oil, and soiled carpet is the handiwork of the devil, the whole of it; he is used to such things. How fortunate that it was only a

lamp and not a human soul, dashed down to blackness and darkness and despair forever. A few dollars will repair the loss, get a new lamp for the pulpit, and a new carpet for the altar, and wipe out the devil's work, so it will be seen no more here forever. But be it known, that when he dashes souls down to perdition, all the wealth of the Church and prayers of the clergy cannot restore them. That is a loss that can never be repaired, and the devil is here to-day to do this very work, to destroy souls in perdition for whom Christ died. Fly! fly at once from ruin's brink, and lay hold on the hope set before you in the gospel."

We had two the best years in Utica we ever had, and we left them feeling we should never find another such a place and people.

Our Conference this year convened at Ithaca, Tompkins county, New York, July 23, 1851. I was sent to Honesdale, Pa. Some of the old Methodists used to have a mania for building their Churches in out-of-the-way places on the hills, where they would not be disturbed by the people, and a little out of town where they would not be in the way of anybody. In Honesdale, the Delaware and Hudson Coal Company offered to give them a lot in the center of the town for a Church; but Brother Genung and other leading members thought it would not do to have the meeting-house in the business part of the village, and they went away back on the hill and built their Church, entirely out of the way of the congregation.

Other Churches, Presbyterians and Episcopalians, built their houses of worship in the center of the town; and the people went there to Church, not so



much from choice, but because it was more convenient. These Churches became large, rich and flourishing, and to-day hold commanding influence in the place. And in the same proportion as these Churches waxed strong and useful, ours waned and became inefficient. Had our people built our Church in the first place, where it now stands, they would have been now the first Church in Honesdale.

I followed Rev. Cassius Harvey, a man of some talent, a pleasant speaker, yet a man of no stability; he entered heartily into the propagation of modern spiritualism, and expected to become a great reformer, fully equal to Calvin, Luther and Wesley. He had not the discernment at first to see the absurdity and trickery of the whole matter. He procured a "medium" for himself, and held their circles and meetings at his own house, and elsewhere in the neighborhood. The people were excited, and greatly moved on the subject, and some of the best members of the Church were turned from their steadfastness, and engaged heart and soul in the new and wonderful doctrine. Communications were received from friends, who had been dead and in the spirit land for long years. Raps and strange noises were heard, and tables were moved. We did not at first consider the matter of sufficient importance to demand attention. It seemed to us so exceedingly absurd, that it must die of its own accord.

We had a comfortable parsonage, and the good people did all in their power to make us feel at home with them. Our congregations were good, fully up to the ordinary standard, and of a very respectable

class of society. We held extra meetings for three or four weeks. About fifty were converted, and joined the Church. We left a membership, including probationers, of two hundred and seventy-four, at the end of our term. We found there a goodly number of warm-hearted Methodists, of the true Wesleyan stamp; they were always on hand, and ready for duty. But Honesdale is rather a hard soil for Methodism, the first beginning was a blunder, and they never recovered from it. They have now a very fine Church, and in the right place; but it is too late for them to recover what they lost in the first house.

This is a great coal depot, the coal brought from the Lackawanna Valley is dumped here and re-shipped all over the country. Many hundred thousand dollars are circulated here yearly. It is a place of large business, furnishing employment for several thousand hands, and there is no good reason why we should not have a large and flourishing Church. Two railroads terminate here, and the water power is very considerable; it is certainly destined to be a place of great notoriety, and it is in the nature of Methodism to keep pace with these onward movements. It seems unfortunate that Robert Henwood, one of their best and most wealthy members, should find it for his interest to move to Scranton just at a time when his money and good judgment were so much needed to give direction to and build up the Church. At the close of the year, the official board requested my return for another year, but the authorities thought best to remove me, and to this we did not object.

This ended our work in the Oneida Conference. The Wyoming was now organized and we fell into that. Bishop Scott came and preached for us on the Sabbath, and remained with us for several days before attending the Wyoming conference, held at Carbondale. At the close of this Conference I received my appointment to Carbondale.

## CHAPTER X.

## CARBONDALE.

THE Church in Carbondale was built of wood, and was decidedly the best and most expensive Protestant Church in the city; yet, unfortunately, it was heavily in debt. Our society was poor and had no means to spare toward paying the debt, and vials of wrath were poured out upon the head of Rev. Barlow Gorham, who was instrumental in building the Church; for making it so large and costly. Yet he was really in no sense to blame; the house was none too good for the place, and he is worthy of all commendation for doing the grand work, which he did in the face of such strong opposition. It was not only an honor to Methodism, but to the city; for there was no other building equal to it, at the time, in the corporation. The house was by no means too large for our congregation, and was very convenient for prayer meetings, class meetings and Sunday school, and all other purposes for which it was used.

Still the debt pressed upon it like an incubus, and all hearts were sick and sad. The society was very much discouraged and had about given up all for lost. The general opinion seemed to be that the Methodist Church must be sold. The Presbyterians and Roman

Catholics were waiting for an opportunity to get possession of it. I told our people it would not be sold; that we had never heard of such a thing as a Methodist Church being sold for debt, and, unless the Lord should make a new thing under the sun, it certainly would not be done.

The trustees gave me a commission to go abroad and collect money to relieve them from their embarrassment. I told them I would try, but said: "There is no use in going to the city of New York; for everybody goes there for money, and they will not look at me." I started off westward and called at Binghamton, but did not get a dollar; then continued on to Waverly, Elmira, Rochester and Buffalo, but did not get enough to much more than meet my expenses. I returned and made my report to the trustees; told them the people must be educated to give, and must form a habit of giving; but the people in the West had not many calls, and were not much accustomed to giving, hence they gave me but little. Then I started in a northerly direction to Syracuse, Utica, and so down the Mohawk to Little Falls, Johnstown, Schenectady, Troy and Albany, and really did but little better—met with rather poor encouragement, but went back and made my report to the trustees. They, by this time, began to think that it was a hopeless case, and the house must go, and Methodism with it; and so really it appeared, but I said: "Brethren, now I am going to the city of New York, where everybody goes to get money, and see what can be done there."

I then went to New York. I had never been there before, and did not know as there was a man in all

that great city that knew me. On Sunday morning I went up to the Bedford street Church, and saw the minister as he was going in to commence service. I told him who I was, and what I wanted, and asked him if he would allow me to lay it before his congregation. He said he would, provided the trustees were willing. He went into the pulpit, and very kindly said: "There is a stranger in the vestibule, who would like to see the trustees." They met me at once, as notified, and told me I might present my cause to the congregation, and said: "We are constantly giving here, and therefore cannot do much, but we will show our good will, and do something." When I entered the Church, the minister had finished the preliminary services, and asked me to preach. I did so, and the Lord blessed my soul, and gave me favor in the sight of the people. I then told them we had a small, poor society in the city of Carbon-dale, Pa., who worshiped God "above ground, and below ground," and were badly in debt for their Church, and that it was in danger of being sold by the sheriff, and we wanted some help. The minister rose to back up what I had said, and to urge a good collection; but old Brother McLain stood up in the congregation, with a bill sticking out each side of his fist, and said: "We have heard enough on this subject; we do not wish to hear any thing more; we are ready to do something, if you will give us an opportunity." And they passed the baskets around, and obtained one hundred dollars, twice as much as they intended to give, and twice as much as I expected to receive.

In the afternoon, I went into Eighteenth street Church, preached again, and presented my cause; and while I was yet speaking, they rolled up little wads of money, and sent them up to me into the pulpit, by their children. They came flocking up from every part of the house, into both sides of the pulpit with their rolls of money. The preacher was a little disconcerted at this, and seemed to fear too much money would be obtained in this way, and proposed a plate collection. They circulated the plates, and I received in all seventy dollars. The brethren told me in the altar, at the close of the service, that if they had not been arrested in this voluntary giving, they would have made it one hundred dollars; for, said they, "The people had a mind to give."

Then in the evening, of the same day, I preached in Jane street Church. The house was packed, and beautifully lighted; I had a good time in preaching, the people felt it, and responded heartily. At the close of the sermon, I presented again my cause, and said, I have a proposition to make. "In Bedford street this morning they gave me a hundred dollars; in Eighteenth street this afternoon they gave me seventy dollars; now my proposition is for you to give me a hundred dollars, to close the day with." The preacher told me afterward, I could not have touched a better string, for, said he: "Our people will never be outdone by Bedford street," and they circulated the plates, and collected ninety dollars, and at the altar they quickly made it up to one hundred dollars. This was one day's work in the city of New York, where everybody goes for money;

and it was all done so cheerfully, and promptly. I never did a better Sabbath day's work in my life.

And in less than three months' time, the whole amount of the indebtedness, every cent of it, was raised, two thousand six hundred dollars in all, and paid over to the trustees; and the Church was free, with money in the treasury besides, and the course was now clear and ready for other and more important work.

Immediately after, on Sunday evening, after preaching, five came to the altar for prayers, and were converted. We then appointed a meeting for Monday evening, when several more came to the altar. We continued our meetings every evening for three months, preaching myself twice on the Sabbath, and every evening during the week, except Saturday. The Lord never helped me more to preach than he did at that meeting. I was all day among the people, talking and praying with penitents, and in the evening would take my text and preach impulsively as the Holy Spirit gave utterance, and I am satisfied that I never preached the gospel with more freedom and power, and more effectively, in all my ministry. It was one of the grandest works of revival that we ever witnessed; over two hundred professed religion, and one hundred and eighty joined our Church. Some evenings there would be seventy persons at the altar seeking religion, of all classes, high and low, rich and poor, old and young. The work was universal, sweeping through the whole city, and entering almost every house, so that at the



close of the year our Church was filled to its utmost capacity, and every pew rented.

Rev. Cassius H. Harvey moved to Carbondale and introduced Spiritualism among the people. And on our return to the charge the second year, we had to contend with these most singular and unique manifestations, said to be from the spirit world. A large number of the young converts and some of the more prominent members of the Church embraced these sentiments, believing that they could hold intercourse with departed spirits. The Bible was well nigh abandoned while they had daily communications right from heaven.

Communications were received not only from deceased friends, but from the distinguished dead of all ages and nations. They claimed to move tables and throw them out of the windows; to mark passages and fold down leaves in the Bible; to write autographs and tell all our past history. I posted handbills about town, inviting the people to come to the Methodist Church next Sunday evening, and hear what we had to say to them on the subject of Spiritualism. They came out and filled the house; there were about twenty mediums present; they came from every part of the city and from all classes of citizens, believers and unbelievers. The mediums went into their tantrums, bowed their heads and got the jerks and mesmeric influence upon them, prepared to receive any communications the spirits had to make to them.

I began my lecture by saying: "We have all heard of the great leap in Rhodes, but we prefer to see it for ourselves, for that which has been done can be done

again, and we are now ready for communications and demonstrations. The house is beautifully lighted in every part, and the good people of the city are all here to guard well every act, so there can be no collusion. It is too late in the day for you to say, that in the dark, with the lights all out, the spirits move the tables and make raps and write autographs. This people are not going to crawl off into the dark, under tables and chairs, to witness these demonstrations; we are here openly and before all the people, to witness and receive any new and great truths you have to communicate.

“And now we demand, we challenge, these spirits who have set all Carbondale in an uproar, to come out openly before the community, and do these things, or else acknowledge that the whole thing is a humbug, as it is; and hereafter, and for ever, let us hear no more of it. Here is a pen, and ink, and paper—now write, *write* an autograph; write it quickly, or else acknowledge you never did it, and it cannot be done. If you have done it, you can do it again. The mediums are all here, and the influence is upon them, and the spirits are here—all things are now ready for action, and we wait patiently to see it. Here stands the table, take it up as you say you have been wont to do, and dash it out of this large window without hands; I will repair the window, and pay all expenses. Then here is the Bible; let some one of these old prophets who understands these scriptures, come forward and mark a passage, and turn down a leaf, so we can see him do it, or see that he has done it. The fact is, ladies and gentle-

men, these raps and strange noises, this tipping of tables, and writing of names, are all manufactured to order, and the work of human hands; the spirits have nothing to do with them."

Mr. Harmon Chambers, sitting in the gallery, rose and said: "He would give me ten dollars if I would detect a medium, that he would bring to me, in making the raps." I told him to bring him along, and it should be as he desired. Next day, he brought a man to my house by the name of Corby, one of the greatest mediums of the place. I turned to him, and said: "Mr. Corby, do you not make these raps?" He said: "No, certainly not." I then said: "Gentlemen, if you please, we will walk down to Alderman Root's office." This took them by surprise, yet reluctantly they went with me. I said to the Alderman: "You will please administer the oath according to law, to this young gentleman, for there is an important matter that he is about to communicate, honestly and truly, to the court." And, being under oath, I then said to Mr. Corby: "It is now expected that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as you have sworn 'So help me God,' or abide the consequences. Mr. Corby, have you in no case made these raps?" He felt the force of the circumstances, and saw at once that he was caught in the web of deception, which he had woven for another. He said: "Mr. Wyatt, I will say nothing about it;" took his hat, and left the house. He had an instrument in the toe of his boot by which he made the raps, and imposed upon the people. Mr. Chambers acknowledged that I had

fairly and honestly detected his medium in the fraud, and paid over the ten dollars, which I gave to the poor of Carbondale city.

I had written several articles for the paper, exposing the absurdity of the whole matter, and warning our people to come out of it, and let it alone, for it was certain that nothing good would ever come of it. I had closed several articles with a postscript. A Mr. S., who was not present at the meeting Sunday night—for he seldom went to Church—published an article the next day, in which he said: He could see no use for my many postscripts, unless it was as *tails for kites*; he thought they might be useful for that purpose, and referred to the meeting, that was now the common talk of the people, as a regular bear garden performance, and closed up with a general denunciation of myself, and said: "I go in for such men as Lord Swedenborg."

I wrote a reply to the article, in which I stated that nothing better could be expected of Mr. S. than that he should denominate these Christian Churches and divine services, "bear garden performances." Then, as he was calling so loudly for Lord Swedenborg, I stated that he was represented in his works as traveling in the spheres, in company with men who were wrapped in bear skins, with their hats under their arms, riding on horses without any tails, and stated that as Mr. S. was rapidly approaching the noble lord, and as we would not have him singular in the spheres, he might have a few of my postscripts to supply the desideratum. For I thought it would be a sad misfortune, for two such distinguished men as Mr. S. and

Lord Swedenborg, to ride horses in that glorious land with no *tails*, and that kite tails under such circumstances might be better than none. This turned completely the burlesque and ridicule upon him, just as he deserved; he made no more attacks upon me, and I let him alone.

They challenged me to meet a certain lady medium, and detect if possible any fraud in her communications. A circle convened at a house near the parsonage, which I attended; this medium sat in the centre of the room. I took a seat by her side; all closed their eyes as though engaged in the act of devout prayer, expecting every moment the coming of the invisible ones from the spirit land. Mr. Chambers called on me to lead in prayer. I said: "No, sir; I have not come to pray, but to watch." I knew very well that if we should bow down for prayer, there would be raps enough before we were through. The medium now placed her hands upon her knees and straightened back in her chair. I said: "Ladies and gentlemen, please give attention, we shall have raps in a moment." She sprang to her feet, and said to me, "Do you think, sir, I am going to make these raps?" "Most certainly I do, madam," was the reply. She took herself into another room as fast as possible, and nothing more was seen of her while I remained in the house. They told me the spirits would not come while I was there; but as soon as I left, George Washington came and they had a great time. I told them George Washington must have greatly degenerated in the spirit land, for when he was here he certainly never was afraid of a poor Methodist preacher.

These things set the people thinking a little, and seemed to check for the time being the progress of the fearful scourge. The spirits became alarmed for the safety of their work, and summoned a convention at one of the largest halls in the city, on Saturday evening. The spirit of old Lorenzo Dow sent word to me to be present, directing that the message be given to me precisely at four o'clock P. M. The messenger who brought it to me, gravely took out his watch, and said, "If my time is right, it is just the minute." I took my seat in the hall, at an early hour, with pencil and paper in hand, ready to take notes. It was given out that there would be manifestations and developments from the spirit world, such as had never been known in any age since the world was—manifestations of a convincing character, that would fully establish the truth of the reign and government of the spirits. We watched carefully all their movements, their mummeries and fooleries, until four o'clock on the Lord's day morning. There were many of my members there, on whom I had leaned at the altar in getting sinners converted, and in building up and establishing the Church in her most holy faith. And here, too, was a large number of our young converts, over whom we had wept and prayed, and who had just been plucked as brands from the burning, and started in the way to heaven.

But the spirits notified the audience, after I left, that it was utterly impossible for them to make any great demonstrations before me, as I was so full of unbelief. Hence the whole matter had been a failure, and they must try and have it over again without

me. The name of the spirits about that house was legion, and not a few from whom I had a right to expect better things. I returned home, took a short nap, and went into my pulpit, and lifted up my voice against the whole matter, and in the evening again we cried aloud, and spared not, lifting up our voice like a trumpet, "Showing to the house of Israel their sins, and to the house of Judah their transgressions." The next day, the editors sent around for a copy of my report for publication. It was the one-absorbing topic of the city, engaging every man's attention.

We had seen error and heresy before, but we had never seen a creature with such vast proportions as this, born and matured in a single day. We thought Spiritualism at first of little account, and worthy of little attention; but in its developments we were taken wholly by surprise, and wrapped our mantle about our face, and stood amazed in the entrance of the Church, where we had witnessed such wonderful displays of saving grace, a little while before. And the wind blew, the *strong* wind of Spiritualism that rent the mountains; but God was not in the wind.

Then the fire came with power to wither, and scorch, and blacken all it touched; but God was not in the fire. And after the fire, the earthquake that shook the Church to its foundations, so we really thought for a time that it would go down, and be utterly ruined, that no power could save it; but God was not in the earthquake.

Then, after the earthquake, came the still, small voice, the whisperings from the valley, and from the hill-top, from dark rooms under tables and chairs,

through windows and doors, the whisperings of the invisible spirits; but God was not in that, nor any part of it; it was the work of the devil, the whole of it, from the first to the last, from the beginning to the end; of this we have never entertained a doubt.

The tendency of spiritualism was to no good, moral, physical, nor intellectual. There was not the shadow of orthodoxy, of Bible theology and religion about it; but infidelity of the broadest, rankest kind. Universalism, Deism, and Swedenborgianism were the principles of the system. Then the direct tendency of the whole was to licentiousness, free love, the violation of the marriage covenant, and the seventh commandment.

We had the perfect confidence of the Church and community at large, and especially of more than two hundred young converts; but we were obliged to use decided and strong measures to arrest the onward march of the destroyer. Some thought our measures were severe; be it so; a desperate disease requires a desperate remedy. We threw ourselves into the breach, and faced the storm, declaring openly, and constantly, that it was a senseless humbug, and the handiwork of the devil, to destroy these young converts, and break up the Church. And very soon the people began to see that we were right, and turned a cold shoulder to the whole thing, and spiritualism took its place with the necromancy and legerdemain of the dark ages. The young converts were rescued, and the Church was redeemed and saved.



We had written an article for one of the city papers, every week, which largely increased its circulation, for the excitement was universal, and the controversy was circulated and read all over the country.

We had ignored Harvey, the man who introduced the trouble among us, entirely, and made no sort of reference to him. But he was telling his friends: "I will let Wyatt alone until he gets done; then I will walk right straight through him, and annihilate him." And when we had finished, he opened fire upon us. No person replied to him. And that was the last we heard of Harvey, or his miserable "ism." It was completely dead; twice dead, and plucked up by the roots. Then had the Churches rest, roundabout, and we took up our roll where we laid it down, and went on with our pastoral work as aforetime. It was the hardest fought battle, and greatest triumph of my life.

Here we formed an acquaintance with, and enjoyed the society of Mother Lee. She was converted in Connecticut, where she was well known all over the state as a great Methodist. In an early day she removed with her husband to Canaan, and introduced Methodism in that place; but on the death of her husband, she settled in Carbondale. Mrs. Lee's house was always open for divine service, and Methodist preachers there received a hearty welcome, and a good home. She was an earnest, bigoted Methodist, and did all she could to sustain the interests and institutions of the Church. She used to exhort after the preachers, and if she was

not forbidden, her voice would be heard as soon as the sermon closed.

Her exhortations were usually clothed in good language, and were delivered with some energy, yet in an excellent spirit, and were generally well received. She persistently adhered to what she thought to be old-fashioned Methodism, and contended earnestly for it in its doctrine, spirit, and dress, and sometimes carried the matter so far as to offend against good taste. She would always tell, both laymen and ministers, what she thought wrong in them, endeavoring at the same time to pull the mote out of her own eye. She was by no means uniform in her religious experience, but subject to great depression of spirits, feeling that the Lord had forsaken her; but she never omitted duty, nor turned aside from her course.

She was a friend to the poor, and spent much of her time in visiting and nursing the sick. On one occasion as she was going to visit the sick, she was thrown from her carriage and dislocated her right elbow. The joint was not properly set, and her hand for a long time was almost useless; and she prayed the Lord to restore her arm, and fully believed that it would be done. One day while paring apples she slipped and fell, striking her lame arm upon the edge of a pail, cutting it badly, but to her utter astonishment she found, on rising, that she could raise it to her head, and that it was restored to its original power and motion. This she regarded, though a very painful accident, as the work of the Lord in answer to prayer; she humbled herself by much fasting and prayer.

On one occasion, like Daniel, she ate no pleasant bread for three full weeks. She used to go forty and fifty miles on horseback, over the mountains and through the woods, to attend quarterly meetings. Changes of fashion never affected her; her dresses were cut and made as in olden times, which gave her a decidedly antique appearance; the bonnet she wore when we knew her, she had worn twenty years at least, the fashion thereof had not changed in that time. She was a decided character in Methodist history; she loved and served the Lord in her generation, with all her heart, and died well, and rests from her labors.

Among those converted at this time should be mentioned Hon. Lewis Pughe, a man of more than ordinary mind, who afterward was sent to the State Legislature. During the reign of the spirits he fully comprehended their devices and was unmoved by them, remaining steadfast in the faith. He has accumulated large property, and is a liberal supporter of all our institutions. He is now superintendent of the Sunday school in the First M. E. Church, in Scranton, Pa.

We had two most memorable years in Carbondale. The financial department of the Church was kept in a healthy condition; Mr. John Watt was our collector and paid us promptly every quarter. And when we left, the Church was in a good condition and entirely out of debt, with money in the treasury.

## CHAPTER XI.

## WILKESBARRE.

WYOMING Conference was held at Waverly, New York, June 21, 1854. Bishop Janes presided, and sent me to Wilkesbarre, Pa.

An amusing incident occurred in connection with my appointment to this place, published by an eyewitness. Two influential members of that Church went over the mountain, several miles, to attend a camp meeting. The congregation was large, and the brethren in question took their places on the outskirts, at the base of a tree. A stranger arose and began the services.

"What Irishman have they washed up, and put up there?" said one, impatiently, alluding to the full habit, florid countenance, and light hair of the speaker.

"He is a poor stick, any way," replied the other.

"Yes, I warrant you he is a poor preacher, and I wish I was at home."

"Let us hold on a few minutes, and see what he has to say."

They did hold on; or, as the lawyers say, they held the cause open for further testimony.

"I like that; that sounds well," said the brother,

who, a few minutes before, called him a poor preacher, and he leaned forward, eager to catch every word. Complaints and criticisms were laid aside, and the falling tear and the half-uttered Amen told what deep feeling the stranger's sermon had awakened. The services concluded.

"That was a great sermon; it did me good."

"Yes," replied the brother, who had been the most severe in his criticisms at first, "I never was so disappointed in any man in my life. That was the greatest sermon I ever heard. We must have that man for our preacher next year."

At the next conference, Mr. Sharp D. Lewis was on hand and seen walking quietly about, with his cane in hand, looking quizzically at the Bishop and members of the cabinet.

"Where is the Irishman going, that we heard preach at the camp meeting? We want him sent to preach for us in the Valley."

We followed Dr. Peck, and moved right into the old parsonage. By the prompt assistance of good Sister Bennett and others, the house was put in order for occupancy, and we made ourselves ready as soon as possible to canvass and cultivate our new field of labor. The friends came in very quickly to extend the right hand of fellowship, and to become acquainted with their new minister and his family. We found them a free, warm-hearted, friendly people, and this made us feel very much at home with them from the beginning.

The official board was composed of men of God, and men of mind, and distinguished social standing—

The best we ever found save one, and that was in Watertown, Jefferson county, New York. Judge Bennett was wise and far-seeing, a safe counselor in all matters of finance. Lord Butler was a philosopher, with more than ordinary depth of thought, a devoted Christian man. Sharp D. Lewis was a man of clear perception, and correctly read men and things, a friend that never dies. W. W. Loomis was a close thinker, having an inquisitive mind, active in all Church matters. Esquire Burrows was wise and discreet in judgment, full of kindness and good will to men. William Wood was a financier, and close calculator. Isaac Wood was a man of good common sense and loved fun. Theron Burnette and Benjamin Carpenter were clear headed, shrewd business men, perfectly reliable in all interests appertaining to the Church. Andrew Kesler was one of our most successful class leaders.

If the wise man says truly, "In the multitude of counselors there is safety," then we were safe, for no minister of the gospel was ever surrounded with wiser and better advisers. They were abundantly able, and as willing as able to bear all my burdens, and the burdens of the Church.

We needed rest, for we had been taxed to the uttermost, mentally and physically, in our fight at Carbondale with the spirits. And these good brethren put their arms about us, and took us to their warm hearts, and granted unto us all that we could expect or desire.

The congregation was large and intelligent. A number of young people from the other Churches,

and also from the school in Kingston filled our house in the evening, and a goodly number of them became permanent members of the congregation and Church.

The pew rents were low, within the reach of the common people and even the poor, so that they were encouraged to have a name and a place among us. Then we had no overtowering aristocracy, to whose *ipse dixit* the less favored with this world's goods felt constrained to bow. We worshiped together on the broad platform of equal rights and equal privileges, with one aim to glorify God, and save souls. All were properly seated, and felt that they were an integral part of the congregation, and perfectly at home. We hesitate not to say, that we regarded it as a model congregation, and were decidedly pleased, and took great pleasure in discoursing to them all, the words of this life.

And we have never preached the gospel for the past half century, with more freedom and comfort than to this people, during the eight years we lived among them. They had the intelligence to understand a plain gospel sermon, and goodness of heart, sufficient to treasure it up and to reduce it to practice. We were not troubled about finances, or the management of the Church; the board of office bearers were fully equal to all that, hence we gave ourselves to the pastoral work. We endeavored to exemplify the truth of our holy religion, by visiting the sick, the widow, and the fatherless, and keeping ourselves unspotted from the world. Also to prayer and the ministry of the word, that we might make full proof

of our ministry, "Rightly dividing the word of God, and giving to each a portion in due season."

The singing was under the tuition and leadership of Prof. Pretorious, of the Wyoming Seminary, and the choir was largely made up from among the best families in the place, thus giving character and stability to that department. The congregation was furnished with books, and were expected to sing, and did sing, all over the house.

Then the Sabbath school, under the care of Judge and Mrs. Bennett, was a prime factor in keeping up the interests of the Church and congregation. It was one of the best conducted schools that we have ever witnessed. All the families of the Church and congregation united here as in one common interest. The pastor of the Church also took an active part in this institution; he questioned the school every Lord's day, and gave such advice and instruction to the children and teachers as he thought most befitting. This was the recruiting ground for the Church; here she gained her members. Without a doubt, nine-tenths of that Church and congregation have been gathered in through the Sunday school; and we have now there one of the very best Sunday school rooms in the Methodist connection in this or any other country, built and given to the Church by Mrs. Judge Bennett.

The social meetings also were a power for good to build up and enlarge the Church. The best and wisest men in the Church were made leaders, and all the members were expected to be at their class meetings. They were made means of grace to help men



in the way to heaven, and to more general usefulness in the world. I shall never forget the first Sabbath day I preached in Wilkes Barre. At the close of the morning sermon I went into the class of the now sainted Lord Butler, a man whom I remember with great veneration; and he aimed to and did make that day the heart of his new minister glad and happy in class meeting, in hope of a blessed reunion in that better land,

“Where congregations ne’er break up,  
And Sabbaths never end.”

And he has gone safely home before me.

Among the aged members of the Church should be mentioned Father Barnes. Though bending beneath the weight of years, he never slept in the house of God, but would always become absorbed and interested in the sermon, and would often modestly respond. No one was displeased to hear Father Barnes say Amen, but it was a new inspiration, for all felt that it came from the heart. In an early day, when the old Church was built (which was yet standing on the Square when we went to the station), he lived at Stoddardsville, and used to walk from there every Lord’s day morning, a distance of eighteen miles, to Wilkes Barre, and build the fire in the Church, and put it in order for morning service. There were few members of the Church in that day, in the borough, and they slept comfortably while Father Barnes walked over the mountains, through the cold and storm, to put the house of God in order for worship. He had a religion that cost something:

he was a pillar, a burden-bearer in the house of God, and he had a name and a place in the Church better than of sons and daughters, "an everlasting name, that shall not be cut off."

He left with me some brief reminiscences of his life, that I would be very glad to insert in this place, but unfortunately they have been mislaid in my constant moving, and cannot be recovered. Peace to his memory.

There was one other venerable man, whose locks were whitened with the frosts of three score and ten winters, whom we found sitting in the congregation. Father Moister was a local elder. He used to preach at the Plains, and in the country, round about. He was a stone mason by trade, and had no enemies; he loved everybody, and everybody loved him. A very happy man he was, and useful as happy. In our social meetings we were all, and always made happy to hear him sing, as only he could sing,

"Canaan, bright Canaan, it is my happy home;  
I am bound for the land of Canaan."

His physique was an exact counterpart of Henry Clay. He lived to a good old age; he had one son, a member of the Wesleyan connection, who went as missionary to the Cape of Good Hope, in South Africa, where for many years he preached Christ to that people: A man of marked ability and influence, both at home and abroad, and author of some valuable works on missions. Father Moister died well, and has left a glorious record behind him. There

are many of his good deeds and spiritual children who will rise up and call him blessed in the day of the Lord Jesus, and make his heavenly home radiant with eternal glory.

Miss Hannah Slocum, afterward Mrs. Judge Bennett, was awakened and converted at a camp-meeting held at Carpenter's Notch, in the year 1820, and immediately identified herself with the M. E. Church, where she remained during life, a most intelligent, active, useful member. She trained her family for the Lord, and did more, perhaps, than any other person to build up and establish Methodism in Wilkes Barre. Her name is as ointment poured forth, and her praise is in all the churches. Her house was the preacher's home; here he rested and found encouragement in his hard toil. All the interests of the Church and wants of the poor were her special care. Rev. John Seys appointed her leader of a class, which office she held until death. I think she was the first female leader appointed out of the city of New York, and was well qualified for the office. Judge Bennett always represented her class in the official meetings. Her death was like her life, calm and beautiful; although coming at an unexpected moment. As her husband bent over her in sympathy and sorrow, she said: "I have not lived for this world, as you know, but for such an hour as this." Her sister, Mrs. Lewis, coming in, she said: "Oh! Debby, the life of piety is the life to lead;" and passed from the midst of loving friends below to the more loving ones above.

She has left an undying impress upon the

Church; in the prayer meeting, class meeting and Sunday school she was always at home, and her influence contributed largely to their maintenance.

Miss Sarah Miner was connected with a historic family, known for long years in the valley, and her own history ran back more than seventy years, when the country was yet new, rough and uncultivated. The Indian trails could be plainly seen on the mountain sides, and their council-fires were yet burning in the distance.

Among our sweetest enjoyments is the faculty of sight; yet she walked life's journey in the dark, with not one ray of light to cheer the solitude. But in this thickest darkness she was not idle; she maintained her identity; she sought and found happy being. Her fingers were her eyes. She attended school, and fitted herself for teaching, and acted in that capacity for many years. She made herself mistress of the fine arts and sciences, and it was impossible to sit and converse with her, for any length of time, without feeling that you were in the presence of one of no ordinary intelligence and attainments. She conversed fluently of kings and rulers, of governments and nations, of travels and languages; and she was just as familiar with the Bible as she was with the history of our country. This was her constant companion and study; she could name the different books forward and backward with the ease of the alphabet.

For more than fifty years, she was a member of the Methodist Church. She cheerfully gave her money to the support of her ministers, and the missions,

and benevolent institutions. Her father, Honorable Charles Miner, was a member of Congress in the early days of Daniel Webster, and made the first formal Abolition speech ever made before that body. He also was a distinguished literary character, and the historian of Wyoming Valley.

Once in two weeks, we preached in a school-house in Woodville; also at Hendricksville we had a small class and preaching place. At the Plains we had two little meeting-houses, and preaching fortnightly. Here was a very good society, and some very valuable members. At Price's, a Church has since been built, and a stationed preacher maintained. Methodism has a strong hold upon all that part of the town, among the native Americans.

The brethren very kindly gave me a short leave of absence, and I attended two camp meetings, one at Binghamton, and one at Owego. A writer present thus speaks of a sermon that we preached on that occasion:

"We never saw him out of breath but once in preaching, and then he was providentially relieved. He was preaching at the Binghamton camp meeting. His subject was the *Derbe and Lystra Circuit*. The passion and fervor of his soul kindled kindred fires in hundreds of hearts around, and these re-acted on his own, and he dashed and blazed on until the meeting became almost tumultuous by its excess of religious feeling and power. Just as he finished an overwhelming paragraph, a sister, directly in front of the stand (known as the Presiding Elder, because of her masculine voice and numerous and successful

efforts at camp meetings), rose and began to shout. Three times did she give 'Glory to God!' and her clear, strong voice echoed to the farthest verge of the camp ground. The congregation rose instantly to their feet, and the sister added sundry words of exhortation. While she was speaking, Elder Rounds, who had charge of the meeting, rose in the stand, and said:

'I hope there will be no disorder.'

'Let her alone, I tell you; I am out of breath.'

"Thus, at the right time, did he have help, and the right kind of help, too. When the sister concluded, he was properly rested, and went on and finished his sermon. That sermon and that evening will long be remembered. God anciently sent the prophet food by a raven; in this instance, relief came by a woman."

At the Owego camp meeting, I preached twice from Matt. vi: 6, and Rev. v: 2, 3, and attempted to open the book and loose the seals thereof. The Holy Spirit came mightily upon us. We had a time of great power, and glory, and salvation; some shouted aloud for joy, and others cried for mercy. Many of my old friends were there from Candor, my old charge, and from Danby, my native town, and it was a time of thrilling interest.

## CHAPTER XII.

## WYOMING DISTRICT.

I RETURNED and made provision for the session of the Wyoming Conference, which was held this year in Wilkes Barre. We found comfortable places for all the preachers among our people. Bishop Ames presided, and, after due consideration and advice by the Cabinet, took me up from the station, and appointed me to the Wyoming District. The good people of the place were greatly displeased, and some of them wept like children. The way had been prepared for a revival, and we confidently expected a general work of the Lord; and have no doubt but we should have realized our expectations, if we had not been removed from the charge.

We rented a house near the lower end of Franklin street, and moved in and made ourselves ready to enter at once upon our new duties. Rev. Henry Brownscome took our place in the parsonage, having been appointed to the Wilkes Barre station. A better appointment could not have been made. He came to the charge, earnestly praying for divine assistance, and the Lord graciously helped him, so that his pastorate was a success. We found ourselves spread

out so thin in order to cover so large a territory, that it was difficult to concentrate power enough at any one point to create an interest.

Our house in Franklin street was unhealthy, in consequence of a defective drain; the whole family took ague and fever; our systems became permeated with the terrible "malaria," so prevalent in the valley at that time. We shook until it seemed every joint in our bodies would separate; when I felt the paroxysms coming on, I would take a dose of strong hop tea, and sit down upon the ground and brace my back against a tree to hold soul and body together. It was a disease wholly new to us; we had never found anything of the kind in any place before, and were illy prepared to meet it; quinine was the only effectual remedy, and we bought and took it by the pound. The foundation was here laid for the death of one member of our family, and life-long infirmities entailed upon all the rest. We thought it best to get out of that place as soon as possible, and went down into Ross street and bought a house, and moved into it. There we were in a healthy place in the central part of the town, and had a large lot of ground well filled with all kinds of the best fruits.

The subject of building a new Church in that part of the town had been freely talked of in the up-town Church. I had laid it before the Board and got their views. They did not at this time manifest much opposition to the measure, for the simple reason, they did not think it possible for anything of the kind to occur, at least for many years to come. And just as soon as we moved into Ross



street, the people about there began to agitate the subject, and say, "Now Brother Wyatt is here, we must have a new Church among us." We organized according to law, appointed our trustees, and went to work in good earnest to build the house, calling it the Woodville Church, thus securing the united co-operation in the enterprise of the whole Wood family. It was the last year of grace of a bequest of five hundred dollars, left by Father Wood, for a Church upon his old farm; if not used at this time it would go to the heirs.

There were no Churches in that neighborhood except a small Lutheran Church that few felt any interest in, and there was a large population about there with no Church privileges, unless they walked a full mile. Then it was fast becoming the center of the town, and if we did not build, other Churches would occupy the ground, and that very soon. The ladies organized a sewing society, and took hold vigorously of the work, nearly all of whom in that part of the city entered heartily into the movement; but it was not to be expected that so great and good a work should go on without some opposition. Many of the members of Franklin Street Methodist Church feared that it would weaken and cripple their Church organization. The Presbyterians and Episcopalians looked askance upon the whole thing. They regarded it as chimerical, and said: "Wait a little until this Methodist movement dies out, and then we will go in and build a second Church." Then when we wished to secure a building lot, we found that any one who had a suitable lot wanted a large

price, much larger than they held it at before, but we came to the rescue. In buying my own lot I had reserved the first right of purchase to an adjoining lot at a stipulated sum. The trustees found that to be the most available one for the purpose, and I purchased it at the price we had agreed upon. There was no money in the treasury, but the ladies instituted a fair and supper, and raised the whole amount, and paid it over to the trustees, and thus the place to build the Lord's house was ours and out of debt.

We wrote a subscription, and went to everybody, far and near, that would be likely to help us, but it was an up-hill business, as our subscriptions were small at best; few signed over twenty-five dollars, yet we were glad to get ten, or five, or one, as the people were disposed to give. It required no small amount of patience and grace. We took the paper to a man of wealth and standing in the vicinity, whose large landed property was benefited thousands of dollars by the Church; he laid the paper down on the table and then commenced to count his fingers, one, two, three, four, five. There, he said: "There are five Methodist Churches above here along the river in this valley, including Pittston; that is enough. I will give nothing; not one cent to build any more Methodist Churches." But did that man live to-day, we could show him twelve Methodist Churches now, instead of five on the same ground, built without one cent of his money.

Mr. William Dickover did the mason work at a moderate price, and acted a noble part all the way through, and is worthy of all commendation.

The ladies' society did grandly; they raised at least fifteen hundred dollars. Then Mrs. Wyatt went to White Haven and Carbondale, and collected funds to put on the roof. Mrs. Ferguson, also my daughter, went out and raised money for the work. So the whole family were laid under contribution to build a house for the Lord, and we could think of little else until the noble work was consummated. The bell from the old Methodist Church on the Square was secured, and placed in the steeple, and will be used to call men to the sanctuary for years, perhaps ages, to come.

The basement was so far completed in less than two years that Rev. Asa Brooks, the first minister sent to the charge, began his meetings there, and the room was filled with interested hearers from the beginning. It was in the center of a neglected community, and large numbers came who had not been accustomed to go to Church, and were soon brought under the saving influences of the gospel. Their families came with them; young people came from every nook and corner of the vicinity. The Sabbath school filled up and assumed large and very promising proportions. Lord Butler, and several others from up-town, came down and acted as superintendent, and teachers, thus giving tone and character to the school. Some old books were obtained from the school in the First Church, and other places, to form the nucleus of a library, and we received a small donation of books and papers from New York. We soon began to look up and feel like an independent Church, able to

stand alone, and have a name and place with other Christian Churches.

The people felt that they were religiously cared for, and had rights and privileges among other Church-going people, as never before. The Holy Spirit came mightily upon them under the judicious and faithful labors of Brother Brooks, our pastor. The altar nightly was filled with penitents, until the basement room could not contain the congregation. Brother Jones, and some other young converts, hung the doors and fitted up the audience room for the meetings, and that was soon crowded with people hungry for the bread of life. The work went grandly on for weeks and months, until more than three hundred were converted to the Lord and added to the Church.

Our family was here specially remembered and gloriously saved. Adelaide and our sainted Lizzie were both converted and joined the Church; Albert also, who had been converted at camp-meeting, was received into the Church on probation and in full connection. Brother Brooks made him class leader; he had a fine class of young people and young converts, and they had meetings of great power and interest. Rev. William P. Abbott, D.D., here also joined on probation, and was removed to Canaan and received into full connection, and was licensed to preach on the circuit; he having been married to our second daughter Elizabeth, on the third day of January 1860. She has gone before us into the better land, where she awaits our coming. Our son Rev. Albert H. Wyatt received here his first license to preach, and preached

in this Church his first sermon on the word "Eternity." The Church now owns the house and lot we had purchased, on which they have built a substantial brick parsonage. The Church has once been enlarged and is a good substantial brick edifice, with a high basement to accommodate the Sunday school, prayer, and class meetings.

Ross street Church is now sought after by the preachers, as one of the best and most desirable appointments in the Conference. "This is the Lord's doings and it is marvelous in our eyes." We regard it as one of the greatest achievements of our ministry.

The house of Mr. Samuel Wadhams of Plymouth, was my principal stopping place, when in that neighborhood, one of the most prominent families in the valley. He became somewhat disaffected with, and to some extent alienated from the long established usages of the M. E. Church, the Church of his fathers. He believed in the doctrines of the Church, but with the Episcopal form of government he was not well pleased. He wanted a voice in the appointment of the minister, and would not be bound to support him, unless he was the man of his choice. Elijah Wadhams his son, at this time was class leader and superintendent of the Sunday school, a loyal Methodist, a man of great moral worth and very useful in the Methodist Church. He came to my house to get my advice and co-operation in building the Plymouth Church. He said, "They were going to build a Church of some kind, as they had none in the place, and he much preferred a Methodist Church." He then asked me if it would do to build one, and insert

his father's peculiar notions in the deed, saying, "Their influence would be all lost to our Church, if it was not done." They then worshiped in the upper part of an old school-house, and the time had fully come to build a house for the Lord and Methodism. And I advised him to go on and build as his father desired, and took hold with him and rendered all the assistance in my power.

The house was built accordingly, and all paid for, and Rev. J. B. Wakely, D. D., came up from New York and dedicated it. (The Rev. Leonard Cole was on the station.) It was the means of building up a good, strong Methodist society. The new Church was soon filled to its utmost capacity, and became too small for the place. There was never any trouble realized by the appointing power, on account of the peculiar style and title of the house. Another house, much larger and more commodious, has been erected on the ground, and the Church is now the leading one of the place.

When I was going over the mountain to attend my first quarterly meeting at Lehman, I overtook a man on his way to Church. He accosted me by saying: "Well, stranger, where do you hail from?" "From Wilkesbarre, down on the river," was the reply. "Did you ever see or hear any thing about Mr. Wyatt down there, our new Presiding Elder?" "Yes, I think I have seen him once or twice."

"They say he is a very smart man; is that so?" I answered: "There is a difference of opinion about that among the people down there." "Well, stranger, he is going to preach over here this afternoon;

will you not call and hear him?" I said: "I have a little spare time, and would like to hear a good gospel sermon, for I need it." We turned up to the Church, and as we were hitching our horses we heard him saying to a man on the steps: "There, that man hitching his horse there, is a boatman off the river; he has stopped to hear our new Presiding Elder; he says he has seen him." I went into the Church and into the pulpit, and proceeded with the services, and had about all I could do to put on gravity enough to do the work properly of a minister of the gospel.

At Kingston, two miles from Wilkesbarre, is located the Wyoming Seminary, which has wrought such wonders in the cause of education and Methodism in the last thirty years, under the charge of the Rev. Reuben Nelson, D. D., now agent of the Book Concern at New York, a man well adapted to the work—a thorough scholar, a Christian gentleman, a great educator, accompanied with a blameless life. The object of the institution was to provide means for the thorough education of both young ladies and gentlemen in all those branches necessary to their usefulness and happiness; and that this object has been attained is witnessed by hundreds of the "alumni," now in the active and useful pursuits of life. From the very first this institution has enjoyed increasing prosperity, until it has become one of the largest and best-conducted schools of the kind in the country. The seminary has a charming location in the beautiful Wyoming valley, easily accessible from all parts of the country, and within a half day's ride from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore,

The buildings are constructed of brick, in a substantial manner, and made in every respect pleasant and comfortable.

The school is now under the management of Rev. Dr. Copeland, and is in a very prosperous condition. It is an institution which we can heartily commend to all classes of persons who are seeking an education.

At Forty Fort we have about two hundred members. The Church is considered worth four thousand dollars. Here the venerable Asbury preached, with many others, whose names have gone into history as the founders of Methodism. The old house is kept in good repair, preserving carefully its internal and antique arrangements. It is the "Old South Church" of Wyoming. Here the vandalisms of Tories and Indians were committed; but we trust it will never be sold or torn down, but stand to perpetuate the memory of the great events connected with its history for long years to come. We held several quarterly meetings here, although at that time it was not a separate charge; but we never ventured to preach from the upper pulpit. As in the old Agard meeting-house at Smithville Flats, we took the lower pulpit, for we are yet afraid of that which is high. They have a small parsonage and a prosperous charge.

At Wyoming, we have one hundred and thirty members, with a Church and parsonage. Here the memorable battle of July 3, 1778, was fought, and a band of freemen, under the command of Col. Butler, was cut to pieces by the merciless Indians



and tories; and here stands the Wyoming Monument, erected in memory of those brave men who fell in that terrible struggle. There were many sad partings on that awful day; the depth of sorrow that filled the hearts of husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, on that and the following day, will only be brought to light in the revelations of the eternal world.

Count Zinzendorf is believed to be the first white man who set his foot on the "Great Plains," for this is the meaning of "Wyoming." In 1742, he came and erected his tent near the Indian village, and proposed a talk; he was the messenger from the Great Spirit, sent to teach the red man the true worship; he had crossed the seas on this benevolent errand, without the hope of earthly gain. The savages could not comprehend the fact that he had taken so much pains to visit them with no selfish motives. Concluding that it was the object of the "pale faces" to take their lands from them, they resolved to terminate the enterprise by their immediate destruction.

A few warriors, selected for the purpose, stealthily approached the tent of the unsuspecting stranger by night to accomplish their designs, when a strange providence interfered. Peeping through a crack or opening in the tent, they saw a large rattle snake crawl over the feet of the "pale face," without interrupting his composure, as he sat upon a bundle of weeds engaged in writing. Considering that he was protected by the Good Spirit, they departed without offering him the least molestation.

And here, too, the Rev. Anning Owen, one of the

pioneers, walked, and talked, and preached; a man of great courage, and faith, and prayer. On one occasion traveling to an appointment, he fell in company with a stranger. As usual, Owen introduced the subject of religion. He had ascertained that his traveling companion was unconverted, and was proceeding to exhort him to repentance, when they had arrived at a place where the roads divided, and were obliged to separate. After riding a short distance, moved by some sudden impulse, Owen wheeled about and started after the stranger, crying at the top of his voice: "Stop, friend! stop!" The stranger halted, and Owen rode up, and looking him right in the face, with much earnestness, said: "Sir, I expect never to see you again in this world, and I wish you to remember two things: Hell is hot, and eternity is long!" Years rolled on, the circumstance had passed from his mind, when at a public gathering where Owen was in attendance, this stranger introduced himself, related the occurrence, and claimed that that warning was the means of his conversion.

Here lived Mr. Swetland and his son-in-law, Payne Pettibone, distinguished men who have a prominent place in the history of the Church and her institutions. One of the largest buildings of the Wyoming Seminary is called "Swetland Hall;" he having built it, and presented it to the trustees.

At Carverton, we have nearly three hundred members and four Churches. At my first quarterly meeting, the case of Elisha Harris came up for license to preach. He had been licensed at the last

quarterly meeting Conference of the previous year by my predecessor on the district, Dr. George Peck. But a strenuous effort was here made by a brother to re-open the case and take away his license, but, with a great deal of pleasure to myself and many others, we ruled the whole thing out of order.

Elisha Harris is one of the most remarkable men we ever met; an original character, a little rough on the outside, but honest and good at heart. He is known far and near as "Crazy Elisha," or "Shouting Harris." His religion is not a cloak to be worn at camp meetings, or on Sundays, and then laid aside; salvation is an every-day thing with him. He commenced his Christian course with a shout, and he keeps it up all the way through. His strict honesty and uprightness of life have won the confidence of all, both saint and sinner. People gladly hear him give his testimony for the Lord, though he generally begins and ends with "Hallelujah." Indeed, we do not think you could put him where he would not shout.

The first California-built steamer was blown up the day they admitted the state into the Union. Philip Groves, the shouting Methodist, was aboard in the midst of the explosion; and as he crawled up from under the broken timbers, he shouted: "Hallelujah, I am ready; glory be to God, I am all right." And if you should put Elisha on a steamer and blow it up, we should expect to hear him shout, "Glory be to God, I am all right, hallelujah."

He is a great stickler for entire sanctification. He says that we are not sanctified at conversion. "When they tell me there is no difference between justifica-

tion and sanctification, I tell them I know there is; they are just seven miles apart. God converted my soul down at Forty Fort, hallelujah; that was justification. Then it is just seven miles up to Father C.'s, where God, in answer to prayer, sanctified my soul, hallelujah, to Jesus forever! That is where I get my seven miles." At a camp meeting love feast, conducted by Rev. George Peck, Elisha's testimony was as follows: "I've got a book at home on sanctification; best thing ever written; I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for it, if I couldn't get another. If Dr. Peck ever goes back on sanctification, I'll shoot him with his own gun, hallelujah."

On the camp-ground, as the Lord was sending the gentle showers of rain upon the ground, we saw Elisha in the altar very earnestly praying and pointing sinners to Christ. He stopped all at once, and looked around and upward, then he laid down on the ground and put his face between his knees, apparently in an agony of spirit; he then straightened himself up on his knees, and said: "Oh Lord God of our fathers, let the rain stop. "There," said he, "I have done it, hallelujah." And the clouds cleared away and the rain ceased.

For forty years, or more, he has been serving the Lord, but there has been no abatement in his zeal; he has gone steadily on, and there has been no smoothing down or straightening out of his rough manners and ways. Holiness to the Lord is his daily and constant motto at home and abroad, and he never lets a good opportunity pass, without bearing testimony to the power of Christ to save.

On one occasion, he went to preach in White Haven, within the bounds of the Baltimore Conference. The congregation had assembled when he got in. He marched straight to the pulpit, and commenced the services. His personal appearance at the time unavoidably excited curiosity; of this he was aware, and proceeded to set things right by saying: "I suppose you want to know who the stranger is? I am Crazy Harris, glory be to God." That was enough, for his name and fame knew no bounds in all that region of country. The fastidious might say, that such an introduction would dissipate all seriousness. But not so in this case; he went on and preached in his desultory yet earnest manner. Then went immediately into the altar and began to invite sinners to come forward and seek the Lord; and seven came forward while the minister shouted: "*Now for salvation—salvation in the name of the Lord.*" They were all converted, and he went back over the mountain, shouting and thanking God for a good time, and the conversion of souls.

When Elisha shouts, it is like a thunder-clap from a clear sky, the people are taken by surprise, and sometimes aroused from their slumbers. He was attending a quarterly meeting; Brother S., then a teacher in Wyoming Seminary, was there. It was Saturday afternoon, and the labors of the week had been so exacting that he soon lost the run of the argument in a dry and prosy sermon preached by the Elder, and settled down into a comfortable sleep. Elisha, occupying a seat directly back of Brother S., gave a shout. The sleeper had never heard him

before ; he sprung to his feet, supposing that it was an alarm of fire. He looked around and saw the congregation all quiet, and sat down. It is said he did not go to sleep again until the sermon closed.

Brother Elisha was attending a protracted meeting, where faithful preaching and earnest prayer had been unavailing. A deep seriousness pervaded the assembly, but no one would start. The pastor was getting discouraged. Should the meeting be given up? Elisha leaped over a bench, and, reaching the centre of the congregation, said: "Go on, sinner; go to hell and be damned forever, and I will say Amen. Go on, if you want to, after all that has been done for you by a dying Saviour, and a living ministry. I shall pray for you no more, if you are not going to seek religion!" Well, thought they, "If he is going to stop praying for us, we must be in a desperate condition—we had better seek salvation immediately," and they made a rush for the altar, and the work went gloriously on, and many souls were converted to God.

It is said that in former days he used to be an expert boxer; and woe to the man that falls into his hands now. He does not fight with carnal weapons, but his weapons are mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. Should he, however, be convinced that the cause of Christ demanded him to knock a man down, he would do it as a pious exercise. Some years ago, at the Providence camp meeting, a set of rowdies were determined to have things their own way. Rev. B. W. Gorham, who had charge of the meeting, gave orders for the

ground to be cleared. The rowdies delayed, and he walked up to them and said: "Now, you can have five minutes to leave the ground; if you do not leave in that time, you will be arrested." Elisha, fearing trouble, was on hand. As soon as Brother Gorham spoke of arresting them, the ring-leader drew up his fist to knock him down. Elisha observed this, and, so quick were his motions, that he caught the uplifted arm, and gave it such a jerk and whirl at the same time, that the rowdy made a complete turn. As he came face about, Elisha brought his hands suddenly together, saying at the same time, with an emphasis that made the woods ring, "Glory to God! If you want to fight, I am your man. I am here to fight for King Jesus. Hallelujah!" The *rowdy* had no mind to close in with such a man, and so made the best of his way from the ground.

A few years ago he was passing two politicians who were earnestly contending for the interests of their respective candidates. One of them cried, "Elisha, who are you in favor of?" "I am in favor of the Lord Jesus Christ," was the prompt reply.

He is never at a loss, but always ready for any emergency. A. C. Thompson was passing over the hills towards Easton; it was mid-winter, and he was driving a fiery young horse before a light cutter. By some break or misadjustment of the harness, the sleigh went against the horse; whereupon he began to kick and run. Mr. Thompson observed a load of hay ahead, and it occurred to him that he could direct the horse into the hay, and bring him to a halt. But the animal wheeled out and passed the hay so

quickly that the driver was thrown into the snow, and the fragments of the demolished cutter scattered about. He was picking himself up the best he could, when, lo ! Elisha stood over him, whip in hand, and without waiting to enquire, "Are you dead or injured ?" exclaimed, with a rapidity and emphasis that would frighten a stranger : "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh, hallelujah !" This was a word in season to him.

He was once on a jury, at a court in Wilkes Barre. One of the jurors had leave of absence for some purpose. A dead silence reigned in the court room ; Harris suddenly leaped to his feet and thundered out this sentence, like a lightning bolt : "We are all bound for the judgment, and shall soon be there !" and sat down. The judge sprung to his feet, and the whole court room was startled as by an electric shock.

We never knew him to be nonplused but once. At a prayer meeting in a tent, preparatory to public worship, in giving his experience of the power of God displayed at camp meetings, he became enthusiastic, and bringing his hands together, he suddenly stopped, and gave one of his peculiar and inimitable shouts : "Glory to God, hallelujah." In the silence that followed, a little three-year old boy sitting upon the lap of his mother, exclaimed, in precisely Brother Harris's tone of voice, "*Bang !*" Elisha dropped to his seat perfectly nonplused. And the meeting broke up amidst roars of laughter.

I held a camp meeting on this circuit, and many souls were saved ; my son, Albert, was here converted,



and was impressed from the beginning that he was called of God to preach the gospel.

At Stoddardsville, Rev. Brother Baldwin was preacher in charge. He married late in life an estimable young lady, in most particulars like himself, a little eccentric, but very conscientious. They walked over the mountain from Wilkes Barre, eighteen miles, to Stoddardsville, to his appointment, carrying with them such articles as they thought would be needful for housekeeping. This was not from necessity, as they were both well off in this world's goods, but from choice, showing, to some extent, their peculiarities. Brother and Sister Baldwin were faithful in all that appertained to the work of the ministry, with a strong tendency to be over-much righteous. They regarded the work of keeping the Sabbath day as about the whole duty of man. The old Jews were never more strenuous in this respect. They would not wash their dishes, build their fires, nor cook on the Lord's day; these were sins that had no forgiveness in this world, nor in the world to come. Their eccentricities disqualified them for acceptable service upon most of our charges, and he soon located and entered upon the profession and practice of medicine.

Here we found old Brother Stull, a local preacher. In early life he built his cabin in the dense forest, living entirely alone, and making shingles and hunting for a living. One night, in the midst of his solitude, he was visited by a fiery, supernatural being, whom he supposed to be the devil, right from perdition, for him. He was so frightened that he left his

place of business, and could never be prevailed upon to return. He was converted and brought into the Church under the influence of Father Barnes, and became very useful in that new settlement in visiting the sick, holding meetings and attending funerals, and has made for himself and Church an excellent record.

At Pittston, we had about three hundred members, a nice Church and parsonage, and some strong men of influence and property. West Pittston has become a separate charge, and is rapidly approximating one of our best appointments.

At Hyde Park we had no Church, and the Baptists very kindly opened their house for our quarterly meetings. Brother Swetland gave to our people a lot, and they built a very comfortable house of worship, which was unfortunately destroyed by fire. Then, by a strenuous effort in collecting money all over the country, they built their present house. They have of late been greatly prospered, and have grown into a good, strong station.

My intercourse with them at their quarterly meetings was very pleasant, yet we understand that we had there one rather critical hearer. It appears that at one of my quarterly meetings there, I preached a sermon on the personality and power of the devil, and was, perhaps, pretty severe in my strictures upon his satanic majesty. Among my hearers was a fine little boy, about four years old, whom they called Elder Wyatt, from his seriousness and resemblance to me. When the boy reached home, he said: "Ma, I don't want to be called Elder Wyatt any more."

"Why not, my son?" inquired the mother.

"I don't like him."

"Why, what has he done?"

"He swears so, I don't like him."

"I guess he did not swear. What did he say?"

"He said Devil, and he didn't whisper it either."

We certainly admire the close attention of that boy to a gospel sermon, and he has my hearty thanks for the criticism. These children are good hearers, and we wish that they were more often brought by their parents to the house of God, where they might hear the word of the Lord.

At Scranton, we had about four hundred members, and a fine Church and parsonage. When we were on the district, Scranton was a wilderness and a dismal swamp, with but few inhabitants. We had about an acre of land, with a small parsonage, and a little seven-by-nine Church. The new Church was built by a great deal of hard labor and begging; our society was small and poor. The brethren engaged in it were worthy of all commendation.

The basement was completed when Dr. George Peck was on the station, and I preached the dedicatory sermon from the text: "*For on this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*" It was a memorable time. I preached with great freedom and much assurance, and have reason to think that good was done.

The old Church was sold to the German Methodists, and moved on to a suitable lot, and fitted up for divine service, and we went up and dedicated it for them. Brother Flocken, their minister, was after-

ward sent as a missionary to Bulgaria. Scranton is now a coal and iron depot, and a great business center, with about fifty thousand inhabitants. The Church, also, is in a very thriving condition, supported by many of the best families in the city.

Providence is an integral part of Scranton, with a membership of about two hundred and fifty, and ranks well with our best appointments.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## HONESDALE DISTRICT AND BINGHAMTON.

AT the Pittston Conference, held May 6, 1858, Bishop Baker appointed me to Honesdale district. I did not move my family; they remained at Wilkesbarre, and I traveled largely by the gravity coal road from the Plains to Hawley; I would go over on the loaded coal cars, and return on the empty train. It was an uncomfortable and dangerous mode of traveling, yet the best at my command. We were taken to the summit of the mountain by stationary engines, and then left to complete the course by gravitating power. Sometimes we would run through smoothly and rapidly; then again we would meet with unforeseen difficulties, which made it very laborious and tedious. Sometimes we were hopelessly stopped, and had to make our way through the woods on foot as best we could; but, as Bishop Hedding used to say, "There is great glory in the episcopacy."

I became so well known by all the Runners on the road, that they often allowed me to take a "train" or "trip" of cars and run them through myself. On one occasion, as I was coming over the mountain, in a long piece of woods, far from any inhabit-

ants, with about forty empty cars, I came to a very sudden and disastrous stand-still. The cars were running about fifteen or twenty miles per hour; I saw, a little way ahead, the mountain "pest," one that was a terror to the car Runners, a half-witted boy about fifteen years old. He thought he would stop the train, and so get a ride. He cried out, "I'll stop them! I'll stop them!" and then put a billet of wood across the track. I saw the move, and so did the young man with me, but not in time to stop the train. The young man, being spry, jumped from the train; but I was too old and slow for that, and had to remain quietly and abide the consequences. Eight or ten of the front cars were doubled up in a knot, and I only escaped with my life by being on the rear of the train. The boy was greatly pleased with his great *fete*, and said: "There! I have done it! I have done it!" little thinking or caring about the mischief he had wrought.

On another occasion, as I was hurrying rapidly homeward alone on the train, or a part of it, and got nearly opposite Scranton, I ran over an Irish woman's dog, and killed it. The cars were thrown from the track, and I was brought to a dead halt. The Runner soon came up with the balance of the train, and gave me a slight, yet well-deserved reproof—not that he cared so much for the dog as he did for the delay and trouble of getting the cars on the track. He said, rather petulantly, "I expected it would be just so."

While we were yet talking, and I was meekly receiving my reproof, an old Irish woman, the

owner of the dog, came up, and for the space of half an hour we had music enough. She opened fire upon the Runner, not thinking I had anything to do with it. Then it was his turn to put on all meekness. "You are a nuisance. You are a pest to the neighborhood. We can't keep hogs, nor dogs, nor cows for you. By the holy Virgin Mary, the dog was worth fifty dollars, and I'll have my pay for it; that I will. Why, poor Carlo, he was all the comfort we had in the family. My dear Charley, who was killed in the mines, used to sit up o' nights to pet and feed him. Oh! you d—— villain, you; you called him on the track on purpose to run over him and kill him." I stood and laughed to see the fun go on, about a dozen gathered around us, and I did not know at one time but we should have a general fight, and, no doubt we should, if it had not been for the Runner, who had seen these folks before, and knew just how to manage them. He stood perfectly still as a marble statue, and never opened his mouth in a single word, either to her or to me; and when she had blown all out, she turned and went away, and we got our cars on the track, and left as quickly as possible, thankful enough that no one was hurt but the dog.

Our first camp-meeting was held on the East hill, midway between Honesdale and Bethany. The ground was beautiful, and well prepared, graded and fenced, and about a hundred and seventy-five tents brought and prepared by the owners. The district was well represented; the meeting was largely attended, and the best of order prevailed during the

whole of the time. The preachers of the district were mostly there, and did the preaching, and I never heard better preaching at a camp-meeting. The Holy Spirit came mightily upon the ministers and people. The first invitation that was given to penitents, a large number came to the altar and were converted. This greatly encouraged both ministers and members, and gave a new impetus to the meeting, and the number of penitents at the altar kept daily increasing up to the close; seventy and eighty came at a time; I never saw so many at the altar at once for prayer at any meeting; over two hundred persons were converted. It was one of the best camp-meetings I ever attended; it kindled the revival flame on almost all the appointments in the district.

The following year we held another meeting upon the same ground, at which two things worthy of note occurred. Rev. William P. Abbott, D.D., was here converted, now Pastor of Thirtieth street Church, New York; he had been brought under conviction at the Wyoming camp-meeting, and came all the way from the Plains to attend this meeting. When he arose to give in his first testimony after his conversion, I said to Dr. Nelson, standing by my side: "By the grace of God there is a minister."

Then a man came upon the ground, of more than ordinary notoriety; a perfect giant, about six feet six inches high and well proportioned, said to be the wickedest man in the town, a terror to all the people. He seated himself in front of the "stand," on the Lord's day; all eyes were upon him, expecting that



he would in some way disturb the meeting. I was preaching on the foundations in Revelation. In the midst of the sermon, he sprang from his seat and lifted up his long arms toward heaven and roared like a lion; and then fell prostrate upon the ground, as if struck by a thunder-bolt. The whole congregation rose instantly to their feet, they were taken by surprise and were wonderfully convulsed.

The gospel net was thrown around one of the old bulls of Bashan. It was a time of great power, much as it used to be under the preaching of the gospel in the days of the fathers.

There came a great many "rowdies" upon the ground, out of the surrounding villages, expecting to break up the meeting, but we had moral power and police force enough on hand for the emergency, and no harm was done. Some of the leaders were arrested and sent to prison; this put a quietus upon the crowd, and order was preserved upon the ground. Some of them were caught in the gospel net, and were happily converted.

The devil being completely thwarted in this matter, he laid deeply another plan, as none but he could do it, hoping thereby to destroy the influence of the meeting, and bring the whole thing into ridicule. About a dozen depraved and fallen women came up from Honesdale and Bethany. When the invitation was given from the stand, for penitents to come into the altar, they by a pre-arranged plan were the first to rise in the congregation and come forward. I was wholly ignorant of what was going on, many in the congregation understood it and came crowding about

the altar to see what would come of it. The brethren and sisters in great force went into the altar and engaged heartily in singing and prayer, as if nothing had happened; the divine influence came down mightily upon the people, and one after another arose and left, until the whole twelve were gone from the altar and the ground, and we had no more trouble with them.

We were too many for the enemy, and won a glorious victory, and the meeting closed with very good results.

We endeavor, when traveling, not to sacrifice the dignity and influence of the Christian minister, and yet we suppose there is really nothing very ministerial about us, although we have very often been taken for a Catholic priest. Irish cabmen have said: "And where will yer riverence go?" proffering their services to me free of charge, under the impression that I was a "praist." While waiting for the cars once, at Scranton, on my way to Honesdale, I stepped into an eating saloon for refreshment, when several Paddies accosted me with "What will your Riverence take to drink?" "Nothing, I thank you, I do not drink." "Indeed ye are a praist and ye will have something to drink; call for jest what ye like."

Once at Honesdale, while riding out, we heard some one saying, "Hallo! Hallo!" On looking around I saw a well dressed woman running after me. I stopped and she said: "Yer a praist?" "Yes." "Well, the baby is sick, please come over and christen him." I said: "When I return, I will come; I am in a hurry now." "Please, sir, I fear the baby will die,

come right over and baptize him." I then told her I was a Protestant priest, and that ended the conversation.

I went home and told my Irish girl about it, and asked her what the consequences would have been if I had gone and baptized the baby, and it had died. She thought a moment and said: "If the woman did not know enough to know her own praist, her baby was not worth saving any way." For some reason, in New York city, on steamboats and elsewhere, I have often been accosted as a Catholic priest.

I dedicated a number of Churches while on this district, one at Beach Pond, and one at Susquehanna erected under the labors of Rev. S. Weiss. Here I preached a sermon on the "Old Stone Kingdom." The Church has since been enlarged and greatly improved, and the Rev. Dr. Porter and I re-dedicated it. Susquehanna has become a strong station. Then another about four miles south, when I preached on the dedication of Solomon's temple and the import of the divine name written therein. We had a time of great power, long to be remembered. Another at Tallmansville, in the midst of a dense forest; one at Lake Chromo, and assisted Dr. Peck at the dedication of the Waymart Church; and dedicated still another on the Sandford charge, near Deposit.

At the Wilkes Barre Conference, convened April 9, 1862, Bishop Scott sent me to Henry street Church, Binghamton, Broome county. The soil of Binghamton seemed uncongenial to Methodism. The first class was formed in 1818, by Ebenezer Doolittle, of six members, three of whom were the

distinguished Sally Manning, and Peter Wentz and wife. These we found yet alive, and active members of the Church when we went to the charge. But the first society was not fully incorporated until July 2, 1822; it was then called Henry Street M. E. Church. We found at Binghamton two Methodist Churches and one Nazarite or Free Methodist organization, which was quite popular. Influential members from both Churches had joined them—many more from the Court street Church than from Henry street. Rev. Mr. Wood had made the same mistake in Binghamton that we had years before at Bleeker street, Utica, and with precisely the same results, only on a somewhat smaller scale, and whenever and wherever sanctification has been made a specialty the same results have followed. Many Nazarite societies in our state have been raised up and established through this means.

Until our ministers learned wisdom on this subject, and ceased to make sanctification a hobby, they were constantly growing, and increasing in power and influence among the people. But when the cause ceased, then the effect began to wane, and the whole thing is now rapidly dying out; and it will just as certainly disappear as the effect dies when the cause ceases.

Our Church in Henry street was soon filled; our congregations were large and attentive, and sinners began to be awakened and converted. We commenced extra meetings, and continued them for about six weeks. The power of the Lord came down upon the people, and very many professed to be con-

verted; a divine influence rested upon us, and our meetings were a great success. This seemed to put a quietus upon the radical movement, and turn the attention of the people more fully to the regular meetings, where conversion and sanctification moved on together.

While on this station, I spent a Sabbath at Chenango Forks, and preached for the people again where I had preached thirty years before. Thirty years had made great changes among my friends; I found very few whom I had known aforetime. My old friend, the Rev. Nathaniel Lewis, was present, and seemed much as he did thirty years before.

He was a genius; a distinguished temperance lecturer. He used to deliver some very curious allegorical temperance speeches. One upon the devil's convention was a most remarkable production, and attracted great attention.

One Sabbath morning, many years ago, Mr. Lewis was reading his Bible, preparatory to preaching, when a deer came near his house. He laid down the Bible, and taking his gun, shot the deer, dressed it, and divided it among his neighbors. He was called to an account before the Church for breaking the Sabbath. He pleaded not guilty. He asked the brethren who were gravely remonstrating with him: "What do you suppose the Lord sent that deer into my field for?" "Well, I suppose it was to try you," one gravely answered. "No, it was not," replied the accused, "for the Lord knows that when he sends blessings to me, I don't wait till next day before I take them." He was acquitted.

He was once preaching to a congregation who were disposed to behave disorderly. He bore it for a while, and then came out upon them with a curious reproof. "You are," said he, "A hog-matical set." A local preacher present, after the service was over, hinted to him that he had committed an error in the use of a word. "What do you mean?" demanded the old preacher.

"Why," answered his friend, "hog-matical is not a proper word." "Yes, it is," replied the preacher, "you have heard of dogmatical, I suppose." "Oh! yes; but—" "Well," interrupted the old preacher, "you can shame a dog, but a hog you cannot."

Here, also, was called to mind other scenes of that early day, which occurred in this place.

The eccentric Lorenzo Dow and his wife Peggy passed down through this place from Utica on his way south, where it is said he raised the devil. Dow put up at a tavern for the night, but soon discovered that the landlord was absent from home, and that there was an unusual intimacy between the landlady and a gentleman visitor. Late in the evening the landlord returned unexpectedly, and put his good wife and her friend into a panic. Under the direction of that lady the terrified visitor jumped into an empty hogshead and she covered him with cotton. The landlord came in half drunk, but was most affectionately received by his wife. Upon finding that Dow was in his house, he determined that he should get up and raise the devil for him, alleging that he had often heard that he could do it. Dow declined, but the landlord insisted. "You will be frightened when

you see him," said Dow. "No I shall not," added the brave man. "Well," said Dow, "if I must raise the devil, I must," and taking the candle in his hand said: "Follow me," and passing into the back room and coming up to the hogshead, adroitly lighted the cotton with the candle, and sure enough up came the devil enveloped in a blaze. Not a word did his satanic majesty utter, but immediately disappeared. The man was completely deceived, and went before a magistrate the next day and made oath that Dow really raised the devil in his house and he saw him.

At our next annual Conference, Bishop Janes sent me alone to Binghamton, with authority to unite the two Churches. It was thought by the Conference that it would be better for the cause of Methodism to have one good strong Church than two weak ones, and they thought well. Steps had been taken before Conference in the matter, and it had been carefully considered. The plan looked feasible; we really thought it could be brought about, and I went heartily into the measure. But there arose opposition in the minds of some to such an arrangement, and it was abandoned. Another minister was appointed to Court street, to fill out the year. This left me in charge of Henry street, as I was the year before.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## CHAPLAIN.

MY son Albert, who had been chaplain in the army for about a year, so far recovered his health as to be able to resume his studies in the Wesleyan University. When he left, I was prevailed upon to take his place, and received my commission from Governor Seymour, as chaplain of the One Hundred and Ninth Regiment of infantry of the New York State volunteers, signed August 6th, 1863. Rev. J. B. Westlake took my place, and finished out the year in Henry street Church; and I, with my family, went directly to Washington, was mustered in, and took our position at Bladensburgh, with the regiment.

We had a delightful time with the regiment all the fall and winter in Washington. We preached, usually, every Lord's day, and sometimes much oftener, and had opportunity to visit Congress and witness its doings as much as we desired. This was a stormy and perilous time in our country's history, and it required all the wisdom and prudence of our best and most loyal men to guide the old ship safely through. It was fortunate that Abraham Lincoln was at the helm. Raised up, without doubt, for the times, and leaning upon the Almighty arm, and looking to God



for wisdom and strength, he moved steadily on, neither turning to the right nor to the left. It did us good to take him by the hand, and bid him God-speed, and see him go in and out before this so great a people, like Saul, the king, rising up in his dignity and grandeur, head and shoulders above all his compeers. For six long hours we saw him stand upon the balcony of Willard's hotel, with his head uncovered, in a hot sun, to watch Burnside's corps, as they passed before him on their way to the battle field.

On the night of the 3d of May, 1864, all was in commotion in the army of the Potomac, and the next morning it moved in splendid array across the Rapidan. It was divided into three corps: the second commanded by Hancock, the fifth by Warren, and the sixth by Sedgewick. The corps crossed by Germania Ford; Sheridan, commanding the cavalry, led the advance, and protected the immense trains, one hundred and fifty thousand men, well armed and equipped, ready for battle for their country's rights, passed over into that vast wilderness on that memorable day, with a train of over four thousand wagons, with army stores, to be carried through that wooden country.

This day the army marched about twelve miles. Contrary to all our expectations, we saw and heard nothing of the enemy; yet a good lookout was kept, and the way carefully watched and guarded by the cavalry.

Grant expected that his passage of the Rapidan would be stubbornly contested. But Lee seemed to think that his chances of success, with his inferior

force, would be better to attack the enemy while on the march and separated in the forest, for the course it was compelled to take led across a wild and desolate tract of country, studded with stunted pines, wholly unfit for a battle field. Besides, by the road which Grant was compelled to take, Lee could come down on him on the Orange and Chancellorville turnpike, and also the plank road, and strike him at right angles while on the march. This, as soon as Grant's plan was fully developed, he did, compelling him to halt and form a line of battle in the woods, so as to cover the fords over which the trains were passing. Lee had greatly the advantage, being perfectly at home in every cross road, while Grant knew the country very imperfectly.

On Wednesday morning Warren reached the old wilderness tavern, ten miles south of the ford on the Germania and Chancellorville plank road, Sedgewick being on his right, with his line extending back to the river. Hancock, who had crossed the river five or six miles farther down, was directed to Shady Grove Church. Grant was here, in great peril and danger, and Lee saw it, and was expecting to fall on him and cut him to pieces by piece-meal before his army could get together. Grant seeing a battle was imminent, and would likely be thrust upon him in this unfortunate spot, counteracted his orders, and directed Hancock to swing round, with all possible dispatch, by a cross road, and close up with Warren, and form the left wing. Lee made a desperate effort to get in between Hancock and Warren.

Mott's division, the advance of Hancock's corps,

was ordered to charge on Lee and hold him back until the rest of the corps came up. Right here the battle commenced, and that vast wilderness was soon in a blaze with the fire of the musketry. But Lee was defeated, and successfully held back, until Hancock's corps came up, and were ready for action. We stood on an eminence, and looked in vain to see the battle; not a thousand men could be seen at once; however, the thunders of the combat rolled on among the glens, ravines, and forest trees. The woods, for seven miles, were alive with cries and shouts, and explosions, and the shrill clatter of musketry. We stood with the artillery, but they were mute as the house of death; not a gun was fired.

I walked up farther into the dense, dark woods, near where our regiment was on duty. The men told me I had better go back, as I could do no possible good by exposing myself to such imminent danger. Yet I felt all aglow with excitement, to see the fight; but as I stood transfixed, gazing on the awful grandeur of the battle raging all about me, some shells from the side of the enemy fell near me, and the minnie balls whizzed like as many bumble bees over my head.

Our boys had lain at Washington so long idle that they feared they would have to go home without any fighting, but before this dreadful day closed, all those fears were dispelled, and right here, before we had scarcely given it a thought, our appropriate work came on with all its fearful reality.

Out of the concealed and awful depths where the fight was going on, came the fearful consequences,

the terrible ruin it had wrought. Human forms, men bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, were borne in blankets and on litters, maimed, tortured, writhing in pain, with eyes dull with the stupor of coming death, or bright and glaring with delirious fire. I had filled my pockets with opium pills, and these poor, wounded soldiers begged the chaplain to give them to them. I told them I was afraid to give them so much, as I was no surgeon and could not tell what the result would be. Then they would upbraid me and say: "Will you see us suffer, and not try to help us." And this piteous procession, coming out of the deep, dense, dark forest, bearing their precious freight, passed on before us, unceasingly, hour after hour, hurrying on to the hospital, until the darkness of the night closed upon us.

Col. Tracy, of the 109th New York, our regiment, came out of the first day's fight unhurt, riding his famous black charger. As soon as he came up to our quarters we helped him off his horse, and he laid down upon his back upon the cold ground; a sicker, sadder looking man we never saw. He fought bravely all day, and his regiment were highly complimented for their valor and noble bearing. It was his first and last day of fighting. He was so nervously prostrated that he fell back to Washington and was confined for weeks in the hospital. His brother-in-law, Lieut.-Col. Catlin, a brave soldier, and well instructed in military tactics, took his place. We were very sorry to part with Col. Tracy, yet Col. Catlin was just the man for us, and every way fitted for the position.

There were others in the regiment who secured very high commendation for their valor in that ever-memorable "battle of the Wilderness." The heroism and bravery of Capt. Gorman were the subject of conversation, in that dark night, at our quarters, and by all who had witnessed his wonderful daring in the thickest of the fight. That was a night of fearful anxiety, and counsel, and suffering. Large numbers were left upon the field, where they fell, to suffer alone all that long night; no surgeon, no mother, no sister, nor dear friend near to soothe their aching hearts, or put a soft, kind hand on their feverish brow, or give a cup of cold water to their parched and thirsty lips. They pillowed their weary, aching heads upon the earth, or upon the breast of some fallen comrades, and with thoughts of home, wife, children, father, mother, sisters and brothers, passed the long and tedious hours of that dreadful night of suffering.

Then those whom we had gathered up and taken to the hospitals fared little better. There was no adequate preparation here to care for and dress the wounds of the men. The wounded and dying covered acres of ground around the surgeon's quarters. There was no covering but the heavens, and there were none to hear their cries or administer to their necessities.

Lee failed to accomplish his desire, to divide hopelessly our mighty army, and was held at bay until the several corps were consolidated in one unbroken phalanx. Yet there were no decisive results; it was a drawn battle; each army held its ground.

Grant, however, saw at a glance the peril he was in, and that Lee needed but slight success, at this point,

to compel him to retreat across the Rapidan, as Burnside and Hooker had done before him. So he brought over a part of Sedgwick's corps, to which he added some of Warren's force to help Hancock. Burnside's corps, too, that had marched all night, was up in the morning. Grant had notified him at four o'clock in the afternoon before, to hasten forward, and so rapidly did he march that by six o'clock of May sixth he was leading his corps into action on the Chancellorville road, at the Wilderness tavern, some of his troops having marched thirty miles, carrying their knapsacks and accoutrements of war. It is one of the most remarkable marches on record.

The army now stretched out seven miles through the wilderness. Grant's eye, of course, could not be upon every part at once; much had to be left to separate commanders. But he had given orders, the night before, for the whole line to move forward the next morning at five o'clock, and charge on Lee simultaneously. At five o'clock, precisely, Sedgwick, with his accustomed gallantry, made an attack on Ewell. On the left Hancock burst like a tornado on the enemy, and drove him back in confusion, and for hours the battle raged like a furious tempest, for seven miles through that pine forest. Grant stood under a tree, cool and collected, smoking his inevitable segar, listening to the crashing volleys receding in the distance, while aids were constantly coming and going with reports and orders.

Still the line of that terrific fire seemed to advance nowhere except on the left. Hancock steadily pushed the enemy before him for a mile and a half, taking a

whole rifle pit, and five stands of colors, and many prisoners. Wadsworth, connecting with his right, put forth desperate efforts, apparently forgetting that he had a life to lose, he again and again made the charge in person. Two horses were shot under him, and at length a shot pierced his own head, and he fell. His body was seized by the enemy, and he died in their hands.

But at length Hancock's victorious career was stopped, and he was made to retrace his steps, so that at eleven o'clock he occupied the ground he held at five in the morning.

At this time Longstreet came up with forty thousand fresh troops, and the enemy came on in four lines, and fell upon Hancock with such desperation that he succeeded in breaking his lines, and severing his corps right in the middle. Now the battle seemed to be irretrievably lost; such was the word which was sent to Grant, and he said, "I do not believe it," and Gibbons' division was quickly formed in the rear of the break, and stopped the torrent which was pouring headlong through. For three-quarters of an hour the battle raged here with terrible ferocity. Longstreet was determined to complete what he had taken in hand, and hurled his columns forward with terrible desperation and gallantry. But Hancock stood firmly, as the anvil to the beaten stroke, and Longstreet was forced back in utter confusion.

All day, while busy with the dead and dying, and wounded, I watched carefully the progress of events. The clatter of musketry, from early dawn, had not ceased, and the cloud of smoke, from the battle-field,

hung along the hillside of that vast wilderness as far as sight could reach. But now comes the result; the winding up of a day of carnage and blood. The sad shuddering procession begins to emerge out of the smoke and tumult on which we had gazed for twelve mortal hours. Here could be seen the appealing eyes, the clenched hands and quivering limbs of human beings, worse than helpless, who had fought their last battle. The paths and roads were full of them, as some vast Aceldama or Golgotha, disgorging their contents. Ambulances were loaded down with them, while here and there you would see an old blanket wrapped around a wounded man, with his name and regiment, and corps marked upon it. And as you pass on, you see a group of men bending over one loved in life, past help, and dying an agonizing death. The dead and wounded lay thick as autumn leaves along the paths, and low ridges and slopes, and in front of the hastily thrown-up intrenchments. We had seen men die before, but had never seen them die by the hundred and the thousand. We had visited the sick aforetime, but never until now had walked all day among the suffering and found no end.

Then in the evening, when we looked that the weary and suffering might have rest, we all at once heard sharp firing upon our left. The enemy fell upon Seymour and Shaler and captured them, with a large number of our troops. Yet this was a decisive battle. Lee had put forth his greatest effort, and at a time, too, when Grant was in a position to be beaten—if he ever could be.

Fifteen of our regiment, the 109th New York, were



buried here in one grave. They loved their country. They fought bravely and died at their post—died facing the enemy. But what seems more dreadful than all the rest, the battle field took fire and hundreds and thousands of the dead and wounded, who could not be removed, were burned. We left in great haste, as the Assyrians left Jerusalem in the days of the prophet. By nine o'clock at night next day (Saturday), Grant was off, and that great army was on the move for Spottsylvania. The cavalry moved out; the long train of ambulances bearing the wounded followed, and then the baggage wagons, and then the army. Lee got wind of the movement and started Longstreet, with his force, ahead, and then followed with the balance of his army as quickly as possible. He feared that Grant would get in between him and Richmond. But although the chase was about even, Longstreet, by taking a shorter route, had the advantage and reached Spottsylvania before our army came up.

It was supposed that none of Lee's forces were in Spottsylvania, except a few cavalry, and Bartlett's brigade, of Griffin's division, was ordered to attack the place at once, but to his utter astonishment he run into Longstreet's whole corps and was shivered to fragments; one regiment, the first Michigan, losing three-fourths of its number in fifteen minutes. Robinson's division, on the left, finding itself confronted by an overwhelming force, gave way in great disorder. At that critical moment Warren arrived on the field with his staff only, and rallied the flying troops, faced them about, seized a division flag, rode

in front of the panic-stricken men and held them in position, receiving the full, galling fire of the enemy until the balance of his corps came up. And from eight to twelve o'clock, four long hours, he held his ground in this unequal contest. Two fresh divisions coming up, Crawford's and Getty's, the attack was renewed, and the first line of the enemy's breastworks was captured and some prisoners and stands of arms.

But for such deeds of gallant, noble-hearted and brave men our forces had all been cut to pieces, and our cause lost, our government broken up and annihilated. But here again are the dead and the wounded, heaps upon heaps, scattered all over that bloody battlefield—brothers and fathers, sons and husbands—by the hundred and the thousand. Only a few of them could be reached. The sharpshooters watched every man that walked over that ground; made him his mark and certain victim.

There was a lull in the conflict, but the work of death and destruction had just commenced—only a skirmish by the advanced guard—the great battle was yet to be fought. The Lord's day ended a day of darkness and gloominess; a great day of slaughter and death. The chaplain stood in the midst of this field of blood taking notes, not of sermons and prayers, not of penitents at the altar, nor of souls converted to God, but broken thoughts and unconnected messages from the quivering, pale, ghastly lips of dying heroes to mothers and wives, to sisters and darling children. Many of these noble young men, the pride and glory of a great nation, ceased to think of home and friends, and entered into rest before their

comrades, or their chaplain, could get their names or address.

The next day was one to be long remembered; not for victories and grand conquests, but for mourning over fallen heroes.

The great want of the country was suitable men for leaders and officers; and when we had a good, well-tried man, one that we could trust, educated and at his post, it was a sad misfortune to lose him. Sedgewick, one of the ablest and most successful corps commanders, and one of Grant's best and warmest friends, fell a victim to his bravery, that day. He went in advance to superintend the placing of some batteries, and saw one of the gunners dodge as a minnie ball whistled by, from the gun of some concealed rebel sharpshooter, and said, pleasantly: "Pooh, man, you can't hit an elephant at that distance,"—referring to the nearest enemy in sight—when a bullet from a sharpshooter, hid away in one of the neighboring trees, entered his eye and passed directly into his brain. The blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and, with a pleasant smile on his countenance, he fell into the arms of his assistant adjutant-general. A noble general he was, with the love of his country at heart; he fell where he always desired to fall, on the field of battle, facing the enemy.

This morning found Grant on hand with his great army, or what there was left of it after the terrible ordeal through which it had passed. His men were busily engaged throwing up their breastworks and making their intrenchments, getting ready for battle. Not much rest all day, but skirmishes, and now and

then heavy cannonading along the lines to let us know that two mighty armies stood face to face.

Both armies were exhausted and decimated. For the last three days the line of battle had been constantly formed, and their hurried night march had given them no time for rest, nor yet for suitable rations.

This day was made memorable in another respect. Sheridan, with his cavalry force, started out on his remarkable expedition to sever Lee's communication with Richmond. It is very well remembered that on Tuesday, the very next day, he sent a dispatch to the secretary of war, "that he had turned the enemy's right and got into their rear," had destroyed from eight to ten miles of railroad, two locomotives, and three trains, and a very large quantity of supplies. After he got into their rear, there was great excitement among the people, and in Lee's army. He moved rapidly on to the very outskirts of Richmond, and actually entered the first line of works. But finding he could go no farther, he wheeled about and crossed the Chickahominy at Meadow bridge, having received no harm in his wonderful exploit. But it never moved Lee nor his army a hair's breadth from his plans to resist Grant to the uttermost.

Another memorable event occurred on this Tuesday, May 10th. Fire was opened on the works of the enemy, the whole length of the line, from our heavy artillery, and kept up all day. The cannonading was terrific; the shot and shell fell in a ceaseless shower on the rebel works. It was a day of terrible grandeur and sublimity, such as we had never wit-

nessed, and without a parallel in the world's history, unless it was in the Crimean war, at the storming of the Malakoff.

At a given signal, about half-past six o'clock, P. M., Grant hurled the whole of his mighty army in one fearful charge, against the strong bulwarks of the enemy, only to be hurled back with awful slaughter. The works, although hurriedly thrown up, were a perfect defense to Lee's army, and could not be taken.

The only important success of the effort was obtained by the sixth corps, which, since the death of Sedgewick, had been commanded by Wright. At about three hundred yards in front of them, stood a strongly constructed work, high as a man's head. A party was organized to storm this work, led by Col. Upton. The batteries of McCarty, Cowan and Rhodes, opened on the work over the heads of the attacking party. They moved steadily into the face of a continued blaze of musketry, without firing a gun, up to the very face of the enemy's position, and then poured a flood of faces and plunging bayonets over the crest of the work, and into the midst of the enemy, capturing, in an instant, nine hundred and fifty of the very men who had captured the brigades of Shaler and Seymour, on the Friday night before, in the wilderness. We saw those men, and heard their jeers and shouts of laughter, as they were huddled together in a field under guard. They appeared well pleased and happy. They had no fears of ill treatment from us; they knew that they would be well fed, and have no more fighting to do, and well they might be happy.

Our losses, this day, were fearful beyond any account or report; even an eye-witness fails to make any just estimate of the many thousands who, that day, fought their last battle. Twenty, or twenty-five thousand men, is probably an under-estimate. A great many of the rebel dead and wounded were left in our hands on the field. We walked among them with a heavy heart, but with no power to do them good. The agonizing cries of the wounded and dying for help, were heart rending. We had not the strength of nerve to endure it. A large building on the field where these rebels, only the day before, shot Sedgewick, in cold blood, was now filled with their wounded men. We had not enough surgeons to dress their wounds. For many days our surgeons had all they could do with our own wounded.

Two wounded men of my regiment were in that house. I went in to see them, and, as far as possible, administer to their wants. These rebel wounded looked earnestly at me, and began to cry for help. They supposed that I was a surgeon come to dress their wounds. When I said "I am no surgeon, but a chaplain, and can render you no assistance," tongue cannot tell the despair that settled upon the poor fellows' faces.

Twenty-four hours, already, they had suffered, with none to help them, and death in its most horrid form stared them in the face. After doing what I could for our wounded boys, I turned to go out; but when near the door a rebel, in a low faint voice, called me, "Chaplain, come here." As I turned toward him, he lifted his hand and said: "Here, here, I am the

man." It was said he was one of Stonewall Jackson's men, who prayed and fought so religiously. I knelt beside him, and found him fearfully, perhaps mortally wounded. He thus addressed me: "Chaplain, we are not such bad men here as you might suppose." "We do not suppose that you are all bad men," I said. Said he, "We pray a great deal in our regiment." "We do not doubt that," I said "for a moment." "Chaplain, you will conquer us, so our people say, and so we think; the officers think and say you will not." "My friend, it is not very important to a dying man who shall conquer." "No, no! but Chaplain, I have got religion, I love the Savior, and am on my way to heaven." "All right, my dear brother;" and if I am so happy as to get to heaven, I shall expect to find him there safe in glory.

There is one other deed of valor done, by our troops, to be named before we have done with Spottsylvania. Johnson, the rebel division-general, occupied very strong works, with a wide ditch in front. On this memorable day, between four and five o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a pouring rain, Hancock, with his valiant corps, taking advantage of the darkness, moved silently, yet swiftly, forward, without a cheer or a shout, and swept in one dark flood over the ramparts, and captured almost the entire division, about ten thousand men. He then turned the captured artillery on the enemy, and drove them back nearly a mile; but here they rallied, and a long and bloody fight followed. The other corps came up and a desperate effort was made, on our side, to turn this great success into a complete victory, and all the fore-

noon, in the midst of a pelting rain, the terrible conflict went on. But the first advantage was the last of any importance gained, and after hours of hard fighting it became evident that no other position of the enemy could be taken.

The rebels, fighting with a desperation never surpassed, made five successive charges to retake the works that had been carried by Hancock. The two armies were concentrated around this single spot; the struggle was the struggle of the giants, and the slaughter was simply awful; nothing had occurred before, that would bear any comparison with this. Column after column of the enemy penetrated to the very face of the breastwork, only to be hewn down and cut to pieces. Column after column still came on, only to meet certain death, and all day long, against this inveterate force of Lee's mighty army, our troops held their ground, fighting and falling, but unyielding. Our artillery made fearful havoc all day; from dawn to dark, they poured one unceasing stream of shot and shell in upon the rebel ranks.

When night came on, and the enemy was finally driven back, there was a spectacle, on that battleground, which beggars all description. Men in hundreds, in thousands—killed and wounded together—were piled in one weltering mass. One correspondent says: "The angle of the works, at which Hancock entered, is a perfect 'Golgotha.'" Here, this morning, the dead and wounded rebels lie literally in piles; men in the agonies of death, groaning beneath the dead bodies of their comrades. On an area of a few acres lay not less than one thousand whole dead



bodies, and many literally torn to shreds by hundreds of balls, and several with bayonet thrusts pierced through their bodies, on the very margin of the parapet, which they were determined to re-take or perish.

The one exclamation of every one, who looked upon that scene, was: "God forbid that I should ever see such a sight again." There was now a little rest for a few days. Grant had determined to waste no more of his troops, by dashing them against Lee's strong fortifications. Occasionally a shell would fall among us, and a minnie ball whistle by, to let us know that we were in close proximity to the enemy. Time was now given to bury the dead, and such a time of burial was never known before in this country, or, perhaps, in the world. In seventeen days, a hundred and fifty thousand men were left to sleep in that wilderness, until Gabriel's trumpet shall wake the nations from their last slumbers. One hundred thousand of our men were gone forever, so it was said.

The rebels fared better, because they fought principally on the defensive, and were better acquainted with the ground. Yet it was much easier for Grant to repair his losses than for the rebels. For the North was now fully aroused, and had entire confidence that Grant would bring us safely through.

New troops began now to pour in and fill up our wasted regiments. Grant had telegraphed back: "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." This saying ran with the speed of lightning everywhere, into every town and dwelling. The whole North was in a blaze with the fires of patriotism.

The young men took it up and left the plough, the workshop, the counting-room, and the school, and were off for Washington and the battle field. The young ladies, also, caught the spirit, and organized sewing societies, and made coats and garments for the soldiers. The whole country was stirred to its depths, as it never had been before.

Grant was not taken by surprise. He knew Lee and his gallant veterans; he knew it would be no easy matter to overcome this tremendous power, and get through to Richmond without a great sacrifice of life. He had made due preparation with the authorities at Washington, to meet this emergency and fill up his ranks. He had removed his base of supplies to Fredericksburgh, and all the reinforcements he could desire were now rapidly coming in to take the places of the fallen heroes.

Grant had not yet accomplished all that was expected of him; but his enterprise had by no means been a failure. Lee was not crushed, as was vainly expected by many who favored this movement. Yet he was crippled beyond the possibility of recovery. He had no money to pay his troops, and no means of getting more men; there was no human possibility of his making up the loss of fifty thousand men, which he had sustained within the last seventeen days, or of replenishing, to any considerable extent, his wasting army.

Grant had held Lee firmly as in a vise, and did not suffer him to get in his rear, and on to Washington, as was predicted and fondly expected by some.

The Peninsula movement under Butler, from which so much had been hoped and expected, had proved a total failure. He was tightly corked up at Bermuda Hundred, utterly unable to do a thing for his country. Had he done the work expected of him, Grant and he would have met at Richmond, and Lee's army would have been swallowed up and they would have made short work of the Confederacy.

We were flooded with reports from Butler, of his wonderful exploits and successes, and all correspondents and chaplains who failed to corroborate his flaming reports were ignored and abused.

A chaplain in General Gilmore's corps, in a private letter to the editor of the Evening Post, ventured to state some unwholesome facts concerning the campaign. This was published without his consent, and anonymously. But Butler, under a trumped-up charge of his being absent without leave, got the unsuspecting clergymen within his department. And, unable to make him consent to unsay the truth and state a falsehood, threw him into confinement among rebels and negroes, where he kept him for more than a month, subject to exposures and hardships that well nigh cost him his life, refusing to grant him a trial, in direct violation of his duty, and would not allow him to conduct religious services with his fellow prisoners. This unmanly persecution he continued, until some powerful friends of the chaplain took up the case. Then he was compelled to release his despotic grasp upon him, and let the injured man go free to paint his persecutor in his true colors.

Butler was expected to engage a large number of

the enemy's troops and keep them away from Grant. But in this he failed; consequently all the troops from the South poured in upon Grant. Sigel, also, in the Shenandoah Valley, miserably failed, and was superseded in command by Major-General Hunter. Great things, also, were expected from our Navy. It was understood, when General Grant set in motion our great army, that the Navy should at the same time threaten the rebel ports not in our possession, and thus keep large reinforcements from Lee. But, here again, there was a failure, or, at least, Grant's just expectations were not realized. Then unfriendly Northern "papers" were constantly reiterating that the campaign, with all its untold sacrifice of valuable lives, and money, was a miserable failure, and the sooner ended the better.

Grant plainly saw that the whole thing, with all its responsibilities and discouragements, rested on himself.

Kautz's cavalry raid about this time inspired the army and country with some hope; going directly to Walthall Junction, he destroyed the depot of the Richmond and Petersburg railroad, together with its contents. At Chester Station, another was destroyed. Marching on to the Richmond and Danville road, the depot of the coal mines, with a large number of cars, was demolished. There were large quantities of commissary stores destroyed. Four railroads were rendered useless to the rebels, and the expedition returned with small loss to City Point, on the 18th.

On the very day of Kautz's return, Grant started

his army for another flank movement, by way of North Ann river. If he succeeded in reaching this point first, it would place him in Lee's rear, and cut off his communications, and compel him to leave Spottsylvania.

His design was to draw Lee from his fortifications, for an open field fight. Lee, from the beginning, had avoided an open battle. He was afraid to hazard anything of the kind. He stood on the defensive.

But he soon got wind of the move and started, and there was another race of the "giants" for North Ann, with hard fighting by the way. Here we buried Captain Gorman of Owego. We had halted for some refreshments; as he was taking coffee with his company, he looked along the line and asked: "Have all had their coffee?" At this instant a minnie ball passed through his heart, he never spoke again. He was a brave soldier, and died at his post greatly lamented.

Grant finding the enemy here, sent on a long train of the wounded to Port Royal, which he had just made the base of his supplies, and started right on towards South Ann, which was found to be the real rebel line of defense, selected long before, and well fortified.

As soon as Grant ascertained this fact, orders were given to move right on for another flank movement, none of us knew whither. But on the night of the 26th, we found ourselves back on the north bank of the North Ann; thus we moved on around Lee's right flank crossing the Pomonkey at Hanover town. Sheri-

dan with the cavalry went before us to clear the way. He had a severe fight with Fitzhugh Lee, but he drove him from the field, so that our way was cleared from Lee's cavalry, except the dead and wounded horses, of which we found plenty left by the way in their hurried flight. Our boys took pity on them and turned surgeons, and without administering chloroform put a few cold minnie balls into their heads, which quieted all their aches and pains at once.

Here we found green fields, the tramp of armies had not destroyed the crops. The corn was about ten inches high, the rye was headed out and the clover was ankle deep. Our horses fared well on this route. The soldiers, too, went to the cellars, took pans of milk and hams, and cheese and bacon, such bacon and hams as we had never seen before. The people buried them in large heaps to conceal them from us, but the soldiers found the mounds and tore them open, and loaded their wagons and filled their knapsacks with them. Some live hogs were found, these they killed, dressed and cut up, and carried them along upon the points of their bayonets.

Our boys found chickens, and dressed and cooked them. They said: "We will see what the chaplain will say and do when he comes to eat." When we gathered about our meal and sat down on the ground, as soon as grace was said they all looked very intently at me and said: "The partaker is as bad as the thief." I said: "Boys, I keep conscientiously that scripture. Eat such things as are set before you, asking no questions."

To forage on the country was a necessity. There

were times when we were cut off from Washington and could get no supplies from that source, and were put upon half fare for man and beast. We were sometimes driven to great straits for provisions. A man, who had had nothing to eat for many hours, offered me a dollar for a hard tack, but I had none for him nor yet for myself.

The whole army moved rapidly toward the Chickahominy, and our base of supplies was transferred to the White House, a place well known by this time in the history of the army. Grant ordered the eighteenth corps, from Butler's division, to meet him at this place. They were placed on transports which, passing down the James, advanced up the York river to the White House, which was only fifteen miles to our army. I was present when the troops arrived. It was said, Butler has come with his corps; but Butler was still at City Point, where Grant was disposed to leave him in his own glory, monarch of all he surveyed.

The battle of Cold Harbor was most desperate, fully up to the Wilderness and Spottsylvania. It was intimated that at five o'clock we might expect some heavy firing. I lay with our surgeon and his "posse" in a valley, the rebels on one side of us, and our lines and batteries on the other. We lay in a rifle-pit, with only two logs between us and the rebels, for our defense.

At a quarter before five o'clock our batteries opened on the rebels, and they answered; the shot and shell passed right over our quarters; the firing became general on both sides, with a hundred guns.

We had heard it thunder before, but we had never heard such thunder! We had seen it rain before, but we had never seen such rain! The shells were half-second fuses; we would hear the report of the cannon, and in half a second the bursting of the shell. The heavens over our heads were black with these missiles of death. The small trees about us, as they were struck by them, fell like grass before the scythe. We lay without uttering a word, gazing on the terrible grandeur, the awful sublimity of the scene. It seemed as if the judgment had set, and the books were opened. These messengers of death appeared to come from the spirit land, and they fell like hail-stones all about us. We did not think it possible to escape alive; we expected every instant to be dashed into the eternal world.

We had never been brought before face to face with death. We did not dread so much to be killed outright as to be maimed, and then be cut to pieces by the surgeon. But this was no time to settle a question of that character. We commended ourselves to the God that made us, and the Christ that redeemed us. We thought of home, wife and children, and friends, and found ourselves saying involuntarily, "farewell!" But we waited calmly, peacefully, triumphantly, the issue. And at a quarter to seven o'clock the storm ceased, the dark and angry cloud disappeared, and all was quiet. I looked up and said: "Surgeon, thank God we are yet alive, and not a bone broken." We looked a little way off where we had tied our horse, and he was standing quiet as a lamb. We looked along the line of battle, and saw



the old flag yet unfurled, the pride and glory of our country, set for the rise and fall of many nations. Then we felt as never before. "And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest." The next morning the ground was literally covered. More than fifteen hundred shells were counted, that lay all about in close proximity to us. None but He who said, "Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world," could have protected us; but He did; and to Him be all the glory.

But, as we went out to survey the ground, we heard quickly the groans of the wounded and dying. Two of our regiment were killed, and two were wounded—one slightly and one seriously. We were standing by the table of the surgeon, in the twilight, when they brought in a man upon the stretcher. It was so common an occurrence, that we did not recognize him, it being in the dusk of the evening. But he recognized me, and said: "Chaplain." I went to him, and he took hold of my hand, and drew it to his lips and kissed it, and then said: "I guess I have got my death wound. I have a wife and two children in the western part of the State of New York."

I made a slight examination, and found no bones broken, and said: "I think not your death wound." He said: "I am in great pain; please move me a little." I answered: "You will be laid upon the surgeon's table in a moment."

The surgeon made a slight examination, and then said: "We will lay this man away for a little time,

and let him rest." We all understood this was tantamount to saying, "It is a hopeless case;" and he understood it, and drew my hand to his lips again and kissed it, and said again: "I have a wife and two children in the western part of the State of New York." His family pressed heavily upon his aching heart. I was about to ask him for his address, supposing he wished me to write to his family, but turned and saw his brother standing by his side, and all that matter was left with him.

Then he said: "Chaplain, don't leave me, don't leave me; pray for me."

I kneeled down and began to pray. His brother said: "Pray louder, pray earnestly; my brother is dying." In the prayer I endeavored to draw him to Christ, the only sure foundation and hope for a dying man. Being myself upon the sick list, and he becoming unconscious, I went to the tent, and tried to get a little rest. In about an hour an officer came to the tent door and asked, "Is Chaplain Wyatt here?" I answered, "Yes." He then said: "Your man is dead, and you must go and bury him." The men appointed to bury the dead were called for, and we dug a grave for him by moonlight, under the boughs of an old tree, and wrapped his bullet-torn blanket about him, and laid him away in the sand bank to sleep until the resurrection morning.

The Christian commission had furnished a large amount of stores of delicacies for the sick and wounded in the army. Our surgeon sent me up one day to their quarters, to get some things for his men. We

had not been able to obtain any vegetables for a long time, and were suffering seriously for the want of them.

I found here about a dozen strong, healthy-looking young men, students from some Theological school. They had the best quarters we saw anywhere in that part of the camp. It was about nine o'clock in the morning—too early for them to be up. We looked in. There they lay, snugly wrapped in large, beautiful and warm blankets, the best we had seen in the army, sound asleep.

I probably did not look very ministerial. Our baggage wagons had not come up, and we had no means of getting a change of clothes, and had camped down on the ground with only one small blanket, and most of the way no tent to cover our sunburnt head. Then it was impossible for me to shave myself, and I could find no barber. My clothes were well worn by this time, and I had on an old slouch hat.

When I opened the tent and spoke, the response was: "Who is there?"

"Chaplain of the One Hundred and Ninth New York," I said. Then a young man came to the door and took my dimensions—scanned me from head to foot very carefully. I drew down my old slouch hat an inch or two lower over my eyes.

He stepped back and straightened himself up, and said:

"At what college were you educated, and where did you graduate?"

"In my father's lower meadow, sir, one of the grandest institutions in the world."

"Who is your Colonel?"

"We haven't any, sir, we fight on our own hook; Benjamin F. Tracy of Owego was our Colonel when we started, but he was taken sick and resigned."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Some of the good things, sent by the patriotic and noble people of our country, to feed the sick and wounded in our regiment."

"We have not got any good things, they are all gone." "Here are some lemons sir, we would like some of them if you please, they are just what we need at this time." "I would have you to know, sir, that lemons are not good for you."

"Very well, sir, we are glad to get the information; good bye!" I need not add that this was my last application to the Christian Commission. I would have died before asking another favor of them.

The best thing that could be said of these young men is, they should never have been sent to the field. There they were wrapped in warm blankets, with the best of tents, and plenty of canned fruits, meats and wines, while these poor soldiers, who were giving their lives for their country, had not a tent to cover their heads, and were dying for the want of these very things.

They were from the schools, and wanted to earn money to pay their tuition. The schools can do a great deal for men, but they cannot give them brains nor common sense; and when men have neither the one nor the other, they had better be kept near home.

Through the most of this campaign we tied our horse's halter around our hand to hold him, and then

lay down upon the ground, often in the rain, to sleep, with no tent to cover our heads.

On the battle-field of Spottsylvania, in a hard, driving rain, I spread my blanket over a bush for shelter, and sat there, holding my horse from the going down of the sun to its rising again, with none near to whom I could speak a word, if sick or in peril. The next day I went to the authorities and procured a small tent, under which the surgeon and I lay the rest of the time until I left.

Many of these soldiers could not be trusted; they were "roughs," some of them taken from the "slums" of our great cities, and would steal one from the other. Many of the cavalry men, if they could get hold of a good horse, would leave their old jaded, wind-broken one, and take him in a moment. I had a splendid little tight-built bay pony; he would run like the wind with me through the woods, and jump ditches and fences like a deer. I became very much attached to him, and he to me. While many had a servant to hold and care for their horses, I held my own, and he stood over me as sentinel while I slept, all through the Wilderness.

I used to watch him while he fed in the field, and never allowed him to go out of my sight. One day he passed behind a clump of bushes—my eye was upon him—when I saw a man making rapidly for him. I hastened to the spot, but he already had hold of him. I said kindly to him, "friend, that is my horse." He answered, "that is a very fine animal," let go of the bridle and walked away. If I had been five minutes later, I should never have seen my horse

again When I left the army, it was hard parting with the pony that had done me such good service, and on such poor fare. Often, for whole days, in the pine woods, he would have nothing to eat but some button-wood leaves, and yet he kept fat and bright as a colt, ready always for the chase.

As might be expected, my health failed; I took the prevailing disease of the army, and no remedies that could be obtained did me any good. Our exposures in lying upon the ground were not all the difficulties we had to encounter. We had not suitable food, and had to eat anything which came to hand. The green apples were about as large as small-sized walnuts; these we stewed and sweetened with the poorest kind of dirty brown sugar. Then the water we used was just surface water, taken from low places after rains. When we stopped, the soldiers would pitch right into these pools of standing water and bathe, using soap, so the water was thick with dirt and soap, to say nothing of creeping things that infested all the men, and with this water we had to fill our canteens and make our coffee. Then the excitement. There was no time after crossing the Rapidan, by night or day, that we were not under fire. During the interim of fearful battles, now and then a shell would fall and burst right in our midst. Then we could not tell who among us was sighted by the sharp-shooter posted in some tree-top. The minnies did not cease to sing about us at any hour of the day, or night, and my system gave way under this fearful and constant pressure.

During all this time I took no stronger drink than

coffee. I was repeatedly urged by my surgeon to take some of the liquor that was so freely used by almost every one, both officers and privates; but I preferred to die, rather than bring disgrace upon the Church, and my family, or to set such an example before my men. All the while they were urging me to take it, they were denouncing those chaplains who did resort to it. I might have suffered less, and remained longer in the army by its use, but I should have lost my own self-respect which was dearer to me than suffering.

I went into the hospital, but found myself constantly running down, and plainly saw that to live there was an utter impossibility. The surgeons advised me to fall back to Washington, but I did not wish to be an expense to the government, when I could render no further service to the country. So I tendered my resignation to the authorities, and it was accepted, and I was duly and honorably discharged from the service. On the day that Grant started for James river and Petersburg, I rode my little pony to the White House, fifteen miles. Here he and I parted to meet no more, unless, as Wesley thinks, there shall be a resurrection of the beasts; in that case I shall be most happy to see him in his new and better paradise, where he will hunger no more, and suffer no more.

I was in all this seventeen days' fight; the greatest battle ever fought since the world was; yet, in making up the details, I am indebted largely to the reporters and public prints. So the statements are perfectly reliable, and the story is not half told.

## CHAPTER XV.

## SUPERANNUATED.

MY war experience so completely prostrated my nervous system, that it was months before I was able to do any regular work. The first I attempted to do was at Candor, in Owego district, where I had been stationed twenty-five years before, and where we had such a glorious revival. The present Church was composed largely of those persons then converted. Their minister, the Rev. Jacob Miller, withdrew from the Church in the midst of the year, and expected to take a large number of the members of the Church with him. His arrangements were all made with this expectation. It was thought that if I could possibly undertake the work, many might be saved to the Church. Although still very feeble, I undertook the work, and never had reason to regret it, as the peace and prosperity of the Church were thus preserved. Instead of Methodism being buried, as Mr. Miller predicted it would be, it went grandly forward, so that in the second year we went to work and solicited subscriptions, and raised money to build a new Church, which was built and dedicated in a little over two years after Mr. Miller left.

The first thing I did here was to preach the funeral sermon of Brother Judson, from Philemon 2d verse,



*"To the Church in thy house."* We had long known him and worshiped with him in his little Church in his house. He had a hard and unsuccessful life, always in debt, and late in life he became fearfully embarrassed. For many years he had been in California, apart from his family and alone among strangers, to try and regain his fortune. But he came home with disease fastened upon him, and died in hope of a blissful immortality. Many happy days we have spent in his house, with his lovely family in Oxford. Sweet and precious is his memory.

Great changes had taken place within the twenty-five years at Candor. Death had been there, doing his work. Brother Hubbard, a pillar in the Church and faithful leader, had gone. But his devoted wife, bound hand and foot with a chain that no human power could break, was yet sitting patiently and meekly in her chair, waiting until her change should come.

Brother James Smith, forty years a class leader, still went in and out before his class, with his locks whited with the frosts of three-score and ten winters, as useful in the Church, and confident of eternal life and blessedness as ever.

Brother Hewitt, the local preacher, who had done more to establish Methodism in Candor than any other man, was yet alive, bending beneath the weight of years.

Henry Sackett, one of our firm friends and most liberal supporters, had removed to Albany; and his wife, a liberal-hearted, devoted Christian lady, had found her long-sought rest.

Brother and sister Little, an Irish family, beloved by all who knew them, one of the best, most substantial and reliable Methodist families in the place, walked the whole of life's journey together, and in death they were not separated. Both were buried in one day.

My health yet continued poor—not sufficient to take effective work; and at our Conference in Carbondale, April 12th, 1864, I took a superannuated relation.

Rev. W. P. Abbott, D. D., was transferred to Troy Conference, and stationed at Ash Grove Church; and we moved with him into the city of Albany.

Some trouble having arisen between the pastor and people of Arbor Hill Church, in this city, he was removed, and I was appointed to take his place.

This Church was in a place where it was very much needed, surrounded by a large population with little or no Church privileges. We had a substantial brick house, beautifully situated in a good Protestant neighborhood, all paid for, and a very fine, intelligent congregation.

We formed here some memorable associations with a good people, had some conversions, and, we believe, met the expectations of the people and of the Conference.

We are sorry to say that this Church has since been merged into another, at the corner of Lumber and Ten Broeck streets, with another organization, also from Broadway, forming a very large and powerful Church, which promises great usefulness in the city. Yet the ground on the hill is lost to Methodism,

and other churches have gone in and occupied it, and it will be long years before the loss which our Church has sustained will be made up.

Methodism in this city is not by any means equal to two or three other Protestant Churches that might be named; yet it compares well with our Church in other large cities and large towns along the Hudson river. We have six large Churches, and one colored, besides a very powerful Sunday-school organization and mission work.

Albany was incorporated a city in 1686, under Governor Dongan's administration, and is the oldest city in the United States. It has a population of about a hundred thousand, with some very fine public buildings, as well as private residences, the best of school facilities and manufacturing interests. The capitol building, now in process of erection, will be, when completed, decidedly the most magnificent building in the country.

We have a pleasant, comfortable residence at 22 Jay street, where we expect to reside until death removes us to that better and more glorious house, not made with hands, eternal and in the heavens.

The city of Newburgh, on the west bank of the Hudson river, is one of great interest to me. Here were Washington's head-quarters. The old house in which he lingered to take leave of his troops at the close of the war, still remains, with many things of interest which have found a place in the history of our country. Overlooking the spur of the Alleghenies, as the Hudson river breaks through the old moss-grown mountains on its way to the ocean, the

scenery is most picturesque and sublime. Here are some of the finest drives, with the most pleasant views to be found anywhere in the country.

We are drawn to this place by the dearest earthly ties. Here our family originated, and here sleep the ashes of our early ancestors, the Sands, the Caverlys and the Wyatts. Here, also, are the foot-prints of our youngest daughter, our sainted Lizzie, who for three years went in and out before this, the Lord's "so great a people." Yes, we have an interest in these classic grounds, as strong and dear as life's most precious memories, as sacred as death and the grave can make them.

During the absence of Rev. W. P. Abbott, D.D., with his afflicted family, in Europe, we supplied his place in Trinity M. E. Church. We found seven hundred members, and the house well filled with a very intelligent, attentive audience, and like the noble Bereans, they heard the word with gladness, and "searched the Scriptures daily to see if these things were so." They received us cordially, and treated us with great respect and affection, and we preached to them with freedom and comfort, and added many to our long list of very dear friends. Heaven must be the richer on the account of them, and there to meet all our friends where we have gone preaching this gospel,

"The thought of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create."

Methodism has a strong hold in Newburgh; St. John's Church, also, has more than seven hundred

members, and has had great prosperity under the pastoral charge of Rev. L. H. King. Grace Church, in the western part of the city, has a membership of one hundred and fifty, and is in a prosperous condition. At North Newburgh there is still another flourishing Church.

The Washington Square M. E. Church, in the city of New York, will ever live fresh and green in my memory. My son Albert was stationed here for his third appointment in the New York Conference. His health, never very firm, was often such that he needed help; and it was a great pleasure and privilege for me to go down and preach for him. I also supplied his pulpit during his vacations. In this way I became acquainted and very much attached, to many of the members of Fourth-street Church. The kindness and attention which they gave to my son and his family, made a warm place in my heart for them; and then they all and always welcomed me cordially in taking his place. I thought there never was a more loving or a better people.

But when our son-in-law, Rev. W. P. Abbott, D.D., followed my son into the same Church, and I had three years more acquaintance with them, and many opportunities of preaching to them again under his pastorate, supplying his place while he took another trip to Europe, the bonds of love were still closer drawn between us. But in the end of the third year, when that terrible affliction came upon us, and we were called to give up our darling Lizzie, the kindness, the sympathy, the love and attention which we all received from this dear people, will ever live in our

memory while memory remains. We love them as brethren and sisters: and we hope to join them all in that world where death never comes, and where ties are never sundered.

In the winter of 1871, we spent some most happy weeks and months with the M. E. Church, at Lansingburgh, Rensselaer county, N. Y., during the sickness of their pastor. They have a large and influential Church, where a minister of the Lord Jesus can be happy, if he can be made happy this side of heaven. We had preached there once before, when stationed in the city of Carbondale, and taken a collection for that Church. Methodism here ranks well with all other protestant churches, and is inferior to none.

In 1872, I received an appointment to Fultonville, Albany district, Troy Conference. Here were brought to light some interesting facts. The mansion of Sir Guy Johnson, and his son William Johnson, stood on the bank of the Mohawk, between here and Amsterdam. They were the great "tories" of the country. They lived here in all the splendor and rank of noblemen, until their possessions were confiscated by the government. "Johnstown" bears their family name.

Joseph Brant, the terrible scourge of all this section of the country, was educated by the younger Johnson at a school in Massachusetts, which is now the celebrated Dartmouth college, under Dr. Wheelock, and actually engaged in missionary work with the Rev. Mr. Stewart, an Episcopalian minister in the Mohawk valley, and translated the gospel of Mark, and several other religious books, into the Indian language; but Brant being a neighbor, and under the

influence of the Johnsons, took up arms against the Americans in the revolutionary contest.

Combining the natural sagacity of the Indian with the skill and science of the civilized man, he was a formidable foe, and a terror to all loyal people. He was born in 1742; his parents lived a little west of Fultonville. This is the man who carried such devastation and death through the beautiful valleys of the Mohawk and Wyoming.

General Schuyler, who lived at Albany with some loyal Indians, was the principal defender of the Mohawk Valley. Some of his Indian friends one day, after a battle with the French from Canada near this place, invited the General to come and dine with them. He could not refuse so kind an offer. They had some pieces of very fine roasted meat and soup; the General was hungry and ate very heartily, and the soup was so especially good, that he took the ladle to fill his dish the second time, but in so doing he dipped up a man's hand. This spoiled his appetite and abruptly finished his dinner. The Indians made themselves very gleeful and happy over the General's splendid dinner on a good fat Frenchman.

My health was poor when I went to this charge. I had been accustomed from early youth to severe sick headache, but now a terrible headache came on of another and alarming kind. My physician said it was the heat; but congestion of the brain bordering on apoplexy set in, and terminated very abruptly my work and nearly my life. For three months I knew nothing that transpired all was a blank. The good people of Fultonville were very kind and attentive to

us in all our afflictions, and we remember them with much affection. Rev. Brother Farr, of this city, brought me home in a perfectly helpless condition, and visited me almost daily through all my sickness, singing and praying with me, and showing all the kindness of a brother. He has since gone home before me, and I hope to greet and welcome him beyond the reach of sickness and death.

Soon after I had recovered my mental and physical strength, my son, stationed at Wilkesbarre, lost his health, and feeling a desire, if possible, yet to do something for the Master, I hurried to my old field of labor, where I had spent eight of the most eventful years of my ministry, and for six months preached again to this dear people. We found many changes after a fifteen years' absence. Some old and dear friends had gone, but some remained, with whited locks and wrinkled brows, who greeted us as warmly as though we had come to them from the dead. Our stay among them was a perfect ovation from the beginning. We were received into their houses, and feasted at their tables, and made most happy in their families and among their children. When we went into the Church to preach, the good people came from miles up and down the Valley, and from Kingston and over the mountain to hear us again as aforetime. The old Church was filled to its utmost capacity, the pulpit stairs, the altar and the aisles, clear back to the door, to hear the Word of Life during all our stay among them.

It was a great, and glorious, and happy time; one of the best along the whole of life's journey. At the



close of the year, our son having sufficiently recovered to take work, we returned to our home in Albany.

The next year I was appointed to St. James' Church, Kingston, New York, for six months, to supply the place of Dr. Ridgeway, who was traveling in the Holy Land. Here again we found ourselves on historic ground. This is one of the oldest Dutch settlements in the State; it having commenced in 1616, and is said to have been the third settlement in the State. In the year 1663, the Indians near this place became discontented with their Dutch neighbors, and united in a scheme to exterminate them. In the month of June they seized the opportunity, while the men were away on their farms, to enter under pretence of trade, and killed or carried off captive sixty-five persons. The Netherlanders rallied, seized their arms, and, with some troops sent from New Amsterdam, subdued and drove off the enemy, and re-took the most of the captives.

Kingston was burned by the British, under Gen. Vaughn, 1777, and a large quantity of public stores were destroyed. Every house, excepting one, was burned.

The old stone house in which the committee met to draft the constitution of the State of New York, is yet standing in the central part of the city.

Our stay at St. James' Church was one of the happiest times in our ministry. Our house was filled with intelligent, attentive hearers; the parsonage was nicely furnished; the people were loving and cordial. Many of the friendships which we there

formed have since been cemented more closely, and we hope to live with them forever in the better land. We consider it one of the best appointments in the New York Conference; and he is a happy man who is called to serve them as their pastor. Rev. Brother Romer, of the New York Conference, our dear friend, with whom we took such sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company, and in whose family we spent so many happy hours, has been suddenly called to his reward. His life was a long and eventful one, the most of which was spent in active service in the Church he loved, and his end was peaceful and happy.

“Life’s labor done as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies,  
While heaven and earth combine to say  
How blest the righteous when he dies.”

Then it has been our privilege to become acquainted quite largely in Bedford street Church, New York. For several years we have supplied their pulpit during the vacation of their different pastors. Their congregation is large; their great audience room is well filled with those who come expecting displays of divine power upon themselves and the people, and they are not disappointed. They follow the old Methodist style, and sing, and shout, and pray as the Spirit dictates; and there is such a charm about their freedom of worship, that the multitudes are attracted by it. Their seats are free, and all are welcome. I have never preached so easily in any place, as in that pulpit. There is so much fervor and inspiration of the Holy Spirit that a poor ser-

mon often passes for a good one, and both preacher and people are blessed, and happy together. May the old fire never burn out in Bedford street!

During our superannuation and stay in Albany, we have made ourselves as useful as possible by assisting our brethren in the regular work, and in protracted meetings.

I assisted in a meeting of this kind at Glen's Falls, in Warren county, New York. The Hudson river here falls a distance of seventy feet. The water flows in one sheet over the brink of the precipice, nine hundred feet in length, and when in full flood, rushes in one mass down the cataract. The banks below are seventy feet perpendicular; the rocks containing many organic remains.

This place is near Lake George, one of the most beautiful and popular summer resorts on the upper Hudson. Rogers' rock rises amid its placid waters, made memorable in the history of our country by the following incident:

During the winter of 1758, Major Rogers was one of a party that was surprised and put to flight by the Indians at the outlet of the lake. Rogers came alone to the summit of this rock, whither he knew the Indians would follow him by his tracks in the snow, and where he prevented pursuit by a singular stratagem. Throwing his pack down the precipice, he slipped off his snow-shoes, and without changing their position turned himself about and again put them on his feet. Thus equipped, he retreated several rods along the brow of the rock. The Indians coming to the spot, went no farther, as they saw the

two tracks both leading the same way, and apparently made by two persons who had come to the precipice and chosen to throw themselves off rather than fall into their hands. Meanwhile Rogers made good his escape to the foot of the rock, and resumed his pack, and went in safety to the head of the lake.

There were a goodly number of converts at this place, and we formed some acquaintances with friends which will long be cherished.

At Fort Edward, too, we spent several weeks in an extra meeting, which was quite successful. Dr. King's popular institution of learning is located here; many of the most useful ministers of the Troy Conference were educated in this school.

The Institute was recently burned; but it is now being rebuilt on a more enlarged and magnificent scale.

We also assisted at a meeting held in Goshen, Orange county, New York. Rev. Brother Tinker was pastor. This is the half shire town of Orange county, and is remarkable as being the birth-place of George Clinton, who was twenty-one years governor of New York State, and served one term in the State Legislature, and four years vice-president of the United States; one of the most remarkable and most popular men in our country.

Here we had good success, and made many very warm friends; and we trust in the end we shall find some stars from Goshen in our crown of rejoicing.

We are now in the enjoyment of a most happy old age, surrounded with a great many warm friends, at our quiet home in the city of Albany.

We have the best of church privileges, with comfortable health, a good hope of the resurrection from the dead and life everlasting.

Many of my brethren in the ministry, who commenced preaching this gospel about the time I did, a little less than fifty years ago, have gone before me; but I yet linger, and am patiently waiting until my change come.

As I sit in my pleasant home, with the foliage of nature in its "sere and yellow leaf," with increasing infirmities pressing upon me, and look back upon the years of my life spent in the ministry, I could wish I had been a better man and brought more souls to Christ. Yet, is it not enough that the servant be as his Lord?

"Christ never went outside a Province about the size of Vermont. He healed a few sick, preached to a few thousand, then died. Many a physician has healed more sick; many a minister has preached to larger audiences. The five hundred witnesses of the resurrection were apparently all the converts who survived Jesus of Nazareth. At the end of Wesley's life Methodism had overspread two continents, and numbered upwards of eighty thousand adherents. The history of the Church has abundantly fulfilled the Lord's gracious promise to his disciples: 'Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to my Father.'"

# SERMONS.

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## I.

### GENERAL RESURRECTION.

“Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?”—Acts, xxvi : 8.

GOD created the heavens and the earth ; all these beautiful worlds and orbs of light—the sun, the moon, and the stars—are the work of His fingers. “The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun ; which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it : and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.”

And “why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?”

A thing is incredible when it is not well authenticated.

Could I go back a hundred years, and stand in Exeter Hall, before a congregation of Englishmen, I should be likely to speak of the Declaration of Independence just made by our American Congress. I should see their disapprobation and hear them say: "It is the height of folly and madness. These rebellious colonies must and shall be subdued." But should I say: "Dear sirs, in a hundred years to come the United States will be free and independent, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, having a population of forty millions of free men, and will be the richest, strongest and most glorious government upon the face of the whole earth"—that would seem incredible.

But, to-day, I can talk of a government before which all Kingdoms, and Empires, and Monarchies tremble and are afraid; a terror to all evil doers and a praise to all that do well, with perfect credibility.

Or could I go back one hundred and thirty years, and stand in the same place, before the same people, I should be likely to speak of Wesley and his work, forming little bands among the colliers, instituting prayer meetings and class meetings. And again I should see them smile, and hear them say, "It will amount to nothing." "But, dear sirs, in a hundred and thirty years, these Methodists will be found in all lands, prominent officers in all governments, armies and navies, in the islands of the sea, and in the uttermost parts of the earth—a Church without a parallel in the world's history, for piety, numbers, wealth, and moral and religious and political power.

Ten millions of them will be in heaven, ten mil-

lions on earth about their Master's work, and ten millions more gathered into their congregations, receiving the word of life from Methodist ministers."

*That would seem incredible*; even Wesley, himself, would not believe it. But to-day I can speak of thirty millions of Methodists in heaven and on earth, with perfect credibility. This is the Lord's doings; it is marvelous in our eyes. "And why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

The resurrection from the dead is purely a matter of revelation; it is not a matter of speculation, nor yet a thing to be proved; it is a matter of history; it is a thing that *has been* in all ages and in all lands.

The son of the widow of Sarepta died, and Elijah brought back the soul of the child and presented him alive to his mother. Then the son of the good Shunamite was carrying dinner to the reapers, and he was smitten with a sun-stroke, and cried, "my head! my head!" and died; but Elisha came to the rescue, and he lived. Then they were burying a man in a hurry, and saw in the distance a band of robbers bearing down upon them, and they threw him into the sepulchre of Elisha, the prophet; and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of the prophet, he revived, and stood upon his feet, and had no need of being buried.

Then a fair maid died, and all the house was clothed in mourning; and Jesus came, and said: "Talitha! cumi, Talitha! cumi; maid, I say unto thee, arise!"

Then a funeral procession was passing the gate of



the city of Nain. A young man was dead; the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and Jesus touched the bier, and said: "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" and he lived.

And Peter went down to Joppa, where Dorcas lived and died; a woman full of good works and alms-deeds which she did, and all the saints and widows were there weeping, and showing the coats and garments which she made while she was with them. And Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down and prayed, and said: "Tabitha, I say unto thee, arise!" and she opened her eyes, and sat up and lived.

And Jesus went into Judea to Bethany, where Lazarus had been dead four days, and said: "Lazarus, come forth!" and he came forth, bound hand and foot, in his graveclothes; and he said, "loose him, and let him go."

And the two distinguished martyrs, the witnesses who testified to the truth, and were slain in Jerusalem, and laid unburied for three days in the streets, were raised from the dead, and they lived.

Then when Jesus was nailed to the cross, when that great battle was fought, the greatest ever fought between truth and error; between light and darkness; between heaven and hell, while all hell stood aghast, and silence reigned in heaven, and the sun was darkened, and the earth shook to her center, and the rocks were rent. The battle was with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood. Then the old saints which had long slept in the dust of the earth, heard the tread of battle, turned over, and looked out to see how it went. The day seemed to be lost; the

old flag was pierced with the soldiers' spear; it was torn and covered with blood; it drooped, went down and trailed in the dust. Hope expired; the powers of darkness triumphed; hell rejoiced, and the heavens were hung in festoons of mourning. The disciples mourned and wept, and gave up all for lost, while they said: "We had hoped it had been he who should have redeemed Israel."

These old saints heard the cry of defeat, and moved not again for three days. Had it been a defeat they would have never risen, but would have slept on to the ages. But it was not a defeat, it was only in appearance; it was a bold and successful stratagem. His fall was his triumph. His mild voice was heard amid the din, and strife, and roar of battle, "Rejoice not against me, Oh! mine enemy, for though I fall, I shall rise again." And he did rise. On the third morning, while it was yet dark, he seized the standard and lifted it high in air; he turned the defeat into a glorious victory, while he unfurled the blood-stained banner of the cross. The enemy saw it, and was astonished; the Roman soldiers saw it, and fell as dead men to the ground; death saw it, and bowed his head, and grounded arms, and his sting was shaken out, and he was captured, and the sun shone out, and the vail was rent, and the way was open into the holy of holies by the blood of sprinkling. Then these old saints, who were clad in sheepskins and goatskins, of whom the world was not worthy, who had kept the faith, and received the promises, now saw the victory was complete,

"Burst the bands of death,"

and went into the holy city and joined the holy triumph. Justice is satisfied, our debt is paid, and we are free; free from the dominion of sin and power of death. And they join the grand acclaim:

“ Say, live forever, wondrous king;  
Born to redeem and strong to save;  
Then ask the monster, where's thy sting?  
And where's the victory, boasting grave?”

And they were about old earth for forty days,

“ Publishing the signs infallible.”

Then when Jesus ascended, they went up, the first ripe fruit of the great resurrection harvest, having risen to die no more. And I hear them saying: “ Lift up your heads, ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and let the King of glory come in. Who is the King of glory? The Lord, the Lord mighty in battle, he is the King of glory.” The battle is won, the victory is gained; death and the grave, the devil and sin, and all our enemies are conquered and vanquished, and the great Conqueror is here with some ripe sheaves, gathered for the garner. “ Let us in, we say, that we may tell the story, and share the benefits of the victory.” And they did let them in, while they joined with the whole redeemed multitude, to sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb; the triumphs of the great Jewish lawgiver, and the triumphs of the Lamb.

“ And why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?”

Then the resurrection from the dead has been a matter of faith in all time past.

Abraham believed it; God said to him: "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest and offer him a sacrifice in the place where I shall tell thee. But in Isaac the seed shall be called." Yet Abraham staggered not at the promises he conferred, not with flesh and blood, but took his son and bound him, and made his offering unto God as the father of the faithful. "Accounting that God was able to raise him up even from the dead, from whence he received him in a figure." Then Abraham looked out from the midst of his trial and offering, and saw Christ's day; he saw the triumphs of the new covenant of the gospel; he saw the dead rising. He saw the father of the faithful and Sarah coming up from the cave of Machpelah. He saw Isaac and Rebecca coming; he saw Jacob and Rachael, Leah, and the whole family starting into life. He saw Reuben and Benjamin; yea, he saw all the scattered tribes from all nations, and from the uttermost parts of the earth. He saw the whole family of man redeemed by the blood of Christ, with the bands of death all loosed, coming up from their long slumbers clothed with immortality, to die no more. Death was swallowed up in victory, his dominion finished. He saw every knee bowing, and every tongue swearing allegiance to Christ; he saw them bring forth the royal diadem and crown him Lord of all. He saw Christ's day, and was glad.

Then Job was a believer in the resurrection. He was smitten with sore disease from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, his skin had all gone to decay and he says: "Though after my skin worms shall destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see

God." There is no doubt about it. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth," among these graves as he stood at the grave of Lazarus, and the dead shall live. Then the perfect and upright man will come up from the land of Uz, with his body all healed, with no more tempting devil, no false-hearted wife, no treacherous friends, but he will stand side by side, shoulder to shoulder with his living Redeemer, whom he shall see for himself and not another.

Isaiah believed in the resurrection; he says: "Thy dead men shall live, together, with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead. Come, my people, enter into thy chambers and shut thy doors about thee, hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be over past."

Mark the certainty of which the prophet speaks of the resurrection: "*Thy dead men shall live.*" Reason says it cannot be so; that is incredible, for these bodies have been scattered to the four winds of heaven, and have entered into the composition of beasts, of birds, of fishes, of plants, and of other men. And how can every man have his identical body? I have only to say, God lives and this is God's word, and that is enough.

"Awake and sing ye that dwell in dust; thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead."

As the dew upon the mown grass, and the parched and thirsty earth causes vegetation to spring forth and

live, *so* shall thy dead men live, and the earth shall cast forth her dead. Not another body, but the same body that goes down into the grave, with all that appertains to its identity, a glorified immortal body, like unto the glorious body of Jesus Christ.

And here we rest in hope. "Come, my people, enter into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself as it were a little moment, until the indignation be overpast." The rest of the grave will be sweet; here we get our release; here earth's bitter work is all done; here we sweetly rest with the door of the vault shut closely about us, until the indignation, until every storm of life has swept by, and the captive delivered. The worm will prey upon our bodies, but it will not wake us from our slumbers; our bodies will crumble into dust, but it will not affect our tranquillity; we shall sleep on undisturbed until Gabriel's last trump shall sound, and the earth shall cast out her dead.

Ezekiel, also, was a firm believer in the resurrection of the dead. The Lord gave him his appointment, and carried him to it. A most lovely valley, stretching out as far as sight could reach, perfumed with flowers growing amid the green fields, along the water courses, and on the hill sides. Nature conspired to make the appointment all he could desire. But the moral and intellectual character of the people was anything but desirable. No schools, no seminaries of learning, no prayer meetings, no class meetings, the voice of no minister of the sanctuary had ever saluted their ears; they had never heard a gospel sermon; and the Holy Spirit had never reached

their hard and unsubdued hearts to move them to repentance. *They were dead; all dead; hushed by slumbers that ordinarily know no waking.*

“Hope did not come that comes to all.”

Despair brooded over every countenance; nobody thought their condition would ever be improved. No minister was ever sent to such a charge to preach the gospel to dead men. But the commission could not be doubted; the voice was heard distinctly from the mouth of God: Son of man, prophesy, preach! But lest there might be some mistake about it, the prophet thought he would reconnoitre the field, and see if he could not find a live man somewhere. They went all around into every dwelling place, into every nook and corner; but no! he could not find the breath of life; all dead, abandoned, forsaken of God and man. The voice was heard again: “Son of man, prophesy, preach!”

And he did preach; and the Holy Spirit attended the word; and it was not in word only, but in demonstration of the spirit of God and of power. There was a move, a shaking among the bones as there used to be when our fathers preached the gospel in days of old; bone came to bone, and flesh and sinews came up upon the bones; men appeared where there were no men, and life came where there was no life. The resurrection power visited the bones and they lived; and there is power in the gospel to raise dead men; and no minister ought to hesitate to go anywhere to preach this gospel; and then he ought to preach it with a faith and power that will

raise the dead, so that the resurrection will no longer be a matter of speculation and doubt, but a matter of fact and of history clearly established by the preaching of the gospel. Unless these ministers can point to living men as their epistles, known and read of all men, they have no evidence of a call to preach the gospel.

The voice was heard again, from the mouth of God: "Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel, and when I shall open their graves, and cause them to come up out of their graves, then ye shall know that I am the Lord."

Israel then shall live. It is in the Divine arrangement that Israel, to whom pertained the giving of the law and the covenants and the promises, shall, in keeping with the preaching of the gospel, come up out of their graves. Yes, Israel shall rise with Moses, the great Jewish lawgiver, at their head; the six hundred thousand who came up out of the land of Egypt, with all who perished in the wilderness, all who entered into the land of Canaan, all who were carried away captive into Babylon, and who are now scattered, strangers among all nations and in all lands upon the face of the whole earth. On the resurrection morning they shall come up out of death's dark doings, bone to bone, with flesh and sinews upon the bones, clothed with immortality, to die no more. "Then shall ye know that I am the Lord, and that my word shall not return unto me void, when I have opened their graves, and caused them to come up out of their graves."

Daniel believed in the resurrection from the dead,



"At that time shall Michael, that great prince, stand up which standeth for the children of thy people, and there shall be a time of trouble, such as there never was since there was a nation, even to that same time. And at that time, thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book, and many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, forever and ever."

This is the angel of the covenant, Jesus our Saviour. John saw him standing for the children of thy people, as they come forth out of their graves, in the resurrection. Jesus will stand amid the rising dead, to receive every child of God, "clothed with a garment down to his feet, girt about the breast with a golden girdle; his head and his hair white like wool, as white as snow; his eyes as a flame of fire; his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; his voice as the sound of many waters, and his countenance as the sun shining in his strength." So shall the great prince stand clothed in majesty, power, and great glory to receive every devoted disciple of the cross. Thus he comes up in holy triumph from the dominions of death and the grave, shouting: "Here it cometh to pass that death is swallowed up of victory."

Then there will be a time of trouble such as there never has been. God's people have their trouble now, but then it will be a time of trouble to their

enemies, to sinners, to infidels and scoffers who have denied Christ, and persecuted and murdered his people. Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth, *the many*, the whole multitude of earth's inhabitants shall awake. If the children of Abraham shall be as the stars of heaven, and as the sand upon the sea shore, innumerable, how many shall be the millions when all the pale armies of the dead, all that have ever lived, all that now live, and all that will live hereafter, shall spring into life? Death has laid men low, and sown graves all over our earth, like the sands of the sea, on the hillside and on the plain, until our world is a Golgotha, a vast cemetery, a place of the dead. But then every grave shall be opened, and the many, the whole multitude, shall awake; they that have done good, every one that is found written in the Book of Life, not a single humble servant shall be left behind, but he shall come forth into life everlasting.

The sinner, also, will come, however much he might prefer to sleep in silence and a state of unconsciousness; yet every one will come forth to trouble, to shame and everlasting contempt. The backslider will come, the Sabbath breaker will come, the profane swearer and drunkard will come, kings, princes, subjects, masters, slaves, generals, armies, husbands, wives, parents, children, black and white, old and young, barbarian and Scythian, all, all sinners will start from their monumental beds clothed with shame and everlasting contempt.

Belshazzar, who desecrated the vessels of the sanctuary with his nefarious wines, will then be weighed

in the balances and found wanting. Nebuchadnezzar, who impiously said: "Is not this great Babylon that I have built by the might of my power, and for the glory of my majesty," will see that the most High ruleth. Those who sought the life of the prophet will find that God whom Daniel serves, is able to deliver from the lions. It will be the day of doom; the time of unchangeable destiny.

Then Jesus taught the resurrection from the dead; he says: "The hour cometh when all that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and come forth, they that have done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, to the resurrection of damnation."

The Apostles believed in, and everywhere declared the resurrection. It is said of Paul, at Athens: "He seems to be a setter-forth of strange gods, because he preaches Christ and the resurrection." Then when Matthias was chosen to take part of the Apostleship from which Judas, by transgression, fell, they said: "One must be ordained to be a witness with us of his resurrection."

The doctrine is taught in every part of the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation. It is the corner-stone of Christianity; if this fails, the whole system goes down; "for if there be no resurrection from the dead, then our preaching is vain, and our faith is also vain, and we are found false witnesses, for we have testified that He raised up Jesus, whom he raised not up if the dead rise not. But glory be to God in the highest; now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."

We stand then upon the old foundation of Christ and the Apostles, and declare unto you the resurrection from the dead. "Why then should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?"

I have an interest in the resurrection. There is a *devil*; I knew him well when I was a child; I thought I saw him before me on the floor as I lay in my bed, and I felt his cold hand upon my person. I supposed he had come to carry me off bodily, and many long and tedious nights I lay with my arms around an elder brother, to keep from being carried off by the devil. And we know him yet; how often he has made his attacks upon us with demoniacal purposes, how fierce and subtle his temptations, none but he could thrust so sorely at us, but in the resurrection there shall be an end. The mighty Apocalyptic angel will come down from heaven, having the keys of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand; and he will stand one foot upon the sea, and one upon the solid ground, and lift up his hand toward heaven, and swear by Him that liveth forever and ever, that time was, but time shall be no more. And he will lay hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil and satan, and bind him, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and set a seal upon him that he deceive the nations no more forever.

I have yet other interest in the resurrection. *Death lives*. "Death reigned from Adam to Noah," and yet he reigns, holding firmly his bloody sceptre, ruling with a rod of iron, dashing men in pieces like a potter's vessel. He approaches my friends and

lays them low, and suddenly with silent tread he comes to my bedside and I die. He has no respect for position, for age or persons.

“The tall, the wise, the reverend head  
Shall lie as low as ours.”

But when Gabriel shall come, when the trumpet sounds loud and long, then death himself shall die, and be hurled from his throne of skulls, and all his captives set at liberty. “Then shall come to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory. Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory? thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

But I have yet other interest in the resurrection. I have a *body*, a very good body, with ordinary infirmities, yet I think very much of it. It has walked with me in all life's journey, shared all my sorrows and all my joys; it has never deserted me, nor spoken ill of me to my neighbor; it has never done me wrong. And the most that is painful in death, is the thought that I must part with my old and tried friend. And all that makes me shrink back from heaven, is the thought that my body will not be there. I know not how I can enjoy heaven without it. But in the resurrection we shall have our body better, more glorious, made like unto the glorious body of Jesus Christ; it will hunger no more, suffer no more, and die no more. Christ shall wipe away all tears from our eyes, and we shall move with the ease and rapidity of light, and never know what it is to be weary nor sick.

We have heard much and read much about a glorified body; yet we know comparatively little about it. Peter had a glimpse of one or two upon Mount Tabor, and he was perfectly astonished; he had never seen anything like it before; he fell on his face like John, before the glorious body of Jesus Christ, and said: "It is good to be here; let us make tabernacles, that we may abide here forever." Moses' body was all radiant with glory, when he came down from the Mount, so that they could not look upon his face without a vail; but ours shall be yet more glorious. Peter, James and John, saw the glorified body of Elijah, and they said it was glorious, and I do not doubt it. I, too, would like to see a glorified body. Paul, when caught up into the third heaven, seemed to get some idea of it; and he undertook to tell us about it, but he was too earthly to unfold its glories. He says: "Some will say, how are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; but God hath given it a body, as it hath pleased him." "There are celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another: there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for as one star differeth from another star in glory, so also shall it be in the resurrection." That is true enough, Paul; but I thought you were going to tell us about a glorified body. Well, well: "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised

in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." That is all I can tell about it; it is spiritual, and strong, and glorious; it would require words, unlawful to be uttered, to tell it. But Paul knows more about it now, having been in the presence of the glorified bodies of Enoch and Elijah and Jesus; and the time is near to come when we shall join him on the other shore where we shall "see as we are seen, and know as we are known."

I have yet other interests in the resurrection. We have *friends gone before*; friends in heaven. We love our friends, and nothing on earth makes us so sad as to part with them. The domestic circle is broken, and all that we hold dear is gone; our hearts are broken, and our dwellings are hung in festoons of mourning.

" But let me find them all again  
In that eternal day."

All have an interest here; all have friends gone before; but the grave cannot hold them; death must give them up; that lovely child of yours, the idol of your heart, that you committed to the tomb; that aged and venerable father of yours, wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary hairs, that beloved companion, the mother of your children, that sister, that brother, all, all will come. The old family circle will be whole again, while you are able to say: "Here am I and the children whom thou hast graciously given to thy servant, '*Home at last*,' " safe from the storm and the windy tempest;

safe from the wreck of matter and death's dark doings. The danger is all past, the victory won.

"Home at last, home at last."

Glory, glory, glory!

Talk of the resurrection—it is glorious; the end of the journey; the ultimatum of all life's conflicts and joys. Moses, in his hard toil, had an eye to it when he looked for the recompense of reward. The prophets, with their lips touched with hallowed fire, proclaimed it. And when they got their heads above the clouds, and saw in the distance the glory of earth's rising millions, then their inspired lips breathed, *Victory! Victory!* Jesus talked of it, and said: "Blessed is he that shall obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead." And while he was here on earth, they in heaven talked of the resurrection from the dead, saying: "They that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." He will gather them all up, not a hoof shall be left behind; death must yield, the grave cannot hold them. The all-conquering Jesus will come from this battle ground of Armageddon, bringing his trophies, the redeemed multitudes, "those that sleep in Jesus," with him. He comes, he comes; get ready your crowns, your white robes, your mansions; for lo! the King is coming with all his loved ones gathered from all lands—east, west, north and south. He hath triumphed gloriously.



## II.

## CLOSET.

“Enter into thy closet.”—Matt. 6: 6.

**A**MONG all the means that God has appointed to help men in the way to heaven, the closet is the first and most important. And among all the duties that God hath enjoined upon us, there are no duties that may not be left undone with less fearful consequences than these closet duties. And in all the work expected at our hands, there is no work from which we receive such prompt, such bountiful, such beneficial results as from this closet work.

“Enter into thy closet.”

*But what is the closet?* I answer, the closet is the good man's *armory*. Bunyan tells us he found a place once where they harnessed him all over from head to foot; this is the closet. Here the good man takes the shield of faith, and for a helmet the hope of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit. Here his feet are shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; here he takes the whole armor and is ready for duty; he cannot be taken by surprise; he is the Lord's minute man, just the man for the times. And I would that such men were multiplied a thousand fold.

Then the closet is the good man's *fort*. Here he meets the common enemy, but he does not meet him unprepared; the fort is well built; it is well armed; it is well manned; it is Zion's stronghold; it is our moral Gibraltar; it never was—it never can be taken. Jesus Christ, the great captain of our salvation, is in the fort; he is there to give direction to set the battle in order, to open fire upon the enemy, and Jesus Christ was never wont to lose a battle. And that man that is conversant with the closet has nothing to fear from the enemy. The Lord will make him more than a match for his enemies. "One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight."

Then the closet is the good man's *shelter from the storm*. When the storm rises, when the ills of life press sorely upon him, then he enters the closet, and finds rest—rest that is rest; here he rests as David rested when his soul came in contact with divinity, and he says: "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon the earth that I desire besides thee." Here he rests as Noah rested when he entered the ark, and the Lord shut him in. Let the storm rise, then; let the winds blow; let the rain descend, and let the floods come. The storm is all without; the closet is well roofed; not a drop of woe is permitted to fall upon "the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity." And, though the storm without may be a fiery storm, yet not so much as the smell of fire is found upon the good man within.

Then the closet is the good man's *place of business*.

This is the harbor where his ships enter, richly freighted with the good things of that better land; this is the depot where the wares of Canaan are deposited, and they are good wares. This is the telegraph office where he gets communications, glorious communications, from the city of the living God. Some men plant vineyards; some build houses; some go West to speculate in western stocks and lands; but this closet business is the best, the safest business. There is no smashing up; no making an assignment in the closet; that is not known to closet parlance. Then a man can do a very good and profitable business here, upon a very small capital.

Also, the closet is the good man's *dining-room*. Here he takes his breakfast, dinner, and supper; and here is good fare; wherever else you find poor fare, it is not in the closet; Daniel ate pulse here and grew fat upon it; he refused to eat the king's meat, and to drink the king's wine. They told him he would get lean, and ill-favored, and would never get promoted; "but," said he, "try me for ten days on this closet meat;" and at the expiration of ten days, there was no man in all the kingdom looked so well as that same Hebrew Daniel, and no man fared so well. And these closet meats are good meats; they are sweet to the taste, and they will make any man look well, and feel well, and insure all suitable promotion.

"Enter into thy closet."

But where can the closet be found? I answer anywhere, where men can come into audience with the Deity; there is the closet. Isaac's closet was

the *open field*; it was at eventide, when the sun was setting, when the toils and conflicts of the day were ended, that Isaac retired to the field to meditate, and he thought of past blessings, and contemplated future good. And the field is a good place to go when a man wants to get help of God.

But some have chosen the field for other and unholy purposes; I am sorry to note it. Two men once chose the field to fight a duel, to settle a question of honor. They chose their seconds, and made all due preparations, and entered the field when the dark curtain of night was drawn about them. A suitable time for such deeds of darkness. But as they drew near the place of conflict and death, they heard a human voice; it was the voice of prayer. A good man unwittingly had chosen the same field for his evening devotion. And he prayed well; he prayed what is prayer; his heart waxed warm while he prayed, and the closet influence got out all over that field; it entered the heart of those belligerents, and they dropped their arms and rushed into each other's embrace, and settled the difficulty right there. They obtained what the blacksmith calls a welding heat; and it was a good heat, they came well together. And there is no power, this side of heaven, like this closet power, to settle old difficulties, to bring men together in one. And how much better that the voice of prayer should go up from the field, than that the voice of a brother's blood should cry from the ground, having fallen in the duel.

Then Jacob's closet was the *ford of Jabbok*. That was a trying time in the history of the patriarch Jacob,

when he returned from Padan Aram, after twenty years with vast substance and came to the *ford*, and heard that his brother Esau was coming out to meet him with four hundred armed men. Jacob knew very well that it boded no good to him. There was an old difficulty of twenty years standing, that had not been settled. He knew how he had treated his brother, he had not forgotten the birthright nor the blessing, and how he had to flee the country to save his life, and Jacob felt that now he should fall by the hand of his much injured brother Esau. And he made out a princely present and sent it to "my lord Esau," to conciliate his favor. Then he divided his effects into two bands, and put a space between them and sent them on saying: "If my brother fall upon the one company and smite it, then the other company which is left shall escape." And he sent his wives and children over the *ford*, while he remained alone to lay the case before God.

And here he wrestled, just as a dying man should wrestle, with the angel of the covenant, the Lord Jesus Christ, all night. And when the day began to dawn the angel said: "Let me go now for the day breaketh." But Jacob said: "I will not let thee go except thou bless me. My case is an urgent case, no human power can save me, I must have help of God or die. My brother cometh to meet me with four hundred armed men, and I shall fall by the hand of my brother." Then the angel said: "What is thy name?" and he said it is Jacob, the veritable old supplanter, nothing better. And the angel said: "Thy name shall no longer be called Jacob, but Israel shall thy name be

called, for as a prince thou hast had power with God and hast prevailed." And Jacob left his closet, and went to see his brother, and he was glad to see him, and fell on his neck and kissed him; they had a happy time of it, and all this because of the closet influence; it brought Jacob through a very dangerous and trying scene. And for an emergency, for a hard trial, there is nothing on earth like the closet; there is no difficulty so great, no danger so alarming, and to be dreaded, but the closet will bring us safely through. And how suitable is the river bank, the lone cascade, the waterfall, for a man to bow the knee and look for help from God.

Daniel's closet was an *upper room* with his windows open toward Jerusalem. The king had made a decree that they should not pray at all to any God, for thirty days. But Daniel had never lived thirty days without prayer; Daniel would not think of living thirty days without prayer; and he went into his chamber with his windows open toward Jerusalem, and kneeled and prayed as aforetime. His enemies came and looked in, and said: "In all that appertaineth to the government as a minister of state, we shall find nothing against Daniel, he is honest and blameless here, as all the people know, but in the matter of conscience, in this matter of his religion and his God, he will pray in spite of the decree of the king, and here we have him;" and they drew him out of the closet and cast him into the lion's den, an unfortunate place from which to take Daniel, if they thought to do him harm. And Daniel had a good night's rest with his soul among lions. The king, after a restless night,

came down early in the morning, and looked into the den and said: "Oh Daniel, Daniel, is that God, whom thou servest, able to deliver thee from the lions?" Daniel says: "Oh king, is this you; live forever. The Lord hath sent his angel and shut the lions' mouths, and I have no harm." And, my brethren, there is not a lion this side of perdition so fierce, I do not care if it is the old roaring lion himself, but the closet power will shut his mouth. The old pilgrim had trouble once about lions; he thought he saw them in the way, and he could see no way to escape, but the closet influence came to the rescue, and chained up the fierce, angry lions, so he passed safely.

Peter's closet was the *house top*; here he went for prayer and praise. Peter went into the closet a Jew, with all the prejudices of a Jew, supposing that salvation is of the Jews, and for none other. But as he prayed, and came under divine influence, he saw a vision, a great sheet let down from heaven, knit at the four corners, and full of all manner of four-footed beasts and creeping things; provision made for all nations, and tongues, and peoples; a free and full salvation by Jesus Christ our Lord, divine, in its origin, coming down from God, out of heaven; and he came out into a large place, and his soul was blest and happy; and the old Jewish nutshell of a limited atonement was broken, and then and there he learned that salvation is for the race for the whole human family. And he went down from the closet, and went forty miles up into Cesarea, and led Cornelius into the kingdom of Jesus Christ, the very first Gentile

convert ever brought to Christ and added to the Church. And let a poor sectary go into the closet and get his soul blest and happy, and he will lose all his bigotry; for bigotry cannot live nor breathe in the closet; but under this influence men are led to say with Peter, "I perceive of a truth that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him."

Then Jesus' closet was the *mountain top*. He was accustomed to spend whole nights in prayer in the mountain. It was noon of night, when the moon and stars shone out, and all nature was clad in scenes of loveliness, when the lone stranger kneeled on the cold ground and breathed out his soul to God. And did Jesus pray, in whom dwelt all the fullness of the God-head bodily? how much more should we pray, with all our sinfulness, and weaknesses, and wants; pray often, pray long, pray all night.

Washington's closet was the *woods of Valley Forge*. That was a trying time in the history of our country, when Washington had his head-quarters at Valley Forge. The army was reduced to a mere handful, and poorly clothed, and poorly fed, and poorly armed. They could trace the soldiers by the blood which oozed from their naked feet on the cold, frozen ground of Valley Forge. This was our extremity; this was the Lord's opportunity. Here Washington had his place of prayer—where he laid the case of his country before the God of nations. A tory walked one day near that sacred place, and he heard the voice of prayer; he drew a little nearer,



and saw Washington on his knees before God. Do you know what that *tory* did? I know what he did. He went directly to the head-quarters of the British army, and said: "Our cause is lost!" "What now," said they; "what is up?" Said he, "our cause is lost—no mistake about it—for I saw Washington on his knees before God, in the woods of Valley Forge;" and he reasoned well; he reasoned like a philosopher, and like a Christian. The cause was lost, and it was but a little, and the victory was won. And we have here a glorious country, stretching from sea to sea, and from shore to shore, embracing forty millions of free men. Yet for all our successes and achievements, we owe more to-day to the closet than to all our fleets and armies.

Then the sailor boy's closet was *the mast-head*. Nobody cared for the poor sailor boy, and he had no place for secret prayer, and he climbed to the mast-head, and there he prayed. The rains descended, the floods came, the winds blew, and the waves rolled, yet the voice of the poor sailor boy was heard above the roar of old ocean, going up to the God of ocean. And when they entered the harbor, and he went home, his mother said to him: "Have you maintained your integrity upon the great deep, my son? Have you found time and place for secret prayer on that mighty ship?" His answer is worthy a place among the wise aphorisms of the King of Israel. He said: "Mother, where there is a will there is a way." And so I say to these worldlings, to these business men, who think there is no time and no place to serve God: "*Where there is a will there is a way.*"

"Enter into thy closet."

But what may we take with us into the closet? We may not take the world with us. You know what Abraham said to the young men that were with him when he was going to offer his son Isaac: "Stay thou here while I and the lad go yonder and worship." So we should say to the world: "Stay thou here while I go yonder to worship." Then Jesus says: "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut to thy door," then pray. The door must be shut and the world all shut out before you can get the ear of your Father. No closet work can be done until the door is shut. I know the difficulty of shutting the door; I have tried it for fifty years. Yet the divine mandate is, "Shut to thy door;" shut it well; shut it closely. For a fast horse, or a fine house, or a large cargo of merchandise will creep into the closet through a very small aperture, and when the world sets in upon us like a flood, there is no access to, no power with God, but the great design, the work of the closet, is defeated. But so soon as the door is shut, then salvation comes; then we are more than a match for the world; then divine influence comes upon us. The disciples on one occasion did not know as they had any Saviour; they thought Christianity was a failure; their Lord had been crucified; but they went into the closet, and shut to the door, and then Jesus came in and lifted up his hands and blessed them, saying: "Peace be unto you." Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord; they had demonstration right there that they had a living Redeemer, and religion was no failure.

And you have tried it often, and I have tried it when the door is shut; then the Master comes in, and the heart is made glad with the divine benediction, with the conscious presence of him whom our souls love.

Then we may take the Bible with us, the old statute book. When the lawyer goes to plead an important suit, he opens the book and turns to the chapter and paragraph and says: "Thus it is written," and that is enough; he gains the cause. So we, when we get into the closet, we want the statute book, and to put our finger upon one of these exceeding great and precious promises by which we escape the pollutions of the world and are made partakers of the divine nature, and say, "thus it is written," and the blessing comes; no power can prevent it.

Then there are hard cases that we cannot manage ourselves, and ought not to try to manage; these we may take with us into the closet. A good Sister in New England once said: "It has been eight years, by reason of infirmity, since I have been able to walk with you to the house of God; but there is one thing that troubles me more. I have six daughters and not one of them is converted. Oh! that one of my children would walk with me in the way to heaven." And she took their case into the closet, and one after another, yea, she lived to see all converted and brought into the Church. A good Scotch minister once said: "The first religious impression ever made upon my mind was one Lord's day, when my mother was unable to go into the house of the Lord, but was able to go into her closet. My father preached, and I never heard such

preaching; the sharp arrows of the Almighty pierced my heart. The burning coals of Juniper were poured upon my head, the fire from behind, and the fire from before; it was more than I could bear, and like the wounded dam, I retired to the thicket to bleed alone, and here I sought my father's God, and my mother's religion."

A gay young man said to his mother: "Get my best clothes ready, for I am going to the ball to-night." She remonstrated; but he said: "I am going to the ball to-night." Night came, and he called for his clothes. She remonstrated again, but he said: "Mother, I am going to the ball to-night." She said: "My son, remember this one thing, when you are in the midst of the merry dance, your mother will be yonder in the woods praying for her ungodly son." He went to the ball, but a fearful gloom came upon the whole assembly. One said: "I never saw anything like this before;" another said: "I wish I had staid at home;" another said: "I know not what this thing means." The young man took his hat and said: "I know what this thing means; my godly mother is yonder in the woods, on her knees before God, praying for her ungodly son; that is the reason the ball won't go, and I will never go to such a place again." And he went and sought the religion of his mother, and died soon after and went to heaven. Such cases, hard cases, and you know them what they are, how heavily they press upon you; these all may be brought into the closet. And I am glad that we have a closet where we may bring all our burdens and cast them on the Lord.

But what is the design of the closet? I answer, it is to be *alone with God*. It is to transact business with God that cannot be transacted in any other place, nor with any other being. We are dependent upon the world for some things; there is a mutual dependence. The farmer is dependent upon the mechanic; and the mechanic is dependent upon the farmer, and the man in private life is dependent upon the man in public life; but there are some things that the world cannot do for us. The world cannot forgive sin; the world cannot give peace with God; the world cannot give a meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light. This is God's work, and the work of none other; and here is the place to do it. You will fail elsewhere; that worldly enterprise will be a failure; you might as well know it, but here you must not fail; this is a matter of life or death with you. But God encourages you to come; come into the closet; come right up to me; "come, now, and let us reason together saith the Lord." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red, like crimson, they shall be as wool."

"Enter into thy closet."

But there is a precious promise connected with the text, that I wish to call attention to before I close.

"*And he shall reward thee openly.*" You cannot closet this closet influence; after all, it will get out into the world, and among the people. Let the laboring man go out from his closet to his day's hard toil, with Christ in his heart, and with a good conscience, and he will do his work much easier than

usual. I remember when converted, at twelve years old, I could husk corn, and keep up my row with the men, and did not get tired as aforetime; and that man who takes the Holy Spirit with him as he goes from his closet to his work, so that he is able to sing:

"Jesus, all the day long,  
Is my joy and my song."

Will be able to do his day's work, and do it well and easily.

Let the business man go from his closet, and he will not take two per cent; he will not take advantage of his neighbor; he will oppress no man; he will defraud no man; but all will take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus; and let the minister of the gospel come from the closet to the sacred desk. And do you know why we have so many little poor sermons, paper sermons, little moral essays, not worth preaching—nor worth hearing? I think I know the difficulty; they do not savor enough of the closet. But let the minister come burdened for souls, with the presence of the Lord with him from before the mercy seat, from this holy of holies, and he will do good; the people will feel it and know it, and he will preach with the demonstration of the Spirit of God, and with power.

"Enter into thy closet."

We should have our set place for secret prayer. Not that one place is, in itself, better than another place; but, by having a place set apart for this delightful exercise, we find it much easier to get a blessing there than to go to a new place; for the

very remembrance of past blessings will bring a present blessing to the soul.

Then we should have our set time for secret prayer. We live by rule in relation to the body, and how much more should we in relation to the soul. We find it necessary to eat some three times a day to sustain the body, and keep it healthy and active, and we need food as often for the soul. The old Psalmist found time to be with God seven times in a day; and is three times too much for us? And when the time comes nothing should hinder; we should go. There was Judge B., in the west, who run well when he enjoyed the divine favor, but he was constitutionally skeptical; and when he forsook the closet his skeptical notions would come up, and he would think there was nothing in religion, and there was no difference among men; but he said to me, on one occasion: "Mr. Wyatt, there is one good man in the city of New York." "How is that, Judge; one good man in the great city of New York?" He used to go down to the city to buy goods; and just such a time of day, this man, no matter how many were in the store trading, would leave and be gone for a season. The judge said: "I asked him, one day, why he so uniformly left the room at that time; 'do you go for a lunch, or to take a nap?' 'No,' said he, 'I go to pray; to be with the Lord.' And his goods were always just as he said; I could trust them every time, and they never failed."

The time for prayer should be first and most important. Remember what the sailor boy says: "Where there is a will there is a way."

Then take time for secret prayer; do not be in a hurry here. Take time to be with the Lord, to get the soul imbued with divine influence. Take time from your sleeping hours, and from your hours of business, and from your hours of recreation and pleasure. Young man, do you hear it? Do you all hear it? It is the closing thought. Take time for secret prayer, and in a thousand ages, when you walk the golden-paved streets of the New Jerusalem, and meet your speaker, and take him by the hand, safe in glory, you will thank God that you gave heed to the admonition and took time for secret prayer.

“Enter into thy closet.”



## III.

## ESTHER.

"For if thou altogether holdest thy peace, at this time, then shall their enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed, and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this."—Esther, 4: 14.

THIS book, which takes its name from the principal character introduced in it, was most probably written by Mordecai, and inserted into the canon of scripture by Ezra and his assistants, or by their successors.

The Jews have always held the book of Esther in great veneration. The feast of "Purim," or of lots, is, to this day, annually celebrated among the Jews, in memory of the great event recorded in this book; and this alone is sufficient to settle the question of its authenticity. It contains no prophecies, and it is not referred to in the New Testament; but it is still more remarkable, that the name of God does not occur in it, nor any of the titles by which he is designated in the Bible, and yet it is most evidently intended, and is admirably calculated to illustrate the divine character as it appears in the administration of Providence, and the methods and instruments by which the great Ruler of the world accomplishes his purposes, both of mercy and of judgment.

That God had much to do in the matter here contemplated, no reasonable man can doubt. We have in this book a plot laid to destroy the Jews. We have a chain of events well digested in the order of Providence to defeat it. We have the good results which follow for the honor of God's government, and the good of the Jewish nation.

I call attention to the *plot*.

Haman is the principal actor here. Josephus says, this Haman was an Amalekite, belonging to the people, who made war upon Israel at Rephidim, and Joshua smote them and defeated them. God had said, "I will blot out the very name of Amalek from under heaven." Here is yet one of the name, but he gets blotted out before they get through with him. This Haman, Ahasuerus, the Persian monarch, promotes to great honor in his kingdom, above all the princes, and all in the court were required to bow to him, to do him reverence, and they did so.

He was lifted up a little higher than he was able to bear; the great height made his head giddy. Promotion is sure to kill a weak-minded man; every man has his level; no man can stand erect in an altitude above himself.

There was one in the court who refused to bow to Haman, one Mordecai, a Jew; this gave great offence, yet Mordecai was in the habit of worshiping none but the true God.

Haman went forth joyful, and with a glad heart, and told his friends, and Zeresh, his wife, of the glory of his riches, and the multitude of his children, and all the things wherein the king had promoted him,

and how he had advanced him above the princes and servants of the king. And, moreover, Esther, the queen, would let no man come in with the king unto the banquet but myself, and to-morrow I am invited unto her also with the king, yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai, the Jew, sitting in the king's gate. But Haman scorned to lay hands on Mordecai alone, but devised a plan, and obtained the sanction of Ahasuerus to put all the Jews to death in the kingdom. And the day was appointed by lot, by his diviners, and letters were written and sent by post, and in haste, to all the deputies in all the hundred and twenty-seven provinces of his kingdom, to destroy, to kill, and cause to perish, all Jews, both young and old, little children and women, in one day, even on the thirteenth day of the twelfth month, which is the month Adar, and to take the spoil of them for a prey.

A gallows also was prepared in his own house, or court-yard, fifty cubits high, on which to hang Mordecai.

This was the plot; he expected to exterminate the whole race of the Jews, and have their property confiscated for his own benefit. Verily, this was a great move; this was a grand affair. But if kings and rulers and administrations will, through favoritism, promote weak men, and give them power and responsible posts, they alone ought to suffer the consequences. But, alas! they do not suffer alone; the *government* and the dearest interests of the people suffer.

I call attention now to that which occurred in the order of Providence to defeat this plot.

*Vashti, the queen, is divorced.* This is the first

link in the chain, and a very important link. Had this not occurred, the Jews had not been saved.

Ahasuerus makes a great feast, lasting a hundred and fifty days, for the benefit of the great men in the hundred and twenty-seven provinces of his vast kingdom. This was done to show the riches of his glorious kingdom, and the honor of his excellent majesty.

This was the greatest feast ever made among men, and lasted the longest. It is without parallel in the world's history, in grandeur, in glory, and in display. And yet the gospel feast is infinitely greater and more glorious, a feast of wine and fat things; of wines well-refined upon the lees — a feast for all time and for all nations.

But when Ahasuerus was merry, was drunken with wine, he sent for Vashti to come into the feast with the crown royal upon her head, to show the princes and people her beauty. But she refused to come, and certainly I am not disposed to blame her. She was not disposed to go before a drunken king and a thousand drunken princes and people for a show. The request was unreasonable; it was dishonorable to her person and standing; it was a gross violation of Persian custom, and she refused to come. The king sent some of his great lords to bring her with all Persian pomp and display. He sent repeatedly, so says Josephus; but come she would not, and did not; and it raised a great tempest in the heart of Persia's great monarch, and in the palace chamber of the feast, and among his great lords.

But the queen was not moved. She placed herself

upon her honor and her dignity and her rights, and she stood unmoved and unscathed — an honorable woman, a noble specimen of her sex. And I like to see these women who think for themselves, in spite of these lords of creation, who look down upon the violation of all law and order and propriety, and stand up nobly for the truth and for the right. These are our Vashtis and Marthas and Lydias.

But Ahasuerus lays the matter before his cabinet and before his guests to know what shall be done with Vashti; and they say, let her be divorced—let her be put away at once. And it is not a little curious to hear their arguments before the king; for the queen hath not done wrong to the king only, but also to the princes, and to all the people that are in all the provinces of Ahasuerus. For this deed of the queen shall come abroad unto all women, so that they shall despise their husbands and refuse to obey them, and no man in the kingdom can live with his wife. This was a regular tempest, just as might be expected at a drunken banquet; for when the spirit of wine is in, the spirit of man is out. If these men would be loved and honored and obeyed by their wives, let them keep sober and behave themselves.

But this divorce was not made by the pleasure of the king, when he came to himself he heartily repented of his rash act, and tried to adjust the matter with Queen Vashti; but she resisted all overtures, and resolutely left the honors of a Persian court to vindicate the honor of a Persian woman. Queen Vashti was a pagan, and unacquainted with revealed religion and the true God,

yet she was one of the noble women of history. *Esther is made queen in her place.* This is the next link in the chain.

Here, also, we see the hand of God; while he puts one down of high degree, he exalts one of low degree. Esther was a Jewess, one of the Babylonian captives, and an orphan; but when father and mother forsook her the Lord took her up. Who would have thought that a Jew, a captive, an orphan, was born to be a queen, an empress? But so it proved. God raiseth up the poor out of the dust to set them among princes. It is good to make sure of God's favor; then, if need be, we shall also have the favor of man. All the princes, all that looked upon Esther, admired her. Vashti was noble in nature; Esther was noble in nature, and grace, too. What nature fails to do for us in that it is weak, grace does not fail, and many a maid, by grace, by marked humility and devotion to God, has gained the *court* and the *crown*.

But Esther did not step, in a moment, and by sudden promotion, from the cottage to the palace, from the lowest walks of life to the throne; a whole year was required for purification, for preparation, and this was a year of suspense—of fearful suspense—she knew not what the result might be—there were many competitors, and only one of the many could take the prize. And while there is a sense in which religion is obtained instantaneously, yet it is progressive; it takes time for the blade to appear, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. It takes time to become a mature Christian, to be rooted,

and grounded, and settled, and fixed in God; and due preparation must be made for the final coronation day for the kingdom and the crown. "For the mark of the prize of the high calling which is of God in Christ Jesus." But here there need be no suspense; there is a crown, not for one only, but for all.

"Enough for each, enough for all,  
Enough for evermore."

But the king put great honor upon Esther; he graced the solemnity of her coronation with a royal feast, which is called "Esther's Feast." He also granted a release to the provinces, a remittance of old claims, and a release of prisoners. Pilate, at the feast of the Passover, released a prisoner; and these royal feasts, when sinners are brought to union with Christ, are always great occasions—old claims are canceled, and prisoners are set free. "When the spirit of the Lord cometh upon Jesus, then he is anointed to preach good tidings to the meek, to proclaim liberty to the captives, the opening of prison doors to them that are bound, and to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God."

*Then Mordecai was at the gate;* this is the next link in the chain.

Mordecai was a Jew; he was related to Queen Esther; was intimately connected with the throne. The *gate* was an important place; the place of business, the place to make contracts, to hold courts of justice, and to issue decrees.

Mordecai took his place at the gate of set purpose as a *vigil* to guard these interests, to watch all these

great movements. He had an interest in the throne ; he had an interest in the Jewish nation, and he took occasion to look after these interests. And it was not in the power of Haman, nor of the prejudice against the Jews, nor of the enemies of revealed religion to remove him. Mordecai was a firm man ; a man that thought for himself ; a positive man ; yet he loved God and the people ; he was a good man for the gate. The nation and the Church felt his influence.

Treason springs up ; a plot is secretly formed against the life of the king. Bigthan and Teresh, two of the king's chamberlains, unite to put him to death ; but the vigilant eye of Mordecai detects them ; somehow, he is brought into the secret, and the king is informed, his life is saved, and the traitors are hung.

How he found them out it does not appear. Whether he overheard their conversation, or whether they undertook to draw him into the plot, and make him a party concerned, we know not ; but he found them out and brought them to justice. And these *gate* men are death on treason, and it is a good thing for the government to have them about ; these Mordecais have saved the life of many a king, and the hand of many an administration.

Then a plot was laid to destroy the whole Jewish nation ; but it could not slip through the fingers of Mordecai. His vigilant eye first discovered it ; even the queen was totally ignorant of it, until it was brought to her ear by Mordecai. And these men at the gate are of great service to the Church ; these



men who are related to the throne, that are united to the Most High by faith, that have power with God; such men at the gate do us good. I know not what we could do without them. They are greatly exposed; they suffer in their feelings often. Mordecai was greatly moved in spirit; he was pressed at heart; he put on sackcloth and ashes; but his grief only made him lift the harder for God and *truth*. He did not hold his peace, nor conceal the difficulty; but he went out into the city and cried with a loud and bitter cry. And he did not cry in vain; things moved, wicked men trembled, deep and malicious designs gave way.

And when these gate men get waked up—get in earnest—get on their sackcloth and ashes; when they get hold of God, then schemes and schemers must give way; nothing can stand before them. They are the pillars of the Church; they are the bulwarks of our Zion.

They built a gallows fifty feet high, upon which to hang Mordecai; but they could not hang him. The wicked world can influence some men in the Church, but these *gate* men they cannot move; neither flattery nor curses will do them any harm. But Mordecai became highly honored at the *gate*; God took care of him.

Haman had just finished his new gallows, he had made everything ready to have Mordecai hung. He comes early in the morning to the king's court to ask the consent of the king, nothing doubting he should get it, to hang Mordecai thereon; the death warrant is written; the death design is formed against Mordecai, and is about to be executed.

But the king has had a restless night; sleep departed from him, and the chronicles were brought forward; the records of the past were read up, and the king found there was an old debt unpaid, a debt of honor to Mordecai for detecting treason and saving the king's life. And when Haman came into the court the king asked him, "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor?" Haman, thinking that he alone of all men was the man whom the king would delight to honor, said: "Let the royal apparel be brought that the king useth to wear, and the horse that the king rideth upon, and the crown royal which is set upon his head, and let this apparel and horse be delivered into the hands of one of the king's most noble princes, that they may array the man withal whom the king delighteth to honor, and bring him on horseback through the streets of the city, and proclaim before him: 'Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor.'"

Then the king said to Haman: "Make haste and take all that thou hast said, and do even so to Mordecai, the Jew, that sitteth at the king's gate; let nothing fail of all that thou hast spoken." Not much encouragement here for Haman, the Jew's enemy; his expectations are not realized.

But how great the honor conferred upon Mordecai! He has on the sackcloth and the ashes, and he moans *piteously*—but they are all laid aside; he is dressed in royal robes; he wears the royal crown, and rides the king's own horse—in fine, he appears in all the pomp and grandeur, and glory of the king himself.

Ah! these men at the gate that watch with sleepless eye over the interests of the Church get something, after all, besides curses. They appear, at times, in their dignity and power with the crown royal on their heads, and the royal robes about them, and the people know that these are the men whom the king of heaven delights to honor.

*Queen Esther takes hold of this matter herself.*  
This is the next link in the chain.

There were many and serious difficulties in the way of this undertaking. There was a strong, national prejudice against the Jews, and a large number in the kingdom would rather see the Jews put to death than not. Then Haman, the prime instigator of the plot, was prime minister of state, and next in office and power to the king. Then Mordecai, who was just informed of this scheme, could have no access in person to Esther, by reason of an arbitrary Persian law. He could only speak through Hatach, one of the king's chamberlains, and both he and Esther were liable to be betrayed by him.

Then Queen Esther could have no access to the king without putting her life in jeopardy. Then Haman had promised to pay a large amount of money, ten thousand talents of silver, into the king's hands; a heavy bribe this, that could not easily be countervailed. But the most serious difficulty of all was, no decree of the king, according to Persian law, could be revoked. The laws of the Medes and Persians never could be changed. Human reason could furnish no hope; the cause was foregone, like the laws of the Medes and Persians—unalterable. It took an

Esther—a woman among a thousand—to undertake such a cause.

Mordecai, the ever-faithful servant at the gate, did all in his power to stimulate her to action. He sent word to her that if the nation perished she could not escape; she, too, must perish with them. Hope springing up in his breast, and faith in God, he sent again and said to her, that if she did not undertake their cause, deliverance would arise from another source, but she should not be benefited. He sent once more, so tradition says, and told her an incident that happened among the children: that, going home, in great heaviness, the night before, on account of the evil which was about to come upon his people, he met three Jewish children coming from school, of whom he inquired what they had learned that day. One of them told him his lesson was in Proverbs, 3: 25, 26: "Be not afraid of sudden fear." The second told him that his was Isaiah, 8: 10: "Take counsel together, and it shall come to naught." The third told him his was Isaiah, 46: 4: "I have made and I will bear; even I will carry and will deliver you."

The children and the Bible and Providence all seemed to espouse their cause, and to look for their deliverance. And Queen Esther determined, however fearful the obstacles and however improbable the success, at whatever cost, to take hold of this matter, and to lay it before the king. She knew very well that if she went to the king, uncalled, it would be certain death, unless he should deign to reach out to her the golden sceptre. Then Queen Esther was under a cloud; she knew not but the king had forsaken her

already ; thirty days had passed since she had been called before him ; but with the firmness of a woman she said : " If I perish, I perish ; go I will to the king." She first lays the matter before the God of her fathers ; she institutes a fast for three days ; she sends word to Mordecai to have all the Jews in Shushan fast ; she and her maidens would fast also ; she felt that union was strength, and they unitedly would enter into this matter. And she prevailed.

She goes on the third day to the king, and the golden sceptre was held out to her. The king then asks : " What is thy petition, and what is thy request, Queen Esther ? and it shall be granted unto thee, though it be to the half of the kingdom."

The enemy is defeated ; her people are saved. Is anything too hard for the Lord ? In a dark day, in a time of trial, in peril and want, then, if the Church unite, if they humble themselves before God by fasting and prayer ; if they present their petition to the King of heaven, it will be granted. There is no doubt about it. It is in keeping with the history of the Church in all ages ; it is in keeping with the Bible and with the promises, and with the experience of the Christian world. Faith in God, then, is all that we need. If we do our work, humbling ourselves before high heaven, God is not slack concerning his promises, but will fulfill to the letter.

Haman shall be hanged ; the Jews shall be saved ; deliverance shall be brought to Israel, " and Zion shall be a beauty and a praise in all the earth."

## IV.

## PARADISE LOST.

"So he drove out the man."—Gen. 3: 24.

HOW sad the intelligence conveyed in the text; how full of horror, dismay, and despair to man. No record in the Bible has in it intelligence so fearful; no communication ever made to man by an agent, human or divine, is half so much to be dreaded. A declaration of war upon us by England, to devastate our land, and tread down our green fields, and burn our cities and dwellings, would bear no proportion to this. Here we are, driven out of paradise, our beautiful heritage demolished, and war—eternal war—declared with the eternal God.

In the preceding chapter we see man where his great Creator put him, in the enjoyment of the divine favor, and perfectly happy in the society of God and holy angels; no want, no aching heart, no sorrow to mar his perfect bliss.

But here, in this chapter, how fearful the exchange! Light for darkness, good for evil, happiness for misery, heaven for hell. Here our woes begin; here death enters to do his work, and there is no defense here; the flood gates are hoisted to inundate our beautiful world. This is the origin of all that makes man un-

happy. Here the old serpent was inaugurated that sits yet upon his throne of skulls ruling man with a rod of iron, dashing him in pieces like a potter's vessel.

Paradise lost.

Do you hear it? Do you all hear it? Nature gives the answering testimony in the storm, in the flood, and in the earthquake. Angels fold their wings in silence, and heaven is hung in festoons of mourning and clothed in sackcloth.

Paradise lost.

That is the theme. A great loss has been sustained; the greatest of all losses; none in heaven, none on the earth, none in hell beneath to compare with it. The gold of Ophir, the treasures of the Indies cannot repair—cannot make good the loss.

But who did it? Who lost it? I answer: Man, made in the image of God, in the divine likeness. But could he help it? Had he power to keep it? I answer, yes; he could keep it, he was well able to keep it, and he ought to have kept it. God made man a moral being, fully able to resist the evil and to do the good, capable of giving direction to his own destiny. God held man responsible for paradise with all its beauty and glory. God holds man responsible now for all these blessings conferred upon him; if these are squandered, he alone must bear it.

But where is man's defense? Is there no help for him in God? I answer, Yes. God put man in a place of safety; man was well able to defend himself from all harm. Paradise was well fortified, so that there was no power in the universe that could take

it; there was but one way to lose it, and that was from mismanagement, neglect of duty, or treachery from within. And I am fully satisfied that if you or I miss of heaven it will not be because of any lack in the defense on the part of God; but it will be because of mismanagement, or neglect of duty, or downright treachery on our part; it will be because we choose death in the error of our ways.

\* I call attention now to the attack made on man in Paradise—the first battle ever fought by man.

Who was the enemy?

I answer, *the devil*—Beelzebub, the prince of devils; from "*Hades*;" from the abode of the lost he came. He was an old warrior long ages before he led on his dark hosts to battle in heaven. Michael and his angels fought with the dragon and his angels. He sought dominion in heaven; he looked to overthrow the divine government; he expected to sit upon the throne of universal dominion, to sway the sceptre over all creation; but here he failed, and, with all the rebel angels, was hurled over the battlements of heaven and cast down to hell.

It is said he planned another expedition against high heaven; he proposed another desperate effort to dethrone Jehovah. But being counseled by his noble compeers in darkness lost, he started for our new-made world to search for man made to bear the image of God, hoping to destroy him, that he might prepare the way for obtaining universal dominion; and, full of madness against God and heaven, he comes to make an attack upon man whom God had made. He thought here, in this Armageddon,



in this beautiful earth, to establish his battle-ground, and obtain universal dominion.

But look now at the form he assumes. He enters into the *body of a serpent*, so it is said in the Word ; some say, Dr. Clarke says, it was an ape, baboon, or monkey ; that this was the form which he assumed ; that he animated and armed these creatures, whom Darwin calls our ancestors, to fight this battle, and take this strong citadel of man-soul. It is said here that it was a serpent ; but whether the form of the serpent has changed we know not, and it is not important to know — likely a flying serpent ; the Bible speaks of such serpents.

Eve had often seen the holy angels of God, and heard them sing and shout as at creation's dawn ; often on wings of light they had flitted through the garden. Now, here comes another ; perhaps not differing materially, in form, from those she was accustomed to see, and lights upon a tree in the midst of the garden—the tree of knowledge, of good and evil—the forbidden tree. He looks like other angels ; he talks the same language ; he sings the same songs ; for he is well able to transform himself into an angel of light, and deceive, if it were possible, the very elect. How often men are deceived ! Good men, when they think they have what they have not ; wicked men, when they say they are not as bad as other men, hence the importance of the divine injunction : “ Be not deceived.” Hence the apostle says : “ Try these spirits, and see whether they be of God or not ; ” that spirit which says : “ Jesus is not come in the flesh ; is not of God, and that spirit which

persuades men to do evil is not of God, for God does not tempt men, neither is he tempted of evil."

Then, how beautiful the appearance, the colors of the serpent, spotted and dappled; no creature, perhaps, that Adam had ever seen appeared so glorious; so charming as he. A bright eye, beautiful colors, and a lovely form, will charm; and sometimes, if you look steadily for a time at an uncomely object, it will become to us as lovely and desirable as an angel of light. Sin, as ugly as it is, wins its thousands every day to its embrace. Who would believe it?

But the serpent was a *subtle creature*; more subtle, it is said, than any of the beasts of the field. Many instances are given, both of the power of the serpent to do evil, and to conceal it when it is done. We are to be wise as serpents, yet harmless as doves. But this serpent, being possessed of the devil, was far more subtle than any other serpent. The devil, although he has lost his sanctity, retains the sagacity of an angel, and is wise to do evil; there is no one thing by which the devil serves himself and his own interests, better than by his subtlety. What Eve thought of this serpent, speaking to her, we are not able to say; perhaps she did not know what to think, at first; she evidently thought it was a good angel, but afterward suspected something wrong. It is remarkable, that, in the subsequent ages, many of the Gentile idolators worshiped the devil in the form of a serpent. And the Israelites for many ages kept the serpent reared upon the pole in the wilderness by Moses, and worshiped it as a god.

But note *the manner* of his attack. He does not

bring up his forces for a general assault, nor yet does he blow the trumpet, nor sound the alarm. Many an effort is lost by bluster and show; a great ado is very sure evidence of weakness; the man who has confidence in his strength and the righteousness of his cause will show no perturbation, but will move on quietly and firmly to certain victory. The devil approaches with great precaution, and seeks an interview with *Eve alone*. He likely thought that she was more susceptible of impression than Adam, and should he succeed with her, he would most assuredly get him also.

That women are more susceptible of evil than men is not true, for there are more good women than men; more good Christians; more members of the Church than men; and if so happy as to get to heaven, we shall see far more women there than men. Women are more dependent than men, hence they more readily fly to the strong for strength, that they may be sustained and kept. But let a woman yield to evil, break away from restraint, and her trust in God, and she will fall as low as man in his lowest estate. The vilest of human beings can be found among women; domestic comfort, households, and Churches are torn asunder by them.

But if the serpent had commenced his attack upon *man alone*, on Adam, would he not have been just as successful? I cannot say that he would not. I think he would, for households are more often broken up by ungodly and perverse men than women. But God made provision for the defense of the family of virtue and happiness. And what is that? It is that

man should not be alone. / Let the man and woman stand together; this is their defense. Union is strength; it is in the promise where two are agreed, touching any one thing, it shall be done. A good man and a good woman, in the fear of God agreed, are too strong for the devil; he will not devour; he cannot, unless he first divide. Men and women together establish the Churches, and overthrow the kingdom of darkness, and it is man and woman together who maintain the purity and happiness of domestic being; but let these be separated, and you may bid farewell to all which is lovely and desirable in the family. Let the good man and the good woman be agreed; let them serve God; let them erect their altar and offer their morning and evening sacrifice, and that house is safe; the gates of hell cannot prevail against it.

God never designed that man should stand alone. Some young converts think that they can stand alone out of the Church and out of the fold, but the wolf, finding them, will be sure to break all their bones. Some children think that they can stand alone without the counsel and example of their parents, but the devil will find them, and make of them an easy prey.

Again, when the devil made the attack upon Eve, she was walking *near the forbidden tree*, and greatly desiring to know what was concealed there, and how the fruit would taste, and what the result would be if she should eat of it. Many think that they can stand securely in the midst of temptation, and receive no harm. Peter thought, when he followed his Lord to Pilate's hall, that he would have courage and strength

enough to die with him; but when he saw his Lord in the hands of the enemy, and the instruments of torture before him, his courage failed him. It is safer—it is better—to keep out of the way of temptation, and not to go near the forbidden fruit, lest in an unguarded hour you should be overcome.

But why does she desire to know how the forbidden fruit would taste? This inquisitiveness; this over-weening desire to know mysteries, to understand what there is about things which do not belong to us, is what gives the devil power over us, and leads us to destruction. But for inquisitiveness Adam and Eve might have been in paradise to-day. "Secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever."

Look, now, at *the nature* of this assault. The object of the devil was to have her eat the forbidden fruit; then his work would be done. The first argument he uses is, *it is not sinful to eat*. He said: "Yea, hath God said thou shalt not eat of this tree." As if he had said: "There must be some mistake about this; it is not reasonable that God should place this beautiful tree and this excellent fruit in the midst of the garden and forbid you to eat of it." And it often occurs; yea, it almost always occurs, that when men wish to do evil they try first to persuade themselves that it is not unlawful, but that they have a perfect right to do it. Eve had never eaten the forbidden fruit, had she not first been persuaded that it was right; *right* to disobey God; *right* to do evil. That is the gospel of the devil; that is the

preaching which takes with the masses. But when God says: "Thou shalt not steal," it cannot mean thou shalt steal; and when God says: "Thou shalt not eat of this fruit," it must take a devil to make it appear that he means, thou shalt eat.

The next argument he uses is to *deny that there is any danger in eating*. He says plainly: "Thou shalt not surely die." And no man expects to die eternally, though he eats the forbidden fruit; though he follows the dictates of his own evil nature; though he lives in open violation of the divine law. He thinks that God is merciful, and he shall not die. And there is not a man that lives, but expects, in some way to go to heaven, when he dies. This old doctrine of universal salvation in sin, rather than from sin, was first preached in the garden, and it is yet preached and believed. Men frame to themselves an easy way to heaven; much easier than by the way of the cross; yet we have strong reason to think that a doctrine that originated with the devil, will lead to the devil; for the stream will never rise higher than the fountain.

The devil knew that he lied, when he said to Eve: "Thou shalt not surely die." He knew that it was contrary to his own experience; he had violated the divine law, and found, to his cost, that he could not prosper; he had been driven out of heaven on account of it; but he concealed his own misery, that he might draw them into sin and ruin. "The way of the transgressor is hard." "The wages of sin is death." It is better to obey than to disobey; it is for each one

of us to say, whether we will obey and live, or disobey and die.

The next and last argument is, *it will be greatly to your advantage to eat*. "Your eyes shall be opened" to know good and evil; you shall be as the gods, as Elohim, the mighty God; not only Omniscient, but Omnipresent; you shall rival Jehovah; you shall be equal to Him; you shall no longer be subjects, and dependant; but sovereigns, and independent.

Such was the temptation—such was the attack made upon the happy pair in the garden; never was there an attack made upon any fort, so terrible, so powerful, so overwhelming.

I call attention now to the *surrender*. Man yields; he grounds arms at the feet of the enemy; he gives up the fort. The terms of capitulation are found in the sixth verse. "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat."

Four things are to be noted in the downward tendency of sin. She *saw*. She fixed her attention upon the forbidden fruit; she should have turned away her eyes from beholding evil; but she entered into temptation by looking with pleasure upon the forbidden object. Sin comes in at the eye; it is the eye that affects the heart with sin. Hence, with holy Job, we should make a covenant with our eyes; not to look on that we are in danger of lusting after; "we are to turn away our eyes from seeing evil." That man

who looks with pleasure upon evil is a gone man; no power can save him. Let the fear of God be always to us for a covering to the eyes.

Then she *took*—it was her own act; the devil did not put it into her mouth, but she took it freely—voluntarily. The devil may tempt, but he cannot force; he may persuade us to cast ourselves down, but he cannot cast us down. She took the fruit as Jonathan took the honey; as Achan took the accursed thing.

Then she *did eat*. When she looked, she did not intend to take; and when she took, she did not intend to eat; but she did the whole; sin is downward in its tendency, and that continually. Man cannot stop himself when he will; the beginning of it is as the breaking forth of water, and it is very difficult to say: "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther;" therefore, it is our wisdom to suppress the first motions of sin, and leave it off, before it be meddled with; nip it in the bud—that is better.

"*She gave also to her husband, and he did eat.*" And how many wives there are who poison their husbands, and husbands who poison their wives. They lead each other in the way to destruction. Those who have themselves done wrong are commonly willing to draw in others to do the same. As was the devil, so was Eve; no sooner a sinner than a tempter; but here they agreed; they unitedly surrendered; they gave up the *fort*.

There are considerations which ought to have led them to keep the fort. They might have kept it; they ought to have kept it; they that were for them



were more and stronger than all they that were against them.

They should have considered the *divine favor*; God was with them; He loved them; He cared for them. They should have considered the *beauty of the place* they occupied; the garden of Eden. They should have considered their state of *happiness*—perfect happiness—with no sorrow therewith; they had all that heart could wish. They should have considered their *immortality*; dwelling in light unapproachable. They should have considered their *posterity* doomed to misery—misery untold—misery forever—through their transgression.

But, in spite of all, they gave up the fort. They gave up their garden, their God, their happiness, their immortality, and their posterity. All—*all* was given up; the devil won a perfect victory.

There are some things which always accompany sin, that should not be overlooked at this point. Just as soon as our first parents sinned, they found *shame* and *fear*, never-failing accompaniments of sin.

In the eighth verse, we have an account of their shame. And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons. These were the strong convictions they fell under in their own consciousness.

Their eyes were *opened*; not the eyes of their bodies, for these were opened before. Nor is it meant that they had made any advance in true knowledge; but the eyes of conscience were opened, and they saw but their folly and madness; they saw what

it did them no good to see. They saw a loving God displeased; His grace and favor forfeited; His likeness and image lost, and dominion over the creatures gone. They saw their natures corrupted and depraved, and felt a disorder in their own hearts of which they had never before been conscious. They saw a law in their members warring against a law in their minds. They saw that they were disrobed of all their ornaments and ensigns of honor; degraded from their dignity and disgraced forever. They saw enough to make them *ashamed*, as all will see, when they sin; and no fig-leaf covering can hide the shame, the fearful reproach of sin.

There is yet another thing that they found in sin, and that *was fear*. And they heard the voice of the Lord God, walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God among the trees of the garden. What was the cause of their fear? It was the approach of the Judge that put them into the affright; and yet he came in such a manner as is formidable only to a guilty conscience. It is probable that He came in human form, and that He who judged the world now was the same who shall judge the world in the last day, even that man whom God has ordained. Before they had sinned, if they had heard the voice of the Lord God coming toward them, they would have run to meet him, and with humble joy welcomed his gracious visit. But now it is otherwise; they have sinned, and God has become a terror to them; and no wonder, for they have become a terror to themselves. In vain do they look for safety to fig

leaves and bushes. Fear has got hold upon them ; God has come forth against them as an enemy, and they think all creation is at war with them, and nothing remained to them but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation of the wrath of God, which shall devour the adversaries.

They see now distinctly the falsehoods of the tempter, and the frauds and fallacies of his temptations. He promised them that they should be saved ; but now they see their danger, and are full of fear. He promised them that they should not die ; but now they are forced to fly for their lives. He promised them that they should be advanced ; but now they see themselves abased. He promised them that they should be knowing ; but now they have not sufficient knowledge to hide themselves from the presence of God. He promised them that they should be as the gods ; but now they appear as criminals—pale, trembling, despised of heaven and earth. This is what men get for giving heed to the devices of the devil. He is a liar from the beginning. Look out for him ; he will lead you into trouble, and will not help you out.

I call attention now to Adam *court-martialed*. He is arrested, convicted, sentenced, and driven from the garden.

The summons—the precept of arrest—reads : “Adam, where art thou ? Your attention is demanded ; your body must forthwith be brought before the Judge of all the earth ; He doeth right.” The officer found him hid beneath the trees of the garden, and brought him forth—pale, frightened,

and covered with guilt. His wife, beautiful as the "Houries," fair as the moon, alike guilty and ashamed, is brought forth with him from their hiding-place to the place of judgment.

The *indictment* against them reads: "Hast thou eaten the forbidden fruit?" Thou hast eaten the forbidden fruit. What is this that thou hast done? High heaven's precept is trampled under foot; the law is violated. Guiltiness, blood-guiltiness, attaches itself to you with treachery and treason. Traitor thou art; thou hast yielded the fort to the enemy, without let, or cause, or hindrance.

No testimony was taken by the court to fasten conviction upon the culprits. In answer to the question: "*Guilty or not guilty?*" they respond at once: "Guilty." Their conscience said guilty; their countenance said guilty; their fear and shame—*all, all* said guilty; we have done the deed; we have eaten of the forbidden fruit.

An apology is made before the court to mitigate the sentence. Adam says: "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." Eve says: "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." This was all. Here the prosecution and the defense rested.

I call attention now to the sentence God said to the woman: "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow, and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." There are two parts to this sentence—the first part is *sorrow*; sorrow multiplied; sorrow well known and bitterly experienced by the woman who was first in the transgression. The next part is

*submission*. "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." The woman had never been asked to obey, had she never transgressed.

And God said unto Adam: "Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, saying: "Thou shalt not eat of it; cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns, also, and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat of the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground, for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." There are three things in this sentence. His *habitation* is made bitter. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake;" then his *business* is cursed. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread;" then his *life* is forfeited. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

And he drove them out; and he guarded Paradise. He placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life. Man could not enter here; and it will be well if, when we go up to the gates of Paradise, we do not find them shut and guarded against us forever.

We have also the sentence pronounced against the serpent: And the Lord said unto the serpent: "Because thou hast done this thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." And I will put enmity between

thee and the woman ; and between thy seed and her seed ; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel. The serpent, crawling upon his belly, is yet a terror to man ; the curse of God is upon him.

We see here, also, the enmity and the perpetual warfare between the seed of the woman—between the Church and the devil. We see, lastly, the final triumphs of the gospel of Jesus Christ—the seed of the woman over the devil ; she shall bruise his head ; shall demolish his strongholds ; shall destroy him that hath the power of death—that is the devil. Then shall we regain our Paradise ; then shall we enter our rest, and be forever with the Lord.

## V.

## STONE KINGDOM.

"Thou, O king, sawest, and behold a great image. This great image, whose brightness was excellent, stood before thee; and the form thereof was terrible. This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay. Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing floors, and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them; and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth."—Daniel, 2 : 31-35.

WE ordinarily think little of dreams; they come of a multitude of thoughts, and go as come, and make little or no impression. But the dream in the text of Nebuchadnezzar is, in all respects, a very remarkable dream. It is prophetic, bringing out things which lie concealed in the bosom of the future. There is enough of God, and truth about it, to make it suitable for the pulpit; and to this we invite your attention.

It brings to light the character, progress, and final overthrow of four great monarchies of our world; also, the origin, nature, and progress, and final triumphs of a fifth kingdom—the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

But why did God unveil the future to this ungodly pagan and heathen king? Why should he see the rise and fall of nations; the great strength, and glory, and perpetuity of the Church? It has been the policy of God, from the beginning, to bring before wicked men and rulers the mutability and decay of all earthly good, and the beauty, glory, and durability of Jesus Christ, that they may be persuaded to forsake the one and embrace the other.

We call attention, now, to the kingdoms of this world.

"And thou sawest, O king, in thy dream, a great image set up, whose brightness was excellent, and the form thereof was terrible."

The *head* of this image was of fine gold. This represents the Chaldean Empire, that rose resplendent amid the ruins of the Deluge. This empire was founded by Nimrod, the mighty hunter, soon after Noah left the Ark, in the plain of Shinar. At the time it was founded, and for many successive ages, it embraced the whole human family. It was governed successively by fifty Assyrian kings, and lasted for seventeen hundred years.

The *arms and breast* of this image were of silver.

This represented the Medo-Persian Empire, which was reared up under Cyrus, the Conqueror, and lasted about two hundred years. The prophet Isaiah, makes very honorable mention of Cyrus, and the manner of his taking Babylon a hundred years before he was born, and calls him the Lord's anointed.

The *belly and thighs* of this image were of brass.

These represented the Macedonian or Grecian



Empire, raised up under Philip and Alexander the Great. This third kingdom of brass, it is said, should bear rule over all the earth, and the Greeks held the sceptre over all nations. Alexander conquered the world, and wept because there was not another world to conquer. This kingdom is represented by brass, because the Greeks wore brazen armor, hence they are called the brazen-coated Greeks.

The *legs and feet and toes* of this image were part of iron and part of miry clay; these represent the Roman Empire, under the Cæsars; although it was much cut up, weakened and shaken, yet there was in it the strength of the iron, though mixed with miry clay.

We call attention now to the *fifth kingdom*, which is the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

They were not strangers to Jesus Christ in the days of Nebuchadnezzar. The Hebrews knew him in the burning, fiery furnace; the form of the fourth was with them, which was like the Son of God; this was Jesus. Daniel knew him in the lion's den; for he sent his angel and shut the lions' mouths; this was the angel of the covenant, the Lord Jesus Christ. Yes, they knew Jesus in that early day; they saw his glory and felt his power.

Daniel says to the king: "Thou sawest until that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet, and brake them in pieces, and became a great mountain and filled the whole earth."

This kingdom, you see, differs from all other kingdoms that preceded it. It is not a kingdom of gold, nor of silver, nor of brass, nor of iron, nor of clay;

but it is a kingdom of stone, properly denominated "*The old stone kingdom.*"

Jesus Christ, the head and front, the foundation and top stone of this kingdom, is frequently called a *stone* in the Bible.

Jacob says: "From thence is the shepherd, the stone of Israel." This is Jesus; he is the shepherd—the good shepherd—the stone shepherd. The missiles of the enemy can do him no harm; the cold and the heat will not affect him. He is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, where the flock is screened from the heat of the day and sheltered from the storm. Isaiah says: "He shall be for a stone of stumbling, and for a rock of offence." This is Jesus. And thousands have stumbled here at this stumbling stone in all ages. Jesus has always been hated. The old Babylonians hated him; the Medes and Persians hated him; the Macedonians and Greeks hated him; the Romans, down to the days of his incarnation, hated him; and wicked men now hate him. But this is the stone kingdom, and we give you fair warning to prepare for it. You had better fall upon it and be broken—broken to repentance, unfeigned repentance, for all your sins. If you do not, it will fall upon you, and grind you to powder, and no power can save you. Let anything else fall on me rather than this kingdom

Then one says: "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone." This also is Jesus. He is the foundation—the old and sure foundation—a well-tried foundation. It has been tried in all ages and under all circumstances. The storm has beaten, the winds

have blown, the rain has descended, and the floods have come and pressed sorely upon it; but it stands—it stands securely. The enemy has marshaled his hosts against it; wicked men and devils, infidels, and fanatics, and formalists, have hurled their projectiles at it; they have brought their battering-rams to bear against it; but they have not moved a stone in the foundation; it is unmoved and immovable; the gates of hell cannot prevail against it.

The Psalmist says: "The stone which the builders refused is become the head-stone of the corner." This, also, is Jesus. The old Jewish builders did not like Jesus; they preferred Moses. The Pagan builders preferred Dagon, the fish-god. The Romans preferred the Pope; the Turks prefer Mohammed; and sinners prefer the world. Yet, in spite of all, he has become the head-stone of the corner. "This is the Lord's doings, and it is marvelous in our eyes." The corner-stone unites the walls in one; the kingdom of Jesus Christ is a unit. These great evangelical denominations—the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Episcopalians—differ in non-essentials, but in fundamentals they agree; they unite at the corner; they are one in Christ Jesus. Other kingdoms are divided, are cut up into arms, legs, fingers and toes; but our kingdom is not divided; it is one and inseparable, now and forever. It stands as an iron pillar, strong amid the downfall of kingdoms and the wreck of worlds.

But this stone was cut out of the *mountain*. It had its origin in the mountain; it was taken from the mountain.

Its moral code was taken from the mountain. God came down upon the mountain, in the midst of darkness and tempest, thunder and lightning, and wrote it out upon two tables of stone with his own finger. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me; thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image; thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother; thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor; thou shalt not covet." This is our code—the old stone code; these are the great moral principles that govern in our kingdom, that underlie the whole of it. No nation or people has such a code. We are not ashamed of it; it has been carefully scrutinized in all ages, and it will bear scrutiny; it is the rule of conduct for all men, and he that does not come up to it is immoral and unfit for the kingdom.

Then we have, in the kingdom of Jesus Christ, no *prisons*—no places of execution for criminals. All offenders may be pardoned. An atonement has been made for sin—not on the ground of prerogative—but on the ground of substitution. And this, also, was done in the mountain. Our Isaac, our Jesus, came down upon the mountain, and bare our sins in his own body, and brought in an everlasting righteousness, and made an end of sin. He satisfied the claims of the law, and made it possible for God to be just, and yet the justifier of him that believes in Jesus. Among all nations, the law has its course

with criminals—it must have. But I am most happy to stand upon the threshold of this kingdom, under the shadow of this throne, to proclaim liberty to the captives, salvation to sinners—salvation free and full. You may be justified, freely, from all things from which you could not be justified by the law of Moses, nor any other law. The devil, death and hell may be deprived of their victim, and you may be saved; as much as you deserve death, you may be saved with the power of an endless life.

But rich and *ample provision* has been made in this kingdom for all its subjects. Great and precious promises are inscribed upon its banners—promises that never fail. This provision is also found in the mountain. In the Sermon on the Mount, you will find a brief, a summary, of the promises of the grand and inestimable provisions of our kingdom. Jesus says: “Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek.)” It is the lot of the Gentiles, of the world, to have anxious thought, bitter care, and perplexity about a living. They toil, and work, and die, in their anxiety for these things. But not so here—there is no need of it. Not that Christians are to be idle and perfectly passive, but they are to do duty—to do their work; and then to have no thought—no anxiety—about results. This is the place to trust God; simply rely on God, and these things will come—you shall have them—the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it; they are in the kingdom; they cannot fail. “Seek ye first the king-

dom of heaven and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added." Dry up your tears then; put aside your fears, and your anxiety, and your bitter care about a living; trust God, and do duty, and you will never want.

There is also *immortality* in this kingdom, and this was brought out in the mountain. It was at Tabor, when Jesus took Peter, and James, and John, and was transfigured before them, that Moses and Elias appeared, who had passed into the heavens two thousand years before. One had been raised from the dead, and the other had been translated. Everybody thought they were dead, and they should see no more of them; but they were not dead. After the lapse of a thousand ages, they appear with their glorified bodies, and glorified souls, yet alive. "Here life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel." And they are in the kingdom; poor and unworthy as we are, weak and diseased, we shall live, and not die. I hear it said; I hear it from the highest heaven: "I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob; I am not the God of the dead, but the God of the living." These old worthies, long since gone from earth, are not dead, they live; and as sure as they live, we shall live also. Such is this kingdom; it makes provision for both worlds, for the life which now is, and for that which is to come.

But this stone was cut out of the mountain *without hands*. Of the spirituality of this kingdom I do not propose to speak at large. It is an *axiom*; it is self-evident; it has no earthly origin. No human

wisdom could devise such a kingdom ; no human hands could build it ; it is of God. The work of conversion is of God ; the kingdom, fixed within, is of God ; it is unlike all other kingdoms. Solomon built a temple, a great house, but this was the work of human hands. The sculptor takes a block of marble and brings out a beautiful image with perfect fitness and symmetry in all its parts, but this is the work of human hands. A great Statesman, a Bonaparte, a Russell, a Webster, carves out a great State, and dots it here and there with plans and purposes, and laws, but this also is the work of human heads and human hands. But this is not our kingdom, that was cut out of the mountain without hands. No worldly policy, no human maxims, no military prowess were ever employed to build our kingdom ; this is God's work ; the same being who created the world, who said : "Let there be light, and there was light." The same being who raised Lazarus from the dead, that speaks a soul from darkness to light. He has built this kingdom as he built the house not made with hands, eternal, and in the heavens.

But this stone was *cut* out of the mountain without hands. It did not thaw out by the late rains and sunshine ; it did not come out in the ordinary course of things ; it did not happen to come out. This kingdom of Jesus Christ is not a mere accident ; it is not a creature of chance. There is design ; there is the handiwork of a skillful architect ; of a wise master-builder, clearly seen in the whole of it. It is not possible for any unprejudiced man to look at this kingdom, at the great military force meeting and

resisting the organized powers of darkness, of earth, and of hell beneath, without seeing design and power combined in the whole of it. All powers fall before it, as Dagon fell before the Ark. Then to hear the gospel preached in its simplicity and power; moving all hearts, and bringing men by the hundred and by the thousand; breaking up all their old habits; changing them about; making new creatures of them — this all, is the work of design; the work of a wise master-builder. The kingdom is a perfect whole, worked out by the great Architect for a wise purpose. And it is doing its work — work that no other power could do.

This stone was cut out of the *mountain*. Mark here the obscurity of its origin. The mountain is a by-place, uncultivated and rough. Men do not look for anything of value from the mountain, unless, perchance, you may find there some mineral wealth. But the cloud in the distance skirts the mountain; the storm rests upon it. The cloud and everlasting snow and ice cover the mountain from the beginning of the year unto the end of the year; cold, and barren, and worthless; nothing of interest is expected from it. Who would look among the age-lasting snows of the Alps, of the Andes, and of the Apennines, for such a glorious kingdom as this?

This kingdom has always taken men by surprise. ever and anon breaking forth from the mountain-top and the deep ravine with a brightness truly excellent. Who thought that Moses, when he went into the mountain, would talk to God face to face — that he would bring forth the law, written with the finger of



God, that would be promulgated in all lands, while his face shone like a mighty seraph, so that God's people could not look upon him without a veil? Here the old kingdom flashed out a little from the thick darkness where God was. Who thought, when James, and John, and Peter, and Jesus went up on to Tabor, that they would there see some of the old saints who had been in glory for a thousand ages — that heaven would come down to earth,

“With glorious clouds encompassed round,  
Whom angels dimly see;”

and the voice be heard from the cloud, saying: “This is my beloved Son; hear ye Him?”

So this kingdom has always come forth from obscurity, from the dark corners of the earth, with marked unearthliness, with power and great glory.

When the little stone started at first from Calvary's rugged summit, it made no impression; no one thought that anything would come of it. Yet it rolled down with such velocity and power, that it shook all Judea and the Roman world.

Then from the Alps, in later times, where a few pious people resorted for shelter from the gathering storm, it rolled down with such power that it struck fire wherever it touched, and kindled the flame in all Germany, and Switzerland, and England; and from thence crossed the mighty waters, and lighted the fire upon Columbia's shores.

Such is the origin of the kingdom, Jesus made of no reputation, no glory among men; preaches his own gospel, followed by a few fishermen, with no education, with no moral, no political, no worldly

influence. Then a few women, of little notoriety, fill out the background of the figure. This is the origin of the kingdom; here it comes forth from the hill country of Judea, stamped with divinity, to astonish men and angels, to bless and save the world.

But this kingdom *breaks down* all other kingdoms. "It smote the image upon its feet; then was the iron, and the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, broken in pieces together." This stone began to smite when Jesus was born, under the reign of Cæsar Augustus. When Jesus came to years; when he entered upon his public ministry; when he preached his own gospel; when he wrought that stupendous train of miracles, and established fully the divinity of his person; then the stone pressed hard upon the toes and feet of the old image, so he stood uncomfortably in his boots. Then, when the great commission was given: "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." And when the apostles went forth and preached, and did the works that Jesus did—and greater works than he did; when signs and wonders followed them. Then the stone smote again, and pressed heavily upon the feet and ankle-bones of the image.

Then, when this gospel was carried before *kings and rulers*; when men of God reasoned on righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come; then the stone smote again, and with such violence, that the image trembled in every joint in his body. Then, when our gospel was carried into the *Roman world*; when the Christian religion became the religion of the Roman Empire; when the Cæsars bowed before

it; when Constantine was converted in the fourth century; when he saw that luminous banner, and written upon it: "By the cross we conquer!" Then it smote again, and down came the image—gold and silver, brass and iron, and clay, and all; and it was ground to powder; and the wind of God Almighty blew upon it, and it passed away.

And this stone has not ceased to smite; it smites still the very dust of the image, beating it into the ground. When Luther was converted; when the bold German came forth from his cell, and found the Bible chained to the bench, then it smote again; smote the papacy, and it smites yet, and is grinding the beast and anti-Christ to powder, and it will not cease to smite until the whole system is demolished.

Then, when Wesley and his coadjutors entered the field, it began to smite cold formality, lukewarmness, and backsliding, and it is yet doing its work; while it scatters light, and life, and heat, and scriptural holiness over all these lands; and I hope it will not cease to smite until cold formality takes its place among the things which have been, but are not. We want a religion that has life, and power, and God in it. This kingdom is to break down all other kingdoms—all opposing powers, and it must and will do it.

I wish to call attention now to the agency to the *power* by which this stone smites. Turn to the seventh chapter of Daniel, and you will find that just forty-eight years after Nebuchadnezzar dreamed out this great image, Daniel dreamed out the very same thing, but under different imagery and different circumstances. He dreamed that the wind blew from

every direction; from the four-quarters of the globe, upon the great sea, representing nations, and tongues, and people, the spirit of God is, no doubt, meant. *Ruah*, rendered in Genesis, spirit, is also carried forward by the Septuagint into the New Testament, and rendered spirit. Daniel, in his dream, got into the midst of an old-fashioned revival of religion. The spirit moved upon the people like a mighty, rushing wind.

This, then, was the power which made the stone smite; it was the Holy Spirit sent down from heaven. The image stood upon his feet until the day of Pentecost; not a bone in his body was broken. But when the spirit came; when the day of Pentecost had fully come; then the image gave way, and was destroyed. But as Daniel stood upon the sand of the sea, he witnessed the workings of the mighty spirit of God. Then he saw beasts coming up; four great beasts coming up out of the sea; and no wonder, for when God works, when the Spirit moves, then the beasts will be sure to come up; all opposing powers will then be made visible. But let them come; we do not fear them. The Spirit is enough for them; he can lay them low, heads, horns and all.

But let us look a little at these beasts, these opposing powers. The first beast was like a lion. This represented Nebuchadnezzar, in the Babylonian or Assyrian Empire. The second beast was like a bear; he rose up on one side upon his haunches, with three ribs in his teeth. This represents Cyrus, in the Medo-Persian Empire. Cyrus, the bear, got the Babylonians, the Medes and the Persians (three ribs)

in his teeth, and held them well. The third beast was like a leopard; he had four heads and four wings. This was Alexander the Great, in the Macedonian or Grecian Empire; the spots representing the different nations he conquered, the wings the speed, the celerity with which he did it, the four heads the four generals with whom he left the kingdom when he died.

Then the fourth beast was like nothing else in heaven, nor on earth, nor in the waters under the earth; it was dreadful, and terrible, and strong, exceedingly. It had great iron teeth and ten horns, and another little horn came up, having eyes and a mouth like a man. It spake great swelling words, and made a great splurge among the horns, and brake three of them off. This beast was diverse from all other beasts; it stamped with the foot. This represented the Cæsars and the Roman Empire. These were the beasts the Spirit had to meet, and the conflict was terrible. But he fixes bayonet, and charges right upon them; and the wound is deadly. It is a great victory; a signal triumph of grace, of the Spirit.

But then the deadly wound is healed, and they live again; and Daniel sees in his dream reinforcements coming for another engagement: "And I beheld in my night visions until the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of days did sit." This was God, the Father Almighty, coming to the rescue. "His garments were white as snow, and the hair of his head was like pure wool, and a fiery stream issued and came forth from before him, and a thousand thousand ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him, and the judgment was set and

the books were opened"—the books of fate; the judgment, the final judgment of these great powers. And here these mighty forces met again, and the conflict was deadly and the slaughter was fearful. The old Roman beast fell in this conflict; but the deadly wound was healed again. These beasts die hard; these opposing powers will not quit the field so long as the breath of life remains in them. One grand division of the army is not there; this must be brought up. God, the Father, is there; the Holy Ghost is there; but Jesus, our Savior, is not there; that is the difficulty.

And Daniel is grieved in his spirit; his soul in the midst of his body is troubled; he did not like this partial success; and he dreams again. "And I saw," said he, "in my night visions one coming in the clouds of heaven like the Son of Man." This was Jesus. Then all was right; the forces were together. They can never conquer this world without Jesus; that is out of the question. But when Jesus came, it was all right; the beasts were quickly conquered.

"And there was given unto him a kingdom, a dominion and power, that all nations and peoples should serve him; and his kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion is without end." Such, then, is the power by which the stone smote. It is God the Father, and God the Holy Spirit, and God the Son—the three, one God before whom all nations and peoples must bow. And the stone rolled on, gathering magnitude and momentum at every revolution, bearing down all before it, until it became a great mountain, and filled the whole world.

## VI.

## JONAH.

"Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights."—Jonah, 1 : 17.

THE great events recorded in this book are of the most extraordinary character ; none more so in all the Bible. This has led some to regard it as a myth, or at best a mere allegory ; and all the distinguished men and things herein brought to view as fictitious. But with this infidel caviling, I have little to do ; it is unworthy of attention. Our Lord, in the New Testament, makes frequent reference to it, and abundantly confirms the truth of the narrative. He regards the great event of all, the one recorded in the text, as a type of his own death, burial, and resurrection on the third day. He says : "As Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of the fish, so the Son of Man must be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."

This book is of very ancient date, probably the most ancient of any of the prophetic writings ; it was written more than eight hundred years before the coming of Christ. Jonah lived, and prophesied as early as the days of Solomon. He predicts the successes of Jeroboam, the son of Solomon, or

possibly Jeroboam the Second, the son of Joash. The fame of Jonah spread abroad, far and wide among the nations of the earth. The Greeks, who were accustomed to adorn the memory of their heroes by every remarkable event, make frequent allusion to him. Heathen mythology comes forward to do him reverence. It is said, in addition to the fictitious adventures of Hercules, that he was miraculously preserved for three days in the belly of a dog, of a great sea-monster, sent to him by Neptune. Without doubt, this is a garbled account of our hero of Jonah, three days and three nights in the belly of the fish.

*How can a man live in the belly of a fish?* This is our first thought.

Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, once said : " How can these things be?" and skeptics from the beginning have asked similar questions.

This question would certainly be pertinent, if there were no God; and if we had no regard for the creatures of his care; no respect for his children. If it please him, he can turn the waters of the river into blood, and he can cause the sun and moon to stand still; he can heal the sick, and open blind eyes, and raise the dead. It is not difficult, certainly, for such a God, to make it comfortable for a man in the belly of a fish.

The Christian religion is a great system of faith; faith, not in nature, nor in outward circumstances, but in God. Modern geologists are wont to fix the age of the world, countless myriads of years; while they overlook the fact that it would be just as easy



for God to form these great deposits from which they gather data, in a single hour, if it pleased Him, as in a thousand ages.

The conversion of a human soul ; the transition from nature to grace ; from sin to holiness, as developed in our books, and in every day experience, is a work quite as mysterious and great as anything in the developments of modern geology. And it would be just as good logic to say, that it would take God forty or fifty years to convert a soul, as to say it will take him an age, or a thousand ages, to form these strata or deposits. If I want to know the age of the world, or period of the Mosaic days, I go to the Bible ; if I want to know how long it will take God to convert a sinner, to break up his old habits and form new ones, I go to the Bible ; if I wish to know how a man can live under water, in the belly of a fish, and make that his sanctuary, and build his altar there, and worship God, and get happy there, I go to the Bible. I confess I am a great bigot for the Bible ; for the Bible without note or comment, or change, or interpolation—for the *Bible as it is*.

I admit there are mysteries in revealed religion ; in the Trinity and unity ; in grace communicated to the heart ; in the immortality of the soul ; and in the resurrection from the dead. And so there are mysteries in every day's experience, and in nature. That God should deposit beautiful stone here for building purposes ; and in another place, coal for fuel ; and in another place, gold, silver, iron and lead, is a mystery all. But when we come in contact with these mysteries, it becometh us, with one of old, to be

dumb ; or with the Psalmist, to be still, and know that He is God. This is not the place to speculate — but this is the place to wonder and adore ; this is the place to take the Bible injunction—“ Have faith in God ; ” genuine, old-fashioned, evangelical faith ; that smiles at seeming impossibilities, and says it must be done, for the mouth of the Lord has spoken it.

*But who was this man in the belly of a fish ?* It was Jonah ; and, doubtless, a very good man. Some have questioned the piety, the fidelity of Jonah ; they think him reckless, and presumptuous, and ungodly. But the sincerity, the honesty, the stern integrity of Jonah, I have never doubted ; I think there are few men in the Bible less exceptionable ; against whom less faults can be found ; and more zealous for truth and God than he.

What is there against Jonah ? What has Jonah done worthy of death or bonds ? Let us see. I find three things, and only *three*, that seem to be against him, in a long, laborious, and useful life ; and these are not concealed ; they are not done in a corner ; they are carefully written out at full length by his own hand, and published to the world. And when I see a man writing his own faults, and publishing them to the world, that all men may judge of their merits, I find in him the semblance of an honest man ; and this I find in Jonah.

But what are these faults ? Let us analyze them, and see their bearing : The first thing was, disobedience, God wanted him to go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it ; but he did not want

to go. There were difficulties in the way—difficulties that he did not feel well able to surmount; and yielding to the weakness of human nature, he turned another way.

It was a long journey to Nineveh, and he did not feel well able to take it. Then the Ninevites were heathen; theirs was the capital of a great heathen empire; and he was a Christian, or worshiper of the true God; and, in all human probability, if he should go to interfere with their matters, they would arrest him and put him to death. Then he knew that God was merciful; slow to anger, and of great kindness; and could spare the city, and probably would, after all.

He shrunk from duty, because of the difficulties connected with duty. This is an every-day occurrence among the best of men. How many, when difficulties arise, presuming upon the divine forbearance and mercy, lack courage to grapple with duty, and fall back. But is this a sin unto death? If God should mark these short-comings and neglect of duty against us, who among us could stand?

But the next fault marked against Jonah is, that he slept when he ought to have been awake. When he went down to Joppa, and got on board the ship, to flee to Tarshish, when the storm gathered, he went down into the hold, and went to sleep. But this was rather a token of fidelity than of perfidy; of calm and quiet submission to his lot; of unshaken confidence in God, than of rebellion against God. Had he not made his peace with God; did he not love God above his chief good; did he not feel confident that God doeth all things well, could he sleep, think

ye, quietly in a storm at sea? Said a feeble lady in a storm at sea, when she was calm, peaceful, happy, and unmoved: "My Father is at the helm."

I have never been at sea; much less in a storm at sea; but should it be my lot to traverse the mighty deep, and should the storm overtake me and a watery grave stare me in the face; could I then rest quietly as a weaned child, and say from my heart: "My Father is at the helm," then I should feel that the foundations remain sure, and that the righteous are safe.

But his third and last fault was *anger*. He seemed to be displeased with God because he spared the Ninevites. Here the good man was sorely grieved, not to say vexed or angry; for grieved agrees better with the context and with the original.

You will note, Jonah was not required to preach repentance to the Ninevites—not required to say to them: If you repent you shall live; but if you do not repent you shall die. His commission ran: Go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; preach the preaching I bid thee; go and say to them: "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed."

This was the whole of it, and Jonah understood the decree to be absolute—that there could be no compromise; that Nineveh was certainly a doomed city, and that in forty days it would be destroyed. Jonah knew that their iniquity was great; that it had come up before God; that it was a stench in the nostrils of the Almighty. He had not forgotten the case of the old world; Sodom and Gomorrah, and Korah and his

host, in the wilderness; he knew when their cup was full, full to the brim, that God destroyed them; and he was fully satisfied that the cup of iniquity of the Ninevites was also full; full to its utmost capacity, and that the time had fully come for God to destroy them; that the honor of His government demanded it. And he preached accordingly, and in the honesty and integrity of his heart: "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed."

Then he knew the consequences of being branded as a false prophet. The odium now bears no proportion to what it then did. Then they were flooded with these false prophets; sometimes they had four hundred of them to one true prophet; and they were the bane of society; a plague more dreadful than the frogs of Egypt. And Jonah knew very well what these Ninevites would think of him, and what his own people would think of him, should he be branded as a false prophet; he knew that his usefulness would be at an end—that he could do no more for God nor his country; and Jonah was not a man who desired to outlive his usefulness.

Hence, he was grieved—grieved at heart, and desired to die. Not because the Ninevites were spared—no, no; here you err, not knowing the scriptures nor the power of God; but because he had misapprehended the Divine mind or intention, supposing the decree absolute, when it was conditional. For this reason he was grieved, and desired that he might die.

And here he did no more than Elijah, one of the best of men, before him. When he was driven

before the terrible persecution, under Ahab and Jezebel, into the wilderness; when he thought the path of his usefulness was hedged up; that he could do no more for God and his country, he prayed that he might die; he thought it was better for him to die than to live. And if you justify Elijah, as you do, then I ask you to pause a little before you condemn Jonah for the same thing.

Had Jonah been guilty of murder and adultery like David; or had his heart been turned away from God by a thousand ungodly women, like Solomon; or had he denied his Lord, and cursed and swore, like Peter; or had he sold him for money like Judas; I am the last man that would open my mouth for him. No; I would let him go overboard, where such men ought to go, and let the deep close upon him.

Then the conduct of God toward him, during the whole of it, was most mild and conciliatory—he did not denounce him as a traitor, nor condemn him as an incorrigible sinner; but he spoke kindly to him; he treated him with the utmost tenderness; he built a booth for him to shelter his weary and sun-burnt head. And God forbid that I should condemn whom the Lord doth not condemn.

Then again: If you look at the genealogy of Jonah, you will see very clear indications of the fact that he was a good, honest man. He was of Gath-hepher, which signifies to press; to delve; to dig; to toil; words appropriate to a good man, who spends his life in unceasing efforts to be useful.

His father's name was *Amittai*, which signifies

Truth. He had certainly a very honorable parentage; born of truth; raised up under the truth; and I know not that he ever varied the least *iota* from the truth in his long and useful life.

His name is *Jonah*, which signifies a dove; and a dove, in Bible language, is never used to represent an unworthy character; but is the symbol of simplicity, of innocence, of gentleness and fidelity; and simplicity, and innocence, and gentleness, and fidelity are the infallible bulwarks of Jonah's character. Let these unite in me, and I shall feel securely, amid the weaknesses and imperfections of life. And these dry genealogies, as every Bible student knows, always mean something—they never lie. And when I look at the great acts of his life, I see in him the same certain indications of fidelity and piety.

When he got on board the ship at Joppa, to go to Tarshish, it is said: "*He paid his fare.*" Why is this comparatively trifling circumstance made a matter of record by inspired men of God? Jonah was not a man to compromise principle, to cozen, or sponge his way through; he had about him the integrity, the firmness, the spirit of an honest man. When he got on board, he went directly to the captain's office and paid his dollar, and started off for Europe like a man among men. Then, when in company with these pagan mariners, for they were all pagans, and worshiped dumb idols; and when the storm arose, and they cast lots to know for whose cause this evil had come upon them; and the lot fell upon Jonah, he did not deny his religion, nor his God, nor his country.

He was not a man to serve God at home among his friends, and forsake and deny Him abroad, among enemies and strangers.

When they pressed him to know his history, saying: "Who art thou? what is thine occupation? whence comest thou? what is thy country? and of what people art thou?" He said: "I am a Hebrew; I belong to the family of God's chosen people." Here he showed his true character; here he gloried in his relationship to the people of God; here he felt that confidence in God that his people had felt before, in trying circumstances; here he felt that that God who had opened a passage before his people in the Red Sea, would calm the waves before him in the Mediterranean Sea.

He said to these old Pagans: "I fear God!" the God of the Hebrews; here he avowed his fidelity—his strong confidence in God; he knew very well that God was his portion; yea, and his defense. I fear not the waves; I fear not the storm; I fear not the loud creaking sails; I fear not a watery grave; I fear God! I am filled with filial fear; I love him above my chief good; I bow with awe and reverence before the awful majesty of Him who rides upon the storm, and flies upon the wings of the wind, and makes dark waters and thick clouds his pavilion round about.

Then he confessed his faults; when they wished to know what he had done to bring this storm upon them; he told them. How God wanted him to go to Nineveh and warn sinners of danger near; but he did not want to go; and when men have erred,



I like to see them own up; it is honest to do so; he that confesseth and forsaketh shall find mercy.

Then his integrity appears in his deciding his own destiny. When the waves rolled high, and all on board was in danger, they ask him, "What shall we do with you, that the storm may cease?" "Throw me overboard, that's what your safety and that of the ship demands." He was not the man to say, we will keep together; we will stick to the ship; live or die, sink or swim, we will not be separated. No, no; he knew that he had done wrong; he knew that it was for his sake the storm was upon them, and that they must all perish unless he was thrown overboard, and he counted not his own life dear unto him so that he might save sinners. Here he becomes an illustrious type of the world's Redeemer. Christ died for sinners.

Then mark his influence on the crew. These mariners—these pagans—were all brought to God, and yielded to be saved by grace; they turned away from dumb idols to the one living and true God. If all our ministers, who leave their charges to go to Europe, would get all on shipboard converted, I should think we had better let them go. But pleasure, rather than the salvation of souls, is the object of vacations in these days. Then, why this special interposition of Providence for him in preserving his life? God prepared a great fish to swallow him up, as he preserved the life of Daniel in the lion's den, and of the three Hebrews in the burning, fiery furnace; so he preserved the life of his servant, Jonah, in the belly of the fish.

*What were the peculiar circumstances* preparing the way for the landing of Jonah in the belly of the fish?

Nineveh was to be warned; six hundred thousand souls were to be admonished of danger — were to be brought to repentance — were to be saved with the power of an endless life; and Jonah was the honored instrument designed for this great work. God has been in the habit, from the beginning, of calling men to a specific work. He called Moses to deliver Israel from the Egyptians; he called Samson to deliver Israel from the Philistines; he called Gideon to deliver Israel from the Midianites.

And these men all hesitated to do duty; they felt their weakness and insufficiency for the work, as did Jonah. This is the first circumstance.

Now, you will note here, God does not generally relinquish his claim upon men when they refuse to do duty, and appoint another in their place. The gifts and callings of God are without repentance. When God appoints you to do a work, and you do not do it, he does not relinquish you, and appoint another to do that work. If you do duty, well; if not, he holds you responsible for the consequences in all time to come. If Jonah goes to Nineveh, well; if not, God will not appoint another, but Nineveh will perish — miserably perish; but, in the last day, in the final judgment, Jonah will come up with the blood of six hundred thousand souls in his garments, who have perished through his lack of service. What is duty? What does God require at your hand, my brother? You had better do it; get hold of it at once, however

difficult ; for if you neglect it blood will be in your garments, and you can never get rid of it ; the voice of a brother's blood will haunt you — will cry after you from the ground, and from perdition itself, forever.

Then, no matter how difficult ; no matter how painful ; no matter how unequal you feel to the work, it is *easier* to do duty than not to do it. Do you not think Jonah wished, before he had got half-way to Tarshish, that he had gone to Nineveh ? Was not the storm, and peril at sea, and the mortification of being thrown overboard, far more painful to him than to have gone to Nineveh and delivered his message ? I tell you what it is, dear brother, you had better do duty. If you attempt to neglect duty, to flee from the presence of the Lord, you will not prosper. God will visit you with His displeasure ; the mildew and the blight will be upon you ; the storm, the terrible storm, will overtake you.

Human agencies are not usually allowed to interfere with the Divine arrangement. This is another circumstance.

God had appointed Jonah to go to Nineveh ; but these mariners had secured their dollar, and got him on board their ship to carry him to Tarshish, away from his work. Hitherto the mariners had worked well ; the ship had worked well ; the tackle had worked well ; the sea had worked well — all well. But now there is trouble ; everything is out of order ; there is a terrible storm. What now ? What is up ? Matter enough ; they are coming in contact with the Divine arrangement. God wants Jonah to go to Nineveh ; but they have got him on board, carrying

him off to Tarshish. And every great enterprise that God has started from the beginning has met with opposition from men. But has this opposition been successful, and has the enterprise been a failure? No, verily. No ship, nor tackle, nor mariners, nor weapons formed against God, shall prosper. Let the potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth; but woe unto him that striveth with his Maker. To come into contact with God and his arrangements, is to wage an unequal warfare.

*Note again:* No human agency can save a man in the neglect of duty.

When the storm arose; when the lot fell upon Jonah; when he and all on board knew that he was the cause of it; when he told them all the facts in the case; how that he was a Hebrew, and feared God, and God told him to do duty, and he would not do it; when he told them to throw him overboard, then these mariners labored hard to save him; they loved him; he had endeared himself to them by his manly and Christian deportment, and they threw out the wares, the lading of the ship. Never did mariners work and row harder than they to save him. "Let not his blood," say they, "be on us." But they could not save him; in spite of human help, he must go overboard.

I tell you plainly, the world can never save you when you turn from duty, and attempt to flee from the presence of the Lord. If such men are saved, they will be saved by the skin of their teeth; they will be saved as by fire. The world is no friend to grace. Wicked men cannot save you; your friends

cannot save you ; your minister cannot save you ; no power on earth can save you, in the neglect of duty. It is better to do duty. You may feel weak, yet get hold of the cross ; take it up manfully ; it is your only hope for salvation.

What did Jonah *do* in the belly of the fish ?

He searched old ocean to its depths, never did mariner, with diving bell, go deeper or farther in ocean's waters. He went to the lowest depths ; he traveled to the utmost extent of the channels of the deep. "I went," said he, "to the bottom of the mountains ; the earth, with her bars, was about me." And it was fortunate for him that there were bars or bounds about him, beyond which he could not go ; for nobody can tell, but for this, where he would have landed. I know not where men would bring up, when they break from their moorings ; when they turn away from duty, from the defenses of Israel, if God did not set the earth, with her bars, about them.

God has set bounds to men over which they cannot pass. He hath set bounds to human life.

Job says of man, "Turn from him that he may rest, until he shall accomplish, as a hireling, his day."

Not that God has fixed the day and hour when men shall die ; but he has fixed the bounds beyond which they cannot pass ; they may come up to these bounds, or they may not ; that is wholly contingent ; but they cannot pass over them. He hath set bounds, also, to the wanderings and to the wickedness of man ; he will suffer men to be wicked, only to a certain extent ; "The cup of the Amorites

is not yet full ;" but He will suffer them to fill it up to the brim ; but beyond this he will not suffer them to go.

But Jonah made the belly of the fish his *sanctuary* ; he built there an altar, and called on the name of the Lord.

And I believe wherever we stop, for a day or two, we should set up our altar, and call on the name of the Lord—so Abraham did. You certainly cannot find a more difficult place to build an altar than in the belly of the fish ; yet even here Jonah builds his altar, and calls on the name of the Lord.

When he first found himself in the stomach of the whale, the great sea monster, at a 115 Fahrenheit, he probably thought he was lost, *dead and damned*, after all, for not doing duty ; the terrors of the deep surrounded him ; the pains of hell got hold upon him. But he thought he would pray ; he had been in the habit of praying, and he thought he would try it again ; lost or not lost, hell or no hell, pray he would. The weeds, scalding hot, were wrapped about my head ; the heat of the monster pressed sorely upon me ; yet, out of the belly of hell cried I unto the Lord : "The floods compassed me ; all thy billows and thy waves passed over me." Some suffer their afflictions to turn them away from God ; but Jonah prayed so much the more. If any poor fellow might be brought into circumstances where he might think prayer was useless, and access to God impossible, certainly Jonah was in that place ; but here he prays ; he cries mightily unto God ; in his despair he prayed : "The waters compassed me, even to the soul"—to

the life; this was well-nigh extinct. Then he said: "I am cast out of thy sight;" he apprehended that God had utterly forsaken him; then his spirit fainted within him; then despair gathered about him; he saw no way out of that. He had heard how God had delivered Lot from Sodom, and led his people out of Egypt, making a way for them through the Red Sea; but he had never heard of any man that was delivered from the belly of a fish; yet, in his despair, in hope, against all human hope, he cries unto God for help, and he got it. The fish brought him to the shore, and left him upon dry land. And do you not think he was glad to get rid of him? For three mortal days he had lain in his stomach, but he could not move a hair of his head; he had never got hold of such indigestible meat before. But how many there are who try to eat Jonah—to feast on imperfect Christians. The imperfections of Church members are their daily food; but no human stomach can digest such meat as this; the stomach of an ostrich would be wholly inadequate for this work.

And do you not think Jonah was glad to get rid of the fish? Was he not a happy man when he got his feet once more placed upon *terre firma*? After this long fish *chase* and sea voyage, I think now he is ready for duty. I think I hear him saying: It is enough! here I will give my wanderings over. What now, Lord; what now, is thy will concerning me? Tell me, and I am ready to obey.

What now? Why, go to Nineveh. That's what. The gifts and callings of God are without repentance. Nineveh is yet unwarned; nobody has done your

duty; nobody can do it. God does not relinquish his claims upon you, because you have done wrong.

Arise, therefore, and go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it, saying: "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

Jonah has had enough of Europe and running away from his work for pleasure. He finds himself on the rough, bleak shore of the Mediterranean, with no human being about him. But conscience and the Holy Spirit come to his rescue; though 500 miles from his charge, without stopping to change his clothes or to take breakfast, he starts on foot for Nineveh. And over hill and dale, night and day, the lone stranger was seen moving on; tired and hungry, turning neither to the right nor to the left, toward his field of labor. No murmuring, no fault-finding now; he is a happy man; on his way from pleasure and his own way to duty and God's way. And when the towers and bulwarks of the mighty city heave in view, we hear him saying: "Now for duty; it is easier to do duty than not to do it; I will preach to the Ninevites, now, the Lord helping me, if it kill me." And as he enters that great city, of three days' journey, he begins to do duty—to preach—and the attention of the people is arrested; they are moved to repentance and salvation. The municipality—the government—takes hold of the work; the king appoints a fast, and commands all the people and all the beasts of the field to put on sackcloth and get in ashes before God, the God of Jonah. While the old Prophet, in the true pioneer style, moves on without Church, or pulpit, or ritual, through the streets of old



Nineveh, thundering with a loud voice: "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed." And six hundred thousand souls come to repentance and turn from dumb idols to the service of the one living and true God.

Is not that better than pleasure seeking; than running away from duty? And the gospel, preached in simplicity from an honest heart, has lost none of its power to save sinners. It is God's honored instrumentality to save a ruined world, and bring it back to God, and all walls, and bulwarks, and infidelity, and dumb idols must fall before it.

Note, in conclusion, the use our Lord makes of the text. As Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of the fish, so the Son of Man must be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth. Here the great and blessed doctrine of the resurrection is taught. Human reason cannot comprehend the resurrection; its utmost skill is baffled here. When Jesus was crucified; when they laid him in the grave, nobody thought he could live again. And when Jonah was thrown overboard, and the fish swallowed him, human reason gave him up; nobody ever expected to see him again. But Jonah *lives*, and so does Jesus; death cannot hold him—the grave cannot conceal him. He bursts the bands of death asunder; he rises like a God. And so we shall live; though all His waves pass over us; though the floods compass us about; though death and the grave close upon us; yet we shall *live*; we shall come forth, from the grave, clothed with immortality and eternal life.

## VII.

## GOSPEL.

"And there they preached the gospel."—Acts, 14: 7.

THE Jewish priests remained always at one point; they ministered a lifetime at one altar. They never went abroad among the peoples and nations. Their religion was circumscribed—was narrowed down to the Jews, and to the Jews only, that the purpose of God, according to election, might stand.

But the new commission reads: "Go, preach; go into all the world and preach my gospel to every creature." Christ designed, and the Church demands, a moving—an itinerant ministry. A local ministry will be likely to build houses and buy lands, and get the comforts—yea, and luxuries of home about them; but it is expected of these ministers that they will stand off and keep clear, and not be entangled much with the things of this world.

Then, in the early Church, these ministers were sent out in pairs, two and two; so the apostles; so the seventy, and so in our own day. They thought a great deal of oral testimony. When Matthias was chosen to take the place of Judas, they said: "We want another witness to testify of the resurrection of Christ." It was well understood, in that day, that by

the mouth of two or three witnesses, everything shall be established.

And there *they* preached the gospel.

But *who* preached the gospel there?

I answer: Paul and Barnabas; two good ministers, well suited to the times and to the work. They were well educated—their minds were well trained; Paul at the feet of Gamaliel, and Barnabas in the same school, and with the same care.

There were exigencies to be met; there were great questions to be settled; the new religion was to be established. Sadduceeism was rampant, denying the resurrection from the dead and the existence of angels and spirits. Then Phariseeism walked all abroad, rejecting the written law and adhering to oral tradition. Judaism, though rebuked and shaken, was yet strong to defend the law of ceremonies. Then there was *idolatry* that lay at the base of every heresy, and gave countenance to every sin. And the schools and the schoolmen were all on the alert to maintain their long-cherished opinions, and reject any and every encroachment of the new faith. But here were ministers fully up to the times, and equal to the emergency; well versed in all the learning of the age. We see them at Jerusalem; at Ephesus; at proud Athens, and everywhere, with a mighty hand, grappling with these gigantic errors, and declaring the one-living and true God, and the resurrection from the dead.

And we live in an age when all these great issues are to be fought over again. Materialism, that sets in upon us like a flood; Roman Catholicism, that has tracked the soil for long ages in all lands;

Deism and Atheism in their multitudinous forms and phases; and, idolatry, too; they are building their heathen temples, and setting up their dumb idols right among us; Fuhism, old with centuries; and Buddhism, strengthened by unnumbered ages, are all on hand and to be met. Yet the Church has lost none of her power, and we have lost no confidence in the Church. I believe our ministers are fully equal to the times, and well able to lay hold upon, defend, and establish the great principles of the faith once delivered to the saints.

There is another power lying back of human culture essential to the work of the ministry, and that power these ministers had. It is said here, that the Holy Ghost said: "Separate unto us Saul and Barnabas for the work of the ministry, whereunto I have called them." It is wonderful that these ministers, in leading sinners to repentance—in restoring lost men to their allegiance and standing in society, take no credit to themselves—none belongs to them. When Peter told the lame man that had never walked to get up and walk; and he got up and leaped, and walked and praised God, it was a wonderful thing; such a thing was never known before; but it was not the power of Peter; it was not the power of the schools, nor the wisdom of men, that accompanied his word of command to that poor lame man, so that every bone in his body was made whole; and he sprang up and walked, and went into the Temple, leaping and walking, and praising God. And all the people ran together, greatly wondering, and filled Solomon's porch to its utmost capacity. They had

never heard such preaching before; preaching that would enter into a man like that, and straighten out his club-feet, and heal all his broken bones. Peter said: "Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this? or why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our power or holiness, we had made this man to walk? The God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob—the God of our fathers—hath glorified his son Jesus whom ye delivered up, and denied Him before Pilate. In the name of Jesus Christ, of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by Him doth this man stand before you whole." And when the commission was given to Paul at Damascus, the Lord said: "Thou art a chosen vessel to bear my name to the Gentiles." And it was this name, this divine authority, that Paul bore before rulers and governors, before Felix and Agrippa; that caused them to tremble. Mere human authority in a minister is of little account. What could Moses have done with this before Pharaoh? Suppose he had said: I have a commission from the schools to deliver Israel; a diploma signed by that distinguished man, the priest of Midian; and now it is expected that you will let Israel go. Do you think Israel would have been delivered?

But Moses said: "I AM that I AM hath sent me unto you." Then Moses wrought that stupendous train of miracles to establish the divinity of his appointment; then the elements gave him reverence; then the Egyptians trembled, and fell as dead men before him; then Pharaoh was overawed; then, with a strong hand and outstretched arm, he led

Israel up out of bondage into glorious liberty. And it is because the spirit of the Lord God is upon these ministers, because He hath anointed them to preach good tidings to the meek, the opening of the prison doors to the bound, that they are able to proclaim liberty to the captives. Then these ministers had *religion*; this is the third and last qualification.

Paul obtained it at Damascus after three days of repentance and humiliation, and earnest crying unto God; and as soon as he found it, and not before, he commenced to preach. And wherever he went he talked and preached it; and on all great occasions, when brought before kings and rulers, he always told his experience; he told it in detail; he told the whole of it; how he got religion in Damascus; what a time he had to get it; and how good it was; how he was brought out into a large place; the old filthy rags of his self-righteousness were left behind, and he obtained a new and clean robe—"Yea," said he, "I live, now; yet not I, but Christ lives in me, the hope of glory."

Then Barnabas received it about the time that Cornelius was converted, and the Holy Ghost was given to the Gentiles; and he went right off to Jerusalem, and told the brethren there all about it, what God had wrought, and how glorious it was, and how the Gentiles down there in Cesarea were getting religion. Now, said he, do not let us oppose it; this is God's work; this is what the Prophets spoke of long time ago.

And this is what these ministers want, and must have; and they do have it, and take it with them to

the people; to their firesides, to their children, to their sick beds, to their social meetings, and to the pulpit. They live it and breathe it in all their intercourse with men; in all their pastoral visitations; in all their prayers and exhortations, and songs, and sermons. Their moral character, the religious influences that gather about them, their walk, and conversation, and doctrine, are all such that the people take knowledge of them, that they have been with Jesus.

These were good ministers; men of learning; men called of God; men of piety; they had religion, and they were men of marked ability; of mighty intellect. They were well fitted for any position in the nation; for doctors; for lawyers; for statesmen; they would have been mighty in the Forum and in the Senate. These were chosen vessels of God to bear his name to the Gentiles to save sinners; to bring a lost world back to allegiance to God; to plant and establish the kingdom of Christ that shall never be moved.

And there *they* preached the gospel.

But *where* did they preach the gospel? I answer: In Lycaonia, a province of Asia Minor; accounted a part of Cappadocia, having Pisidia on the west and Cilicia on the south—this, at that time, was a Roman province—Iconium was the capital. Then they took in the little city of Derbe, about twenty miles south of Iconium; this was one of their principal Sunday appointments. Then they took in Lystra, a city about forty miles west of Iconium, remarkable as the birth-place of Timothy; here lived Eunice and

Lois, who early taught him the Holy Scriptures. Their house was the home of the apostles while on this circuit, and here young Timothy was encouraged and brought out, and licensed to preach. Then they had several week-day appointments in the region round about. This was a pretty large circuit; about one hundred and fifty miles around; it was known on the minutes as the *Derbe and Lystra circuit*.

And *there* they preached the gospel.

But *why* did they preach the gospel there? I answer: They had been preaching the gospel on the Iconium circuit. They preached the gospel with great power and success in Iconium; they drew large congregations; they were very popular there. Then they had a great and glorious revival of religion there; a great multitude, both of the Jews and also of the Greeks, believed. The Lord gave testimony to the word of his grace as preached there. It was not a lifeless, soulless effort; there was an unction about it that was felt — that went to the heart. Then they did signs and wonders there, to convince the people that God was with them. It was in the promise that these signs should follow; they should drink deadly poison and tread on venomous serpents, and have no harm. And these signs of the divinity of their commission did follow. But then there was an unhappy division in the society at Iconium — part turned over with the Jews; part remained faithful to the apostles, and there were certain Jews that stirred up the Gentiles against them. Then the government took it up; “The rulers of the people took counsel together against the Lord and against his



anointed," saying: "Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us;" so that not only was the usefulness of these ministers hindered, but their liberties and lives were in danger. And now they had been a long time on that circuit; as long as the genius of the system required; and the good of the work and the itinerant plan demanded that a change should be made, and it was made, and they went down to Derbe and Lystra. And *there* they preached the gospel.

But *how* did they preach the gospel there? I answer: They did not preach themselves as any part of the gospel. There is, perhaps, a tendency among ministers to preach themselves. But how would a man preach that preached himself? Let us hear. I have been to Europe and the Holy Land; I have trodden in the footsteps of Jesus and the apostles; I have stood on Sinai and Calvary, on Horeb and Pisgah; I have scaled the snow-clad Alps and Apennines; I have made a circuit of the globe, coming home by way of the Pacific and California; have seen Brigham Young, and stood in the midst of the great Yosemite Valley; yea, I have waded through Calculus and the Classics, and read the best authors on sermonizing and elocution. But who would be instructed; who would be made better; what poor sinner would be led to repentance; what hungry soul would be fed with the bread of life, and encouraged in the way to heaven, by such preaching?

But they did not preach themselves. When they made any allusion to self, it was to say: We are men—only men; depraved, and fallen, and liable to

err; "men of like passions with yourselves." But Paul declares plainly: "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves, your servants, for Christ's sake."

They did not go into the discussion of the whole field of politics; they did not say this great Jewish nation, for four thousand years, has had Abraham to our father and Moses for our law-giver, and now we are bowing meanly to Rome and paying tribute to Cæsar; they did not take up the question of the tariff for the encouragement of the mechanic and all home interests; nothing was said about the propriety of taxing the bonded debt to raise money for current expenses; and as to the franchises and the late amendments, they were not so much as named.

But there they preached the *gospel*.

They did not wait to write little moral essays, nor bring forward their paper sermons; but they saw the people wholly given to idolatry, and they went right at it, and told them that they must turn from these dumb idols—from these vanities—to the living God, who made heaven and earth, and all that in them is.

The gospel—what a theme this!

This was at Lystra; this was not out of the world—not far off. These men had heard all about Paul before; now they see him in the crowd. When he rises to speak, all eyes are turned upon him. There is Paul—there is the little giant; he will tell us something about his beloved *alma mater*; then he will give us a eulogy on the old president—a mighty man he was; then he will slide into mechanics and philosophy; and then he will come on to the state of

the country of the Jewish nation—of their amenability to Rome. But Paul steps forward, and says:

*The gospel, the gospel!* that is the theme. The time was when I despised it; but I have looked it all over, and am satisfied there is nothing like it. This is my work; this occupies my attention. Others glory in other things, but here is glory enough for me. God forbid that I should glory save in the cross; in the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. No, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation, unto every one that believeth—to the Jew first and also to the Greek;" power of that God who sends rain and fruitful seasons—of that God who has not left himself without witness in that he did good.

There is nothing in the outward appearance of the gospel very prepossessing, or that promises much; yet there is a quiet, reserve power that bears down all before it. When they took the Ark and some rams' horns, and began to move around Jericho, there was nothing in it that appeared very formidable; but the old moss-grown walls trembled from the foundation to the top-stone, and down they came; and they went straight up into the city and took it. So, when our gospel is brought in full blast against any city or place, any stronghold of the wicked one, it must come down. When the Philistines took the Ark captive once, they put it into the temple of Dagon; but when the priests went out in the morning they found Dagon down before the Ark, and they took him and set him up, and said nothing about it; but the next morning they found the old god down again,

and he had come down with so much violence that he was broken to pieces, and there was not enough left of him worth setting up; and there is no heathen power nor heathen God that can stand before the gospel.

And twelve priests took the Ark and marched boldly into Jordan; and Jordan divided right and left; so that all Israel went through on dry ground, and took possession of the goodly land; and bring our gospel up to death's dark and cold waters, and we shall go through dry-shod to our Canaan. It is the power of God; there is a reserve and hidden power to accomplish that whereunto it is sent. And there they preached the *gospel*.

But what was *accomplished* by the preaching of the gospel there? What effect was produced? I answer: The people were moved, and said: "The gods have come down;" this influence upon us is nothing less than divine. And I think this is the right kind of effect to be produced by the preaching of the gospel. But we have a great deal of preaching, in these days, that has no appearance of God about it; in hearing it, nobody would suspect that the gods had come down. Nobody is moved; no incorrigible sinner is awakened; no mourners in Zion are comforted; no devout Christian is blessed and encouraged. But when God comes down and honors his word, then the people know it and feel it, and good is done.

But God has been in the habit of coming down, under the preaching of His word, from time immemorial. Hence, Paul calls it the power of God unto

salvation. Hence, on the Day of Pentecost, God came down, under the preaching of the word, in a wonderful manner. Hence, in the days of our father's, God came down under the preaching of the gospel, and sinners were awakened and converted. And I trust the time will never come when the gospel shall lose its power, or God cease to come down to own his truth.

Then there was a lame man—a *poor* cripple; much like the one that Peter healed at Jerusalem, sitting here at Lystra, and he heard the word, and was made whole. It is wonderful how this gospel preached will reach, like electricity, to the very bones, and search out and remove every infirmity. The prophet understood it when he said: "It is as a fire, shut up in the bones," and it burns wonderfully, so as to enlighten and warm, resuscitate, and make a lame man whole.

This is in keeping with the promise. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, for these ministers preaching our gospel—"And the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose; then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing." Yes, there is power in the gospel to make men whole, and it will do it. You may be made whole this day. If this man had been made a cripple by accident, then the physicians might have set his bones, and healed him; but he was so by nature; always so, and no human power could heal him; and this is your case; nature is diseased—inwardly dis-

eased—always diseased, and no human power can help you. But the gospel can do it; the power of God is in it; the only power that can restore and heal and save men.

This man heard the gospel; here are the means. It is by the foolishness of preaching that God saves sinners; and it is within your reach, and you must hear it, and you shall live. But this man had faith to be healed; and our religion is a religion of faith; faith must enter into it; you must believe the word; believe the promises; believe in Jesus and venture on him, and thou shalt be saved.

And there they preached the *gospel*.

But how were they treated in preaching the gospel there? I answer: They treated them well at first—too well; they overdid the matter altogether. The populace was moved, and the popular current ran high—too high. They say these are great men—mighty men; men of marked ability, and wonderful eloquence. This was saying a great deal, but it was not very far from the truth, and would have done very well, had they stopped here. But the tide rolled on, and they began to say these men are more than human; they are gods. Barnabas they called Jupiter; and Paul, Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker. It had been intimated that the gods were going to visit their city about this time. It had been now a long time since they were there, and now they are here; they have come right upon us so suddenly, and yet so quietly, nobody knew they were here, until they saw these mighty works that they did. And the old priest

of Jupiter, in the temple, heard it said, the gods have come, and he made haste to bring out his oxen, clothed in garlands, to make a great offering in honor of Jupiter and Mercurius.

Here was popular favor; and sometimes popular favor setting in upon ministers, and the Church may be turned to good account, to the furtherance of the gospel, to the salvation of souls, and to the honor of the Church; but, ordinarily it tends to vanity, self-conceit, and every evil work. Ministers should never overlook the honor that cometh from God; in such a work it will do to be little and unknown; loved and prized by God alone.

But the next thing they did, after proposing to worship them, was to stone Paul.

There came certain Jews from Antioch, and Iconium, and stirred up the people against the apostles, and they said he is not fit to live, and they stoned him to death, and drew him out of the city, and left him, without the favor of a decent burial. Here is an emergency; death comes; the strong man is laid low, and that by the hand of violence. Is Paul deceived; has he been imposed upon by the new religion; is the gospel equal to this great occasion? As the brethren stood around the bruised and broken form of their beloved minister; as they mourned and wept; as they were preparing for his burial, his lifeless form was re-animated; he rose up alive and well, all healed; and the next day, with Barnabas, his faithful companion, he went up into Derbe, the upper part of the circuit, and went to preaching the gospel as though nothing had happened. Death could

not hold him, for four days, as it did Lazarus; nor yet three days, as it did the Master; but in a few short hours the bands were loosed, and he came forth a glorious trophy of the faith in which he gloried; of the gospel which he preached. "I glory," says he, "in tribulation, also," and he found far more glory in being pelted to death with stones than in the popular favor. And I believe the gospel fully equal to every emergency, whether it be the popular favor, or persecution—yea, death and the grave do it reverence. Where did it ever fail? Who has been disappointed in it? Is it any wonder, then, that *there they preached the gospel*. How short-lived and unsatisfying the honors of the world—but how solid, how lasting, how glorious the gospel!



## VIII.

## PLANTING THE CHURCH IN EPHEBUS.

"But I will tarry at Ephesus until Pentecost. For a great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries."—1 Cor., 16: 8, 9.

IT would appear, from the reading of the text, that St. Paul was in Ephesus at the time of the writing of this Epistle to Corinth, and that it was not written from Philippi, as the subscription would indicate, and as is generally supposed. Paul found at Ephesus a door, an open door, a great and an effectual door, and he entered in, as he was wont to enter all open doors, and remained not until Pentecost only, but for three years, and preached the gospel and planted the Church in Ephesus.

*The planting of the Church in Ephesus*, by the hand of St. Paul, is our theme for the occasion.

And I call attention now to the difficulties Paul met in planting the Church in Ephesus referred to in the text: "and there are many adversaries." •

Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus. He says: "What advantageth it me, though I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, if the dead rise not;" if there be no hereafter; if Christianity is a failure? It was not uncommon in heathen lands to cast their prisoners, and

especially Christian prisoners, to wild beasts. Hence, some think that Paul fought literally with beasts in Ephesus, and his flesh was torn and his blood shed. But in the Acts of the Apostles, where we have a fuller account of the planting of the Church in Ephesus, there is no reference made to fighting with beasts; and, in his general catalogue of sufferings, he makes no allusion to fighting with beasts at Ephesus. Hence, we are led to suppose that his language is figurative, and that he only refers to the difficulties—serious difficulties—he met in planting the Church in Ephesus. •

*They had a defective experience* in Ephesus; they copied John; that is the first difficulty.

There were twelve disciples, who thought their experience was fully up to the standard of Christianity; they were well read in the law, and blameless outwardly—who presented themselves at the altar before Paul, as candidates for reception into the Church.

Paul proposed to them this question: "Have you received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" and they said: "No; we have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." "But unto what then were ye baptized?" and they said: "Unto John's baptism." Paul said: "John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance," saying unto the people that they should believe on him which should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus," and when they heard that, they were baptized again in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Now, if John's baptism were Christian baptism, I see no reason why these disciples should be re-baptized.

But the fact is, John was under the law; the law was until John; John's baptism was a Jewish rite. Christ went to John to be baptized; so Christ was circumcised; but his circumcision was a Jewish rite, and so was his baptism. It was customary, under the law, for the priests, at thirty years of age, to go to the door of the tabernacle and be washed or baptized, and be thus publicly initiated into the ministry; so, when Christ "began to be thirty years old." Why wait until he was thirty years old? Was he not just as well qualified at twenty as at thirty? But, as the law required, and at the proper time, he went to John to be baptized and initiated into the ministry.

"I came not," said He, "to destroy the law nor the prophets, but to fulfill;" and all the great acts of Christ, before the crucifixion, were done under the law; he attended the feasts, because the law required it; he was circumcised, because the law required it; he was baptized, because the law required it. The Christian Church and baptism were not instituted until after the resurrection from the dead, and the giving of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost.

But here were twelve disciples at the altar to be received into the Church; they were well read in Jewish ritualism; they were legalists; they were all the law required; but they lacked one thing: they lacked the gift of power; they lacked the Holy Ghost; and Paul laid his hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost, and were received into the Church.

And there are thousands in all the Churches to-day who are good legalists; they are well versed in

ritualism; they are all the law requires. But they lack one thing, and that is the main thing; they lack the gift of power—the gift of the Holy Ghost; so far as any experience is concerned, they have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost. But our religion is not a religion of forms and ceremonies only—but it is a religion of life and power; it can be felt and known in the heart, and seen in the life. And God forbid that the fire, kindled on the altar of the Church on the day of Pentecost, should ever burn out; but as the fire on the old Jewish altar burned from age to age, so this Pentecostal fire, on the altar of the Church, will burn to the latest generation. These corruscations of fire are yet visible in the Churches; and these tongues of flame yet sweetly sing the songs of our common Zion, and tell the story of the Cross.

*Synagogue worship.*—That is the next difficulty; Paul went into the Synagogue and labored, for six months, to prepare the way for the planting of the Church. In the Synagogue they taught that oral tradition was superior to the written law; if a man wants light or instruction, he must go to the tradition of the elders, rather than to the Bible, the word of God. In the Synagogue they taught carnal worship; objects visible to the eye and tangible; things that were seen and temporal occupied the attention, while things that are not seen and eternal were ignored.

Then many of the heresies of the heathen, of the pagan world about them, had crept into the Synagogue—all of which had to be removed in preparing the way to lay the foundation of the Church.

And these old heresies are not extinct. Atheism, Deism, Pantheism, Polytheism, and carnal worship, in their various modifications and combinations, overspread the land ;

“Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary hairs,”

they claim precedence to the Church ; claim antiquity for their origin.

But instead of these heresies, Paul offered the faith ; the faith once delivered to the saints—embracing one God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost ; future rewards and punishments ; a heaven above and a hell beneath ; salvation by faith in one mediator through Jesus Christ our Lord. This is the faith essential to the existence of the Church—the faith delivered to the saints—the faith that must vacate all heresies, and fill all lands.

*The schools.*—These are the next difficulty Paul met in planting the Church at Ephesus. There was the school of one Tyrannus, into which Paul entered and labored for two full years, to set things right there ; for the planting of the Church, to make the schools the handmaid of the Church, and a helpmate to religion, as they are expected to be. This Tyrannus was doubtless a Gentile and pagan, and many of the notions of the old Greek and Roman philosophers entered into the school. Then they taught polite literature in this school. These men were taught to take their places on the stage and in the ring, and they performed elegantly, to the admiration of all. Then vice and immorality found little or no restraint in this school. The labor of two full years was necessary to model and remodel

this institution, so the foundation of the Church might be well and safely laid.

And reformatory Christian labor is yet needed in the schools. In the schools, men contract loose habits, and there is not moral power enough here to correct them; many of our young men come out of college broken down and demoralized, and wholly unfit to take their place in society, and to do life's work. Dr. Nott once said to a teacher: "You make scholars; but we at Union make men." And a man, in the full acceptance of that term, is fully qualified to take any position in, and for any and all the walks of life. Let, then, the schools take our children, and bring them to the hight, to the full stature of men, and it will not be difficult for the Church to take these graduates to her altars, and make them Christians—all that God or man expects of them in this world, or the world to come. Let the schools unite with the Church, and we have not only the strongest, but we have the only human agency that God hath appointed to save the world. Let the light of the schools coalesce with the light of the Church; then shall the dark corners of the earth be visited; then shall the habitations of cruelty be broken up; then shall the knowledge of God cover all lands as the waters cover the great deep; then shall the world be redeemed and saved.

*Idolatry.*—That is the next difficulty. Here was the temple of the great goddess Diana of the Ephesians, four hundred and twenty-five feet long, two hundred and twenty feet wide, supported by one hundred and twenty Parian marble columns, sixty

feet high, presented by sixty different reigning monarchs, and two hundred and fifty years in building. It was completed in the reign of Servius Tullius, five hundred and seventy years before the coming of Christ, and was, without controversy, the most magnificent and expensive edifice ever erected on the face of the earth.

Diana, the goddess, was divine in her origin; so they understood it. She came down from Jupiter; she taught perpetual celibacy; and, in so far as that obtained in Ephesus, fornication and misrule, and every evil work followed. She was fond of the chase; was a great huntress; hence she always appears with the bow and a quiver of arrows; hence sporting and gaming were common in Ephesus. And her statue was set up in all public places and cross-roads, and here the people were expected to bow down and worship.

And on the ground where St. Paul's great Christian cathedral now stands, in London, once stood a temple of the great goddess Diana of the Ephesians; and not many ages have passed since, on feast days and great occasions, they brought out a fat bullock for an offering, and hunters' horns, in the metropolis of England, in honor of Diana.

And in our own country they are building their idol temples, and setting up their dumb idols, and asking—demanding us to bow down and worship. And in the hearts of men, bonds, stocks, gains, business, gain the control and win the affections. Here is their idol, and here they bow down, and here they worship. How strong.—how deeply rooted is

idolatry ! But we hear the divine mandate coming from the sanctuary: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

*Ill-gotten gains.*—These are the next difficulty.

There was a chartered company, called the Craft, formed in Ephesus, to manufacture and sell silver shrines. These shrines were miniature likenesses of the temple, in silver, with an open door, so that Diana could be seen sitting surrounded with her worshippers. And when they came into Ephesus by the thousand, and ten thousand, and hundred thousand, from Europe and Asia and Africa, and the islands of the sea, and from all lands (for all the world worshiped Diana), they brought out and sold these silver shrines at an exorbitant price, and they carried them home with them into all countries whither they had come, and set them up for their household gods, and here they worshiped. Here was a great revenue—a great moneyed power and monopoly in Ephesus, in the enjoyment and favor of Diana and of the State.

And when St. Paul comes into Ephesus to plant the Church, of necessity he comes in contact with this great power; and there is trouble; there is a great move in Ephesus; the people run together; some cry one thing, and some another; but, for the most part, they did not know what they said or what they wanted.

There was one Alexander, the coppersmith, who had done Paul much harm aforetime—an old backslider, who had made shipwreck of his faith; ready for any emergency, as backsliders usually are; and they got him up to make a speech in opposition to Paul; and



he talked so eloquently against Paul, and in honor of Diana of the Ephesians, and of the Craft and shrine-making business, that he moved all hearts, and they cried out with one voice, and at the top of the voice, for two hours: "*Great* is Diana of the Ephesians!"

Now, here was some excitement under a speech in honor of idolatry and a great moneyed monopoly; but, in this matter of faith and religion and divine service, we must be very quiet. Go down into Wall street when they bring out their gold and stocks; not one only is heard to speak, and he not above a whisper, but five, ten, fifteen and twenty, and at the top of their voice, and their hands and fingers all manœuvring in all manner of gesticulations; but in this matter of religion we must have no excitement. Put up a mere tyro, a novice of the law, in a political meeting, and the people are moved to the uttermost. But let a minister of the gospel, with the great commission upon him, stand up and preach the gospel in its fullness and power, and let the Holy Ghost come on the people, as on the day of Pentecost, and yet in this matter of religion there must be no excitement. I do not know about this no-amen religion. The prophet says: "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, and let them shout from the top of the mountains, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of you."

But here is a great stir in Ephesus. Paul's life is in danger, and the peace of community is disregarded. But where are the police who are appointed to keep the peace—to defend our rights? There comes the town clerk; but why does he move so tardily—is not the life of a minister worth preserving? And he

makes a speech ostensibly for Paul, but mainly for Diana and the Craft, the great moneyed power, whose servant he was. And he turns to the multitude, saying: "My dear friends, 'We are liable to be called in question for this day's uproar,' " if any law is violated by this man; let it go to the courts; there are the deputies; let them implead one another; you had better go home now, and they went home. But is it not time that such a police should be disbanded—the mere tools of this great moneyed power, and that we have a police who will look after the peace of community and defend men in their equal rights?

But here are "ill-gotten gains;" gains from usury; gains from bribery; gains from unlawful traffic; gains from adulteration; it is well-nigh impossible to get a pure article of food, or of medicine, or of raiment. Such influences—moneyed influences—when Churches are planted, and the gospel preached, must give way, and the sooner the better.

I call attention now to the *means* Paul used in planting the Church in Ephesus.

Great humility, with many tears.

This is the first means. And in this world, where there is so much pride, and so much vanity, and so much selfishness, and so much stoicism—utter indifference to all about us—it is soul-cheering to find humility and tears. Paul had much, in common with other men, to lift him up and make him vain. He says: "If any man has occasion to glory in men, I more; circumcised the eighth day of the stock of Abraham; of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews; touching the law blameless, and touching

religion, a Pharisee." Then his great attainments, and his great talents, and his great eloquence, and his great influence in society, and his eligibility to the highest office in the gift of the nation, might have lifted him up; but, in planting the Church, he says: "I was with you in great humility and many tears."

Then the wonderful communications of grace that he received might have lifted him up. He says: "I have seen Jesus Christ." He speaks of this to show his claim to the apostleship; no man could be an apostle unless he had seen Jesus Christ. But he did not see Jesus Christ before the crucifixion, nor yet after the crucifixion and before the ascension; but long after Christ ascended into glory, with all that appertaineth to man's nature, as Paul was going to Damascus, breathing threatening and slaughter against the Church of God, then Christ appeared to him at full hight, a thing that Christ did to no other man before or since; even those that journeyed with him did not see him; it was a wonderful manifestation. Then, in his call to Macedonia, he says: "An angel stood by me, and said: 'Come over into Macedonia and help us.' " I saw him. Then I have been to heaven; "I knew a man above fourteen years ago; whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell; such an one caught up into the third heaven;" I have walked the golden-paved streets of the New Jerusalem; I have seen the redeemed multitude in white robes, and heard them sing, and heard them speak words that are unutterable; no human language can utter them. "And lest I should be lifted up by the abundance of the revelations, there was given me a thorn in the flesh."

But in Ephesus "I was with you in great humility and many tears." And it is not uncommon for ministers, who have great attainments, and talents, and eloquence, to be lifted up and vain; for they are but men. But if you can find a man qualified to preach the gospel, that has no pride and no vanity, you had better get him; he is one among a thousand; he is a power in the earth. Among human agencies we find none stronger than humility and tears to plant churches and save sinners.

*Faith* is the next means.—Faith is a power to plant churches; to save souls. By faith the old Bible worthies "subdued kingdoms, and wrought righteousness, and quenched the violence of fire, and stopped the mouths of lions, and put to flight the armies of the aliens; and out of weakness were made strong."

And if you have the least possible amount of faith—faith as a grain of mustard seed—no power can stand before you. You can say to this sycamore tree: "Be thou plucked up," and it shall be plucked up; and to this mountain: "Be thou removed," and it shall be removed, and be cast into the midst of the sea. Hence, I hear the divine mandate: "Have faith in God;" believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. No matter how vile; how deeply steeped in sin; how hell-deserving—yet, thou shalt be saved.

*Prayer*.—That is the next means. Paul organized a praying band in Ephesus. Burchard, a great revivalist in the North, had his men to do the praying at all his protracted meetings; and so Paul, in planting the Church, organizes his band. The twelve disciples, whose experience had been fully tested; who

had received power from on 'high; on whom the Holy Ghost rested, were put in the band. Paul authorized them to pray—and they knew how to pray—and then some brethren came down from Philippi and joined them. These were his pray-ers. And it has come to be admitted that *prayer* is a power in the earth—wicked men admit it. In the time of an emergency; in the time of great peril and danger; in the time of sickness and death, then they call for prayer; when all human resources fail, then prayer is expected to do the work.

And I hear from these altars the divine command: *Pray*; pray with all prayer, lifting up holy hands without wrath or doubting; pray without ceasing; pray with the full assurance that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.

*Miracle-working power.*—That is the next means. They brought handkerchiefs and aprons from the person of Paul into sick rooms, and all diseases were healed. And they carried them before men possessed of devils, and they were cast out; they were clothed and in their right minds. Now, here was a great work done by Paul; Christ refers to it when he says: "The works that I do shall ye do also; and greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to the Father." Christ cast out devils and healed diseases; but he never wrought miracles in this way. Christians, now, do greater works than Jesus did; Jesus came into the world to save sinners; yet few souls were converted under his ministry. Now and then only, and that very rarely, we hear him saying, "thy sins are forgiven thee;" but the weakest Chris-

tian, and the least talented minister under the reign of the Holy Ghost, are instrumental in saving scores, and even hundreds of souls.

Then they undertook to imitate the miracles of Paul in Ephesus. When Moses went down into Egypt to deliver Israel, and wrought a stupendous train of miracles, then the astrologers and soothsayers, jugglers and ventriloquists, fortune-tellers and wizards, with their tricks of legerdemain, undertook to imitate these miracles of Moses. They set up their posts by his posts, and their thresholds by his thresholds. So, here, when Paul goes into Ephesus to build and plant the Church of God, and works miracles, then they come forward to imitate them.

There were seven sons of one *Sceva*, a Jew, who had seen Paul cast out devils, and they thought themselves fully qualified to cast out devils. And they found a good subject—a man possessed of many devils, and they command them to come out; but they do not come out. Then they, with their incantations, call over the man the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom Paul preaches, and then they command them to come out: "I say unto you, come out of the man;" but they did not come out. Then they say: "We adjure you, in the name of Jesus, whom Paul preaches," come out; but they did not come out; but looked out, and looked right at them, and said: "Paul we know, and Jesus we know, but who are you?" Vagabonds, soothsayers, fortune-tellers, wizards, astrologers and ventriloquists; the very scum of society, here undertaking to cast out decent, respectable devils; but we do not propose to come out.

And they leaped on them and disabled them; and whipped them and wounded them; and they fled out of that house naked and wounded, and half dead—served them just right. I think they did not undertake to cast out devils again, in the name of Jesus, whom Paul preaches.

But there are two kinds of devils to be cast out. One kind is the out-door devils—devils found in by-places and cemeteries, and the ordinary walks of life; the demoniac of Gadara was possessed of these, and Jesus, when he met these, always cast them out. But the other kind of devils—domestic devils; these are the worst kind of devils; they are angels of light, or devils, just as suits them best; in the Church and before folks, angels; at home and in the family, devils.

Well, Jesus seldom undertook to cast these out; he seemed to have an instinctive horror or dread of them—he did not like to touch them; only once in all his public ministry, so far as we know, did he ever cast out these devils. There was a family living down in Bethany that he thought a great deal of, and he went down there and put out seven, and set Mary all right. This is the only time that appears, in all his public ministry, that he cast out these domestic devils.

And the apostles tried to cast them out, but they could not, and they were astonished, and asked Jesus why they could not cast them out, and Jesus told them plainly. There was but one way—just one way to cast out these devils. "This kind goeth not out except by prayer and fasting." Every member of the family must pray and fast; for these are the worst kind of devils, and hard to cast out; but here, by united prayer and fasting, they will go out.

And I call attention now to *what followed* the planting of the Church in Ephesus.

And they showed their *deeds*. This is the first thing that followed. I use the Bible language; "they showed their deeds;" all they had done before came to light and was abandoned. Sin tends to cover up; it loves darkness rather than light, because the deeds are evil; but truth brings to light. The very first sin committed on earth by Adam and Eve they were ashamed of, and went and hid themselves among the trees of the garden. But I hear the voice of truth, the voice of God, as he walks in the garden, saying: "Adam, where art thou;" what is this that thou hast done? Come forth; show the deeds.

But what a catalogue of deeds came out when Paul planted the Church; when the gospel began to shine out in Ephesus; heathen deeds; pagan deeds, that I am not about to enumerate; deeds that may not be named in a Christian assembly; then Jewish deeds, the violation of the law of God, of every precept in the Decalogue. And when the gospel is preached, and the light shines, it is curious to see how the deeds will come out. And they showed their deeds; swearing deeds—the name of the Lord taken in vain; Sabbath-breaking deeds; gambling deeds; card-playing deeds.

They asked one of these ministers to take a game of cards, but he spread his hands over the table and shut his eyes; they asked him what he was going to do; he said: "I am going to pray; to ask God's blessing on this table." But they said: "Hold! hold! we never pray here." Then said he: "I will not sit at



your table." And no man should sit at any table where he cannot pray, nor do any work on which he may not ask the blessing of God. Drinking deeds; deeds of fornication; violation of the seventh commandment; these places of ill-fame; hundreds, thousands visit who are considered respectable in society. A proprietor of one of these houses dressed up, not long since, and visited one of the most fashionable churches in our city, and when the contribution box was passed, she was struck with awful horror. "Why," said she, "that man visits my house—a member of the Church; an office-bearer; yet he visits my house!" Such deeds come out, and let them come out; the sooner the better; and let them be wiped out from the face of the earth and from society, and let us have a better line of deeds—deeds that will bear the light and stand the test of truth.

*They burned their books.*—That is the next thing that followed. And the Church, and faithful ministry, and well-preached gospel, will test the literature of what sort it is. When the Church was established, they found their books imperfect and useless. All these books on jugglery, legerdmain, and the black arts were collected together and inventoried, and found to have cost fifty thousand pieces of silver; fifty thousand pounds sterling; two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; a quarter of a million of dollars—a great amount of money to be lost. What can we do with them? Put them away, and when Paul gets out of town, we will bring them out and read them. No—never; we and our children will not go back to such literature. But appoint an agent, and send him

out to the towns and cities round about where Paul has not been, and sell the books, and take the money and put it into the treasury of the Lord. No; no such money—the price of intellect; the price of virtue; the price of humanity; the price of souls—no such money shall go into the Lord's treasury. And they set fire to them and burned them up.

And there are a great many of these books that ought and must be burned. These vile books, that the Legislature has tried to suppress; but they are not suppressed, but handed to us on the cars and public highways, and sown broadcast over all the land; and our children get them, and read them, and our neighbors' children, and their minds are drawn away from science, and religion, and honorable pursuits, and debased and made sensual and earthly. Then ten-cent literature—a whole volume for a dime; cheap enough—too cheap. Much better petition the trade to put up the price to a dollar; we will all sign such a petition; better for the children—better for community at large. Then the literature done up in Turkey morocco and gilt, to be laid on the parlor table, side by side with old John Bunyan and the Bible—gift-books for Christmas and New Years, and birthdays for the children. Now, be it known, that we do not object to light literature particularly; for some men have light brains, and cannot stand heavy literature—weak constitutionally; weak stomachs, and cannot digest solid truth; but this exceedingly pernicious literature must be gathered for the burning, and the sooner the better. We want a better literature; sacred biography—the

lives of these old Bible saints ; profane biography—the life and death of these Christians ; these ministers of the gospel ; our fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers ; then history, and travels, and science, and the Bible, and commentaries, and religious newspapers, and quarterlies, and picture books, with men and women in full and decent costume.

Then they magnified the name of the Lord ; that is the next thing that followed the planting of the Church in Ephesus. Hitherto they had magnified the name of Diana.

The disciples received this name, were called Christians first at Antioch ; but the name was known long ere this. It was breathed in the first promise that dawned upon a ruined world. “The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent’s head.” It inspired the hearts of the patriarchs who, in great simplicity, bowed in prayer at their rural altars ; it accompanied the wandering tribes of Israel into Egypt and Canaan ; it animated the devotions of the pious kings of Israel. Then the prophets and ancient seers, whose lips were touched with hallowed fire, caught their inspiration here ; and old David sang in his sweetest strains of this name ; and it often waked the morning and evening echoes of Olivet and Carmel ; it was in the Christian martyrs’ hymns and prayers ; the Puritans loved it ; our fathers loved it ; and when the cloudy pillar came down upon them, then they magnified the name of the Lord. It is the inheritance of the Church ; and there is power in it to overcome all our enemies.

And if I had the command of the wind, I would

bid it waft this name west and east, and south and north, to all men—for there is power in it to save a continent. And if I had the command of the ocean, I would bid wave to wave bear this name to the uttermost parts of the earth, and islands of the sea—for there is power in it to save a world, and bring it back to God.

And in this name shall the Gentiles trust; in this name remission of sins shall be preached among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And here we have power to become the sons of God, even as many as shall believe on His name. This is the only name given under heaven among men, whereby we can be saved. And, at this name, every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess; swear allegiance; declaring that the Lord reigneth, and let the earth rejoice.

“ Jesus, the name high over all;  
In hell, or earth, or sky;  
Angels and men before it fall,  
And devils fear and fly.”

And they magnified the name of the Lord.

But where, to-day, is the magnificent temple of the great goddess Diana of the Ephesians? There is not a temple to Diana; not a shrine, and not a worshiper on the face of the whole earth.

The whole establishment of the great goddess is broken down and wiped out from the face of the earth.

But the Church, planted by apostolic hands, is not demolished, but is destined to be established in all lands; and all nations will bow at her altars, and all the world will worship her God.

## IX.

## SAMSON.

"And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthah; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets."—Heb., 11: 32.

WE have in this chapter St. Paul's masterly argument on the subject of faith. He tells us what faith is, and what it does for us, and how important it is in the sight of God. Then he brings forward a great cloud of witnesses from among the ancient worthies, all good men and true, as examples of faith.

Then he takes up each of these separately, and tells how, and under what circumstances, he wrought by faith, and then adds: "And what shall I more say? for time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthah; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets. Who, through faith, subdued kingdoms; wrought righteousness; obtained promises; stopped the mouths of lions; quenched the violence of fire; escaped the edge of the sword; out of weakness were made strong; waxed valiant in fight; and turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

*The general subject of faith is the theme suggested by the text, but I shall not have time to take up each*

one of these distinguished characters herein brought to view, and show how, and under what circumstances, he wrought by faith.

But I shall bring forward a single individual, namely, Samson, as an illustration or example of the power and practical workings of *faith*. But some say Samson was a doubtful character, and immoral, and had no faith. This, certainly, we do not admit. St. Paul brings Samson forward here in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and gives him an equal rank with these old Bible worthies, who wrought by faith, and this forever settles the question of his fidelity and purity.

Just as well question the fidelity and purity of Moses and Daniel, of Paul and Peter, as to question that of Samson. Samson was a great and good man, and wrought mightily by faith. Without controversy, he is one of the grandest characters spoken of in the Bible.

But two or three things are necessary for a better understanding of the character and work of Samson.

Israel had been in bondage to the Philistines for forty years. This is one thing.

Then God raised up Samson for the express purpose to make war on the Philistines, and to deliver Israel. This is another thing.

Then Samson had supernatural and unlimited strength; strength for the one work whereunto God had called him. In all other things, he was weak as other men. Teaching the great and comforting truth, that as thy day is, as thy duty is, so shall thy strength be.

The first we find of Samson, worthy of note, is in the camp of Dan. Here he early sought the Lord, and embraced revealed religion; here he studied military tactics, and prepared himself for his future and brilliant career; and here the Holy Spirit came mightily upon him, and he began to work by faith. And I like to see young men starting out in life, giving evidence that God is with them, and that they know how to work by faith. There is hope for our country, and hope for the Church, when such young men are about us; and I would that they were multiplied a hundred-fold.

The next we find of Samson is at Timnath. Here he goes to marry his wife, a Philistine woman. Some say this is incompatible with faith in God. I know, indeed, that it was a violation of the strict letter of the law. God had prohibited the Jews to intermarry with other nations. He designed that they should be a distinct and separate people forever. Yet it is just as certain that Samson was an exception to this rule, for it is expressly stated in Judges that his union with this woman was of the Lord; that he suffered it; that he directed it to furnish occasion against the Philistines to do the work that God had called him to do—to make war on these Philistines, and to deliver Israel. His parents objected to it, and said: “Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy people, that thou shouldst marry this Philistine woman?” But Samson says: “Get her for me, for she pleaseth me well.” And when he went down to Timnath to see this woman, he gave full evidence that God was with him and favored the enterprise; for when he came to

the vineyards of Timnath, a lion met him and roared upon him. Now, what could Samson do here with a lion roaring upon him, if God were not with him? But God was with him, and he put his hands upon the mane of the lion, and rent and slew him as you would rend a kid, and had no harm. And it is a good thing, when we go out into this cold world, to look for a helpmeet, and a lion meet us, to have God about us, and to be able to work by faith.

But Samson had a fine time at his wedding. These old Jewish weddings were always splendid occasions; but this was especially so. They made a great feast for seven days, and brought forward thirty of their best young men for groomsmen to wait on Samson. It was a splendid arrangement, and pleased Samson well; and he had a happy time of it.

And amid the festivities of the occasion he puts forth his famous riddle: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." "Now," said he, "if you will guess my riddle during the seven days of the wedding feast, I will give you thirty sheets and thirty changes of raiment; but if you fail to guess it, you shall give me thirty sheets and thirty changes of raiment." And they agreed to it; but the more they tried to guess the riddle, the more they could not do it at all; and they were greatly perplexed, and agreed with his wife to get him to tell her the riddle, and she told it to them. And on the last day of the feast, as the sun was setting, they came boldly forward and said: "What is stronger than a lion, and what is sweeter than honey?" The riddle was out.



The circumstances giving rise to the riddle are these: When Samson went down to Timnath to the wedding, he stopped at the vineyards, and turned aside to see the lion he slew when he went down to Timnath aforetime, and he found in the carcass of the lion a swarm of bees and honey. And it was good honey. And he took thereof, and ate; and he went on to the wedding eating honey. And it is not uncommon, when we have a hard fight with a lion, that we get some honey before we get through with it.

But Samson was better pleased with the honey than he was with the guessing of the riddle. With this he was greatly displeased, and well he might be. He had told them plainly, that if they had not taken improper liberties with his wife, they had never found out his riddle. And yet, though in this clandestine manner, they had found out his riddle, still they demanded the wager. They said, now pay us the wager for the guessing of the riddle. And Samson was indignant, and I cannot blame him. Here he finds occasion against these Philistines to do the work that God had called him to do.

Now Samson was not a man to leave his wedding with a debt unpaid. And the spirit of the Lord God came upon him, and his faith took strong hold of the Almighty, and he went down to Ashkelon, and entered the camp of armed soldiers, and slew thirty of these tall sons of Anak, and took their garments and paid the wager for the guessing of the riddle. A pretty good beginning of the war, and a little foretaste of what they might expect at the hands of Samson.

The next we find of Samson was about a year after this; a year of hard toil in the field of battle for God and his country, and he needed a little rest. And, on furlough, he took a kid in his hand, in the time of barley harvest, and went down to Timnath to see his wife, expecting to have a good time with her, and a feast on the kid he had brought in his hand.

But his father-in-law met him at the door, and told him he should not see his wife. He told him plainly he had given her to another man; that she was actually married to another man. Here, again, Samson finds provocation against these Philistines to make war on them, because of his domestic treatment.

Now said he: "I shall be more blameless than the Philistines, though I do them a displeasure; and I will do it." And he went and caught three hundred foxes, and paired them, and put a fire-brand between each pair, and sent them into the harvest-fields of the Philistines. And they kindled up a great fire, burning the shocks and the standing corn. They made clean work of it—much after the old Russian mode of warfare.

Now, it must have cost Samson a great deal of labor to have caught all these foxes, and instructed them in military tactics, and marshaled them, and fired them up, and sent them out to do battle for the Lord. But war is expensive, at best; yet the whole thing is exceedingly simple. What great chieftain would risk a battle with the enemy with three hundred foxes? But its great simplicity only shows that it was of the Lord. In all those wars which God had

anything to do with, we see the same marked simplicity. When they made war on the old Canaanites, and wanted to take Jericho, they took the Ark and a few of the priests, and moved round the city, blowing on ram's horns. Nobody thought anything would come of it; but something did come of it. Those old, moss-grown walls, which had stood the shock of time for long ages, trembled from the foundation to the top stone, and fell down flat; and they moved up straight into the city, and took the city. It was a great day of victory and of triumph. God was in it. And when they made war on the Philistines, on another occasion, and Goliath of Gath, whose hight was six cubits and a span, and the handle of his spear was like a weaver's beam, comes out defying the armies of the living God; but David, unarmed, a mere boy, went out to meet him, with a sling and five smooth pebbles from the brook. The old giant was indignant, and said: "Am I a dog, that you come out to meet me with a staff? I will pick your flesh from off your bones, and give it to the fowls of heaven." But did he do it? The stone from David's sling sank into his forehead, and he fell to the ground; and David took his own sword from its sheath, and cut off his head. It was a mighty victory of mighty faith.

And when they made war on the Midianites, Gideon goes out to meet them with three hundred unarmed men against as many hundred thousand of the enemy. And when the "cake of barley bread" rolled down into the camp of Midian, shouting the "sword of the Lord and of Gideon," the victory was complete.

And so here, when they make war on these Philis-

tines, the foxes are sent out to do battle for the Lord, teaching that God has committed the heavenly treasure to earthen vessels; that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us; that the battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift, but to those on whose side the Lord is; that "it is not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

The next we find of Samson is at the top of the rock *Etam*, a strongly fortified place by nature. Here he went to recuperate; to gather strength for further conquests; and in the meantime the Philistines came up, and pitched their camp in Lehi, in Judea, right among God's Israel. They ask them why they have come up to invade their territory, and they say: "To bind Samson. Deliver up Samson, and the war shall cease." Then the men of Judah fitted out three thousand men of Samson's own brethren—of the men of Judah—and sent them up to have an interview with him in his stronghold. They said to him: "What is this that thou hast done? Do you not know that the Philistines rule over us? Why is it that you have stirred them up against us?" He said: "As they have done to me, as they have done to my country, so I have done to them. For forty years the iron heel of these Philistines has pressed upon the bosom of my country, and the time has come that this galling yoke should be broken; and God has raised me up for the express purpose to make war on these Philistines, and to deliver Israel, and, the Lord helping me, I propose to do it." But they said: "The contest is an unequal one, and we think the war should

cease; and we have come up to bind you and deliver you up to the Philistines." "*To bind me and deliver me up into the hands of the Philistines?* But will you not fall on me yourselves and do me harm?" And they said: "No." "Will you swear by the eternal gods that you will not fall upon me yourselves and put me to death?" And they said: "We will." Then he gave himself up, and they bound him and carried him down, and delivered him up to the enemy; and there was a great shout in the camp—a *Te Deum* sung to old Dagon, because he had delivered their enemy into their hands. And now look at Samson, bound in the midst of the camp of the Philistines. Is there no hope for him? Has not God called him to deliver Israel? Has his faith lost hold on God? He looks upward; the Spirit comes mightily upon him. His faith takes hold on the Almighty Arm, and he breaks his fetters as a thread of tow, and seizes upon the first thing that comes to hand—the jaw-bone of an ass, and therewith slew a thousand men. I hear him saying with a loud voice: "Heaps upon heaps; with the jaw-bone of an ass I have slain a thousand men." Who, since the world was, ever went alone, and without arms, into a camp of fifty thousand armed soldiers, and slew a thousand men with a jaw-bone of an ass? But Samson did it because God was with him. He had the faith, once delivered to the saints, that puts to flight the armies of the aliens; and this is the faith we need. If we have the least particle of it, no power can stand before us.

The next we find of Samson is in *Gaza*. Gaza was a walled city of the Philistines—a garrisoned city.

Samson traveled all day, and was tired and hungry, and went down to Gaza, and found there a harlot, and went in unto her.

It should be noted, at this point, that the word "harlot," as it occurs in the Old Testament, has not necessarily a bad sense attached to it; sometimes it has. It means simply an inn-keeper—one that keeps a public house for the entertainment of travelers. The spies who went into Jericho did the same thing. They went into the house of the harlot Rahab, and you know what St. Paul says of her: "By faith the harlot Rahab perished not with them that believed not when she concealed the spies." Here, then, was a very good harlot, who obtained a standing among these old Bible worthies who wrought by faith. That is a good inn-keeper, and I am glad they had inns in old Jericho where the weary traveler might rest and serve God, undisturbed by rum. St. James also comes forward and testifies that the harlot Rahab was not justified by faith only, but by works also, when she concealed the spies.

And so here Samson goes down into Gaza, and went right to the inn where he ought to go, kept by this woman called a harlot—with reference to her office as inn-keeper, without any reference whatever to her moral character—and when he left, paid his fare like a man. That is the whole of it; nay, verily, that is not the whole of it, for Samson wrought mightily by faith for God and his country in Gaza.

When it was noised abroad that Samson, their enemy, was in town, the men of the city came and consulted together, to know what was best to

be done. And they came to this conclusion: that they would make the old, brazen gate of the city fast, and then retire and have the soldiers lie on their arms, and when Samson came down to the gate in the morning to go out, they would fall on him and put him to death. In the meantime he went into the inn, and went early to bed and slept well, as a tired soldier, after a long day's march, can sleep.

And early in the morning, while it was yet dark, he gets up, and makes his toilet, and starts on his way. And when he comes down to the gate, he finds it barred and bolted. He puts his hands upon it, and looks upward, and the Holy Spirit comes upon him, and his faith takes hold on God; and up comes the gate, posts and all, and he lays it on his shoulder and carries it away, up into Hebron, eight miles out of town, before breakfast, and lays it down and sits upon it.

Now, let us look into the camp of soldiers. Very early in the morning I hear the orders given: "Fall into line, men, and we will go down and take Samson." And they fell into line, and marched down, well armed and equipped, as the law requires, and came where Samson was; but he was not there. He was away up in Hebron, eight miles out of town. I hear one saying: "He has got his breakfast by this time, and has gone on his way, about his Master's business."

And here Samson becomes a grand type of the world's Redeemer. There was a time when he slept in spiritual Gaza, when the gate was made fast, sealed with the king's seal; but early as Samson was up, He was up, and shook off his slumbers, and coming to the gate, He lifted it from its hinges, and bore it off in

triumph; and it has never been re-hung. And the way is left open into Gaza, into Death's dark doings, and all these captives may come out, and they will come out. There will be a resurrection from the dead, both of the just and of the unjust.

The next we find of Samson is in the valley of *Sorek*. Here he went to marry his second wife, the famous Delilah, another Philistine woman. One might suppose that Samson had had enough to do with these Philistine women to let them alone now. But the same reason that justified his first marriage with a Philistine woman, will justify his second marriage with a Philistine woman. The war is not yet ended, and occasion must be furnished against these Philistines, and Israel must be delivered, and Samson is the man raised up and appointed to do this work.

But I did not tell you his first wife was dead; but she was dead. Her own people were so indignant with her because of her treatment of her husband, that they came upon her, and burnt her, with her father's house, with fire. Pretty rough treatment, you say. Well, be it so; and let it be distinctly understood, that all those women who violate the marriage covenant, who leave their own lawful husbands, and go after other men, and all those men who violate the marriage covenant and go after other women, will get rough treatment. The violation of the marriage covenant is always followed with fearful consequences.

But none will doubt that Samson had a perfect right to go down into the valley of *Sorek* and marry his second wife, the famous Delilah. But she was a paid ally of the enemy. They paid her large money



to betray Samson. And here again he appears as a type of the world's Redeemer. It was Judas that obtained thirty pieces of silver for betraying his Lord. It was Delilah who obtained thirty pieces of silver for betraying Samson.

And just as soon as they were married, she began to tease him to know wherein his great strength lay, and how he might be bound, so he would be weak like another man. And Samson said: "If they bind me with seven green withes, then I will be weak like another man." And she had him bound with withes, and then said: "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson," for she had them lying in wait to fall upon him and put him to death. But the Holy Spirit came upon him, and he breaks his withes as a thread of tow, and won a great victory over these Philistines.

And she says again: "Tell me how you may be bound, so you will be weak like another man." And he says: "If they bind me with new ropes, that have never been used, then I will be weak like another man." Then she had him bound with new ropes; and she said: "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson," and out these Philistines come again; but he breaks his new ropes, and wins another great victory.

Then she says: "You have deceived me; you have told me lies. Now tell me how you may be bound, so you will be weak like another man." And he said: "If you weave my locks in a web, then I will be weak like another man." His locks were like the locks of Absalom, falling down to his waist; and she took him into the loom, and wove his beautiful locks in the web, and says again: "The Philistines

be upon thee, Samson." But they were slower to come out this time, and well they might be. And Samson got up, with the pin of the beam dangling to his back, and went to the door and shook himself; and he won another victory over these Philistines, and slew more at his second marriage than at his first marriage.

I wonder if she, as a dutiful, loving wife, picked his locks out of the web, and straightened them out smoothly, as aforetime.

But you ask: "How can Samson be a good man, and deceive Delilah?" I answer: In the first place, it is by no means certain that he did deceive her. There was a reserve in all he said, and she knew it; she more than intimates the fact that he did not tell her all his heart. She knew too much of Samson to believe that he could be bound with green withes or new ropes, or have his locks woven in the web, so he would be weak like another man. There was strong irony in all this matter. At his first wedding he puts forth his riddle to amuse his guests, and at his second wedding he puts forth these curious conundrums for the same purpose. There was no design of an honest statement in them.

But then, in the next place, if he did deceive her, he had a perfect right to do it. It was a time of war, and he was dealing with the enemy, and he knew it; and this was a war stratagem, and it is in keeping with military tactics in all ages. If it is right to fight at all, it is right to deceive the enemy. So Grant out-generaled Lee, and so St. Paul took men by guile. What general, since the world was, ever told the

enemy how many men he had, or where his strength lay, so he could be bound and defeated, unless it was Benedict Arnold? It is too absurd to be entertained. Samson, a true man, never did so.

But we come now to a weak place in Samson—to a gross violation of his faith, both to God and to his country. When she continued to tease him and give him no rest, as only a bad woman will and can do, he told her all his heart. He said: "I am a Nazarete." The vow of God has been upon me from my youth up, and these locks and this beard, so beautiful and comely, are the outward embodiment of the vow. Now, shave off these, and then I will be weak like another man; then God will forsake me, and there will be nothing left but poor, weak humanity. And just so soon as she saw that he had told her all his heart, she began to sing lullaby to him. "You are tired and worn with your hard toil. Bow down now in my lap, and go to sleep:" I think I should not have done it, but he did it; and she called up an old Philistine to shave him. I wonder he had not cut his throat, and done with it; but his work was not yet done, and there was enough of God about him yet to save him. But he arose and went out to shake himself, and the Philistines fell upon him and tormented him, and put out his eyes, and thrust him into prison. And whatever else you do, do not touch these solemn vows; these altar—these baptismal vows. Then God will leave you; then you will be weak like another man.

But the next and last we find of Samson is at his death. The officers of the government, of the army

and navy—nay, the bone and sinew of the Philistine nation, came together in that great house. Three thousand were on the roof—an immense gathering—to torment Samson and put him to death. In the meantime, Samson, when he violated his vow and disowned his God, like Peter, went out and wept. In prison he repented heartily for his folly and madness, and returned to God; and God returned to him, and his beard began to grow as before.

And when called in by the janitor before that august assembly, to be tortured and put to death, he desired that he might be allowed to lean against the main pillars, on which the house rested, and his request was granted. And here he offers his last prayer: "Lord, help this once, and let me be avenged for my wrongs; and let my country be avenged; and let me die here." And he bowed himself, and the house came down, and his work was done. And he killed more at his death than in all his life before. Do you say he was a self-murderer, and died as the fool dieth? I answer, *no*. He died in battle; he died at his post; he died doing the work that God had called him to do; he died with access to God, when God heard his prayer; he died a conqueror—his country was free; he died a grand type of the world's Redeemer. When Jesus died, the last enemy lay prostrate at his feet. Samson died with his armor on, covered all over with glory, immortality, and eternal life; one of the grandest characters in all the book of God.

His faith was personal; he had no help but the foxes. As it was with Jesus, so here all his brethren

forsook him. And it is not enough for us that others have faith; we must have it for ourselves—*stand alone adverse to the world*. His faith was living and active; he was no idler; he was diligent by night and by day. And nothing less than a living, active, practical faith will do for us. Like Samson and St. James, we are to show our faith by our works.

Finally, his faith was patriotic. Though betrayed by his own familiar friends who lifted up their heel against him, and by his own brethren at Etam, as Christ was betrayed, yet he loved his country, and devoted his whole life to promote its welfare. And though we may not recognize the divine right of kings, we do recognize the divine right of government; and all enlightened Christians, in our country will obey civil magistrates, and be loyal citizens of the great Republic.

Rev. W. P. Abbott, D. D., died at Thirtieth street, New York, on the 22d of December, 1878, after this book had gone to press.

THE END.

## APPENDIX.

BY REV. A. H. WYATT.

“**M**ANY of my brethren in the ministry, who commenced preaching this gospel about the time I did, a little less than fifty years ago, have gone before me; but I yet linger, and am patiently waiting until my change come.” So writes my father at the close of his book. He had not long to wait. The change came, and he joined the “many brethren gone before” him, ere this story of his life could come from the press. He died at his home, in the city of Albany, March 19, 1879, “in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.”

The last few months of his life flamed with unusual religious fervor. The recent deaths of two members of his family, and the weakness caused by an insidious disease, and the infirmities of age, did not quench his spirit; they seemed only to rouse it to increased activity. He renewed his labors as a preacher: nor did he content himself with preaching old sermons. When he was appointed Presiding Elder, he made it a point to prepare a new sermon every week, and now in the last four weeks of his life he wrote and preached three new sermons with all his old-time vigor. Rev. H. Wendell, a member of the Hudson

Avenue M. E. Church of Albany, which was also my father's church, writes me: "His sermon at the watch-night service in our church is remembered as having been peculiarly impressive. So of all his late ministrations; now stimulating us to obedience by the faith of Abraham; now inciting us to self-denial and effort by the heroism of the Old Testament worthies; now opening to us the gates of the city that 'lieth four-square,' until we could see the streets of burnished gold. He was incessant in his efforts to rouse the church, and to inspire his brethren with high and heroic purpose. His words will live in our memories: 'he being dead yet speaketh.' His last sermons were preached in the Grace M. E. Church of this city, during a revival, and he referred with evident pleasure to the work the Lord had permitted him to do there. He loved to preach. He knew how to preach. He was master of the art of riveting truth upon the hearts of his hearers. No wonder. God had taught him."

It is eminently true of him that he gave the people truth they kept. His novel and incisive method of making the Bible preach itself, together with most solemn earnestness of delivery, lodged his sermons permanently in the memories of his hearers.

, C. E. Wright, Esq., of Doylestown, Penn., and formerly of Wilkesbarre, says, in a recent letter: "He was one of my favorite preachers. I always ranked him with Dr. Durbin. The sermons it was my pleasure to hear him deliver are not forgotten. They are a fund of contemplation."

A lady friend from Kingston, N. Y., writes: "I

shall never forget Mr. Wyatt, nor the deep impression some of his sermons made on my mind. One, on 'The twelve pearly gates of the New Jerusalem,' was left unfinished; the morning hours of service were too short, and he never attended to it afterwards. But old Father Bronson said he heard it in New York city, and the people shouted all over the house."

He was a preacher of the Word, and found in its inexhaustible treasures his illustrations, language and inspiration. The one work he did and loved was to preach. He studied hard, and jealously husbanded time for pulpit preparation. He gave the best of his life to the study and the preaching of Bible truth.

He regularly found his way to the numerous prayer meetings of his church in Albany, and delighted to visit the various classes, and, by his words of counsel and experience, to encourage his brethren. Of late the "fire shut up in his bones" has kindled the words of his personal experience in these meetings, until the most careless felt that he was nearing heaven. His testimony was always given with humility, yet ever clear, assuring, and full of expressions of unfaltering trust in the world's Redeemer.

The Albany friend, from whom we have already quoted, writes: "I was present at the death of your father. Your mother wished us to sing. We sang for a time, and I observed that he was rapidly passing away. We were singing, 'The home of the soul,' and when we came to the verse, 'That unchangeable home is for you and for me,' suddenly he ceased breathing; and the *itinerant preacher* who, for half a century, had known little of a permanent home,



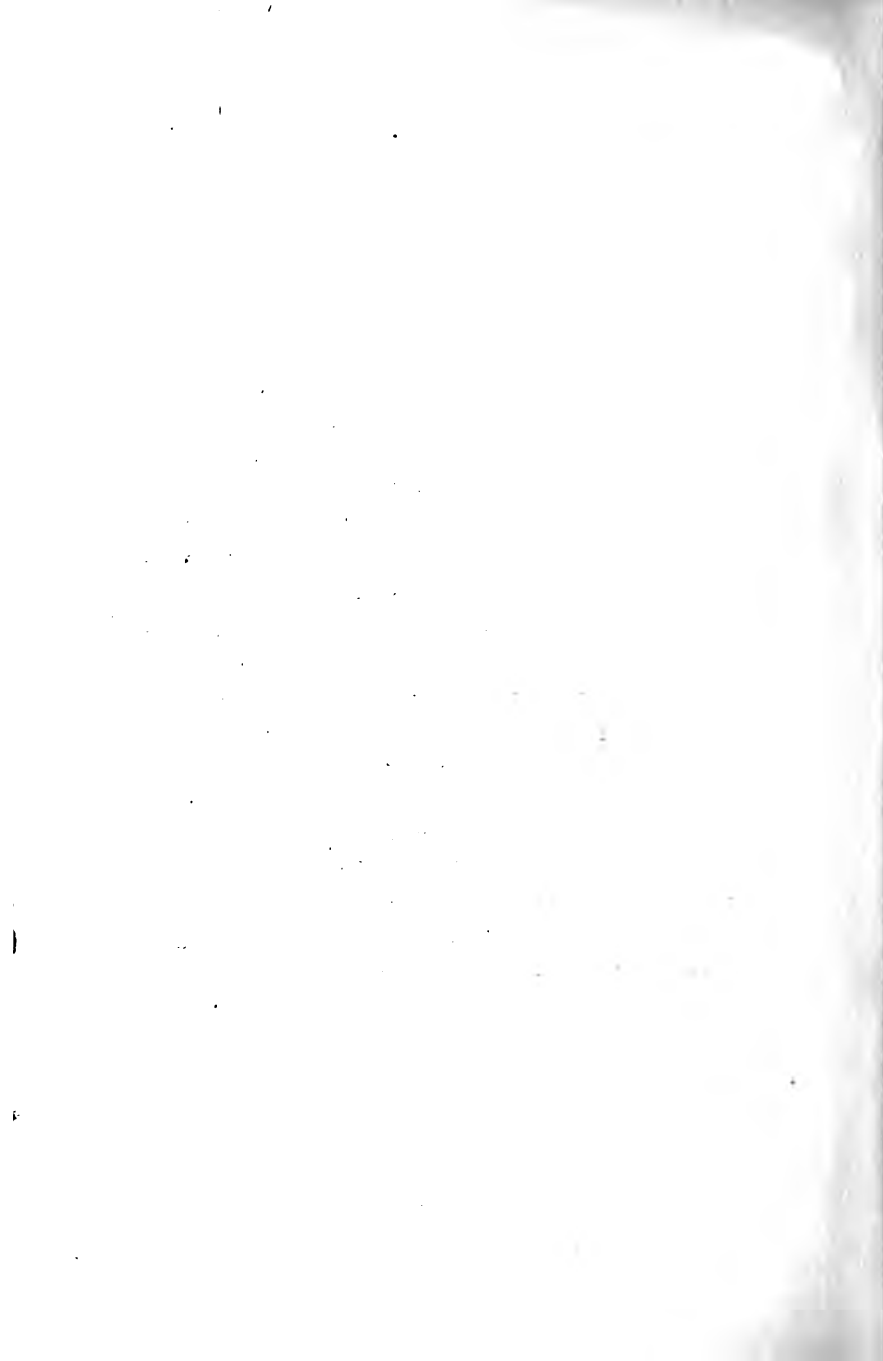
passed over to his *unchangeable* one. I now recall that in one of our recent prayer meetings, while we were giving quotations of scripture, Brother Wyatt arose and said: 'The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.' Temporal things, even then, seemed to be slipping away from him, while his faith fixed itself upon the eternal. His end was peace."

His funeral was attended from the Hudson Avenue M. E. Church on Thursday evening. At the house prayer was offered by the pastor, Rev. W. H. Meeker, and the brethren in the ministry gathered around the coffin and sang, "The sweet bye and bye." The pallbearers were ministers, Brothers J. E. C. Sawyer, John F. Clymer, J. W. Thompson, Charles Reynolds, C. W. Rowley and H. Wendell. At the church the following brethren gave eloquent and appreciative testimony to the holiness and usefulness of his life and labors among them: Rev. C. Devol; Rev. J. E. C. Sawyer, pastor Ash Grove M. E. Church; Rev. J. F. Clymer, pastor Trinity M. E. Church, and Rev. Homer Eaton, Presiding Elder of the Albany District. The remains, accompanied by wife and children, were removed to Wilksbarre, Penn., where, on Saturday morning, in the church where his voice had been so often heard preaching Christ, his friends gathered to remember him in impressive funeral services. Prayer was made by Rev. Mr. Smith, the present pastor of the church. Rev. Henry Brownscome then read a carefully-prepared and faithful summary of father's life, paying a just tribute to his abilities as a preacher. He was followed by Rev. Abel Barker, and Rev.

W. H. Olin, D. D., the Presiding Elder of the Wyoming District. We buried him by the grave of his "sainted Lizzie," on the banks of the Susquehanna, in blissful hope of the meeting bye and bye on the banks of life's fair stream.

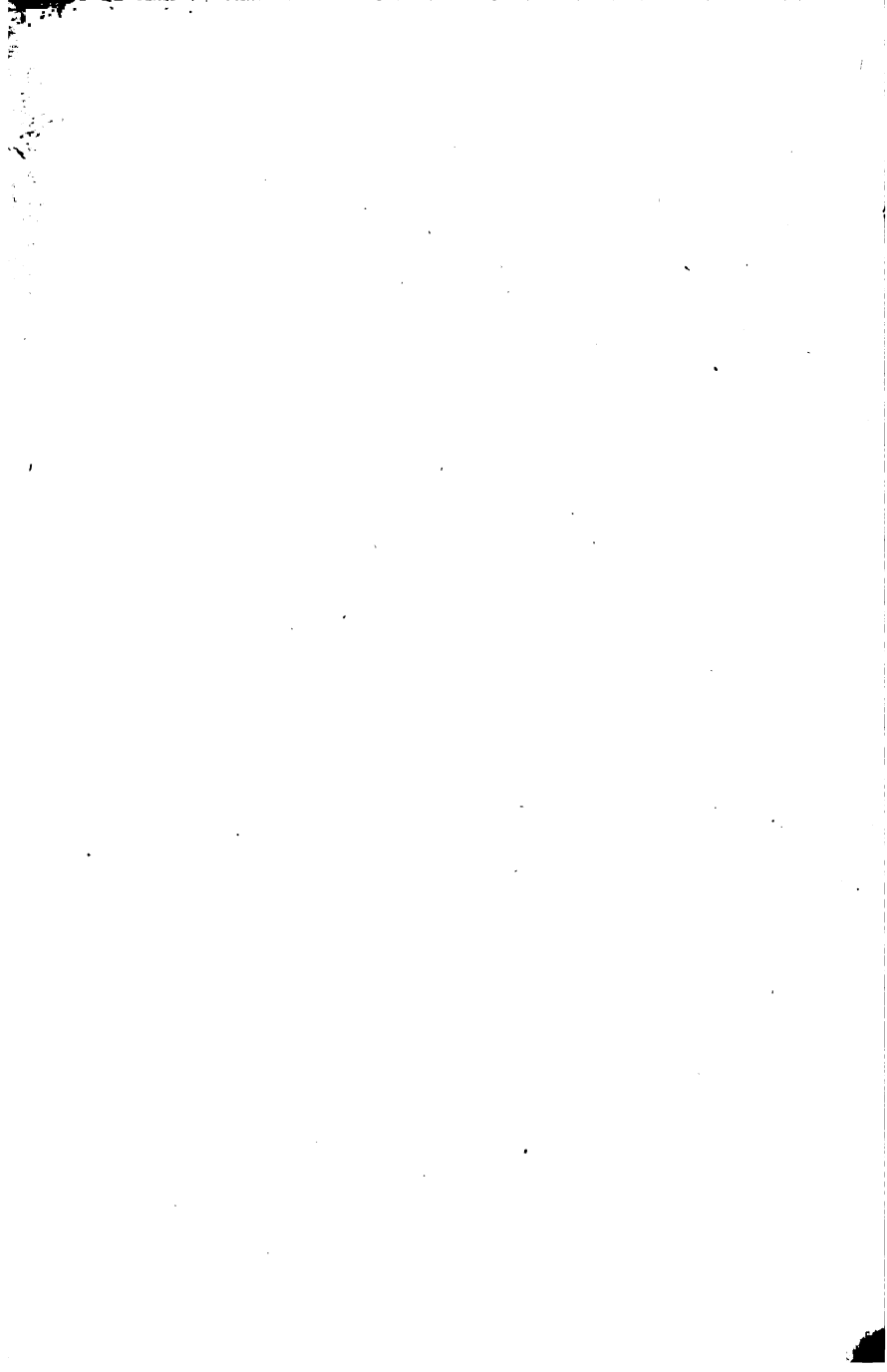
A few days before his death he said, with great emphasis: "It is wonderful love—talk about it!" Surely the love that took the ploughman from his "father's lower meadows," and fashioned out of him a preacher of righteousness, whose ministry won thousands of souls to Christ, many of whom were waiting to sing his welcome home to heaven, is "wonderful," and worth the talking about.

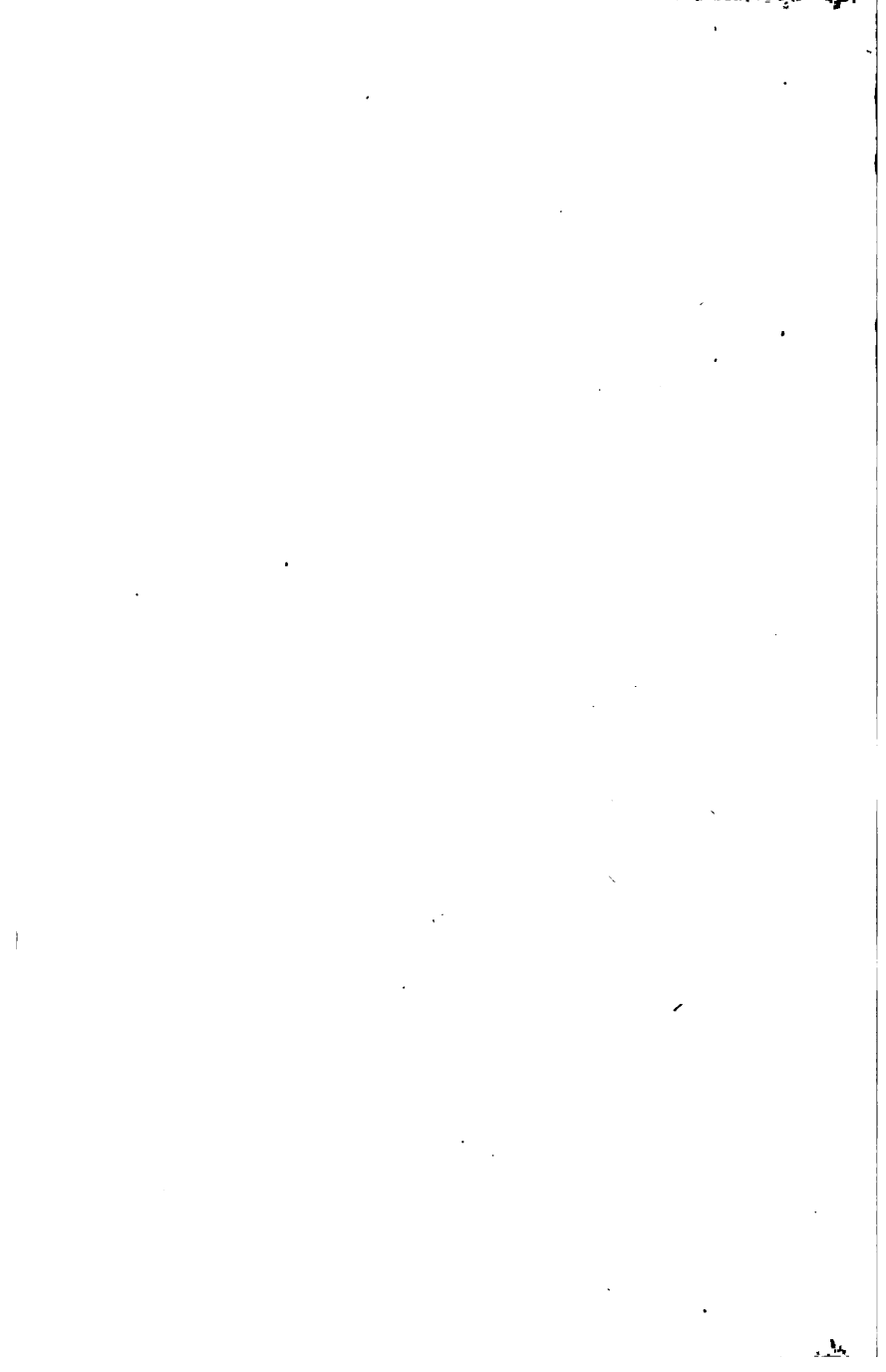
A few copies of his autobiography, having been completed some months since, found their way into the hands of some of his old friends, and without doubt the following additional extract from the letter of Mr. Wright, already referred to, expresses the sentiment of the numerous friends of my father, with respect to this volume: "How gratified I am that he lived to finish and publish his book. I have read and re-read it. It is always fresh and interesting. I marvel at the force and simplicity of style, and vigor of thought. It is a prized treasure."







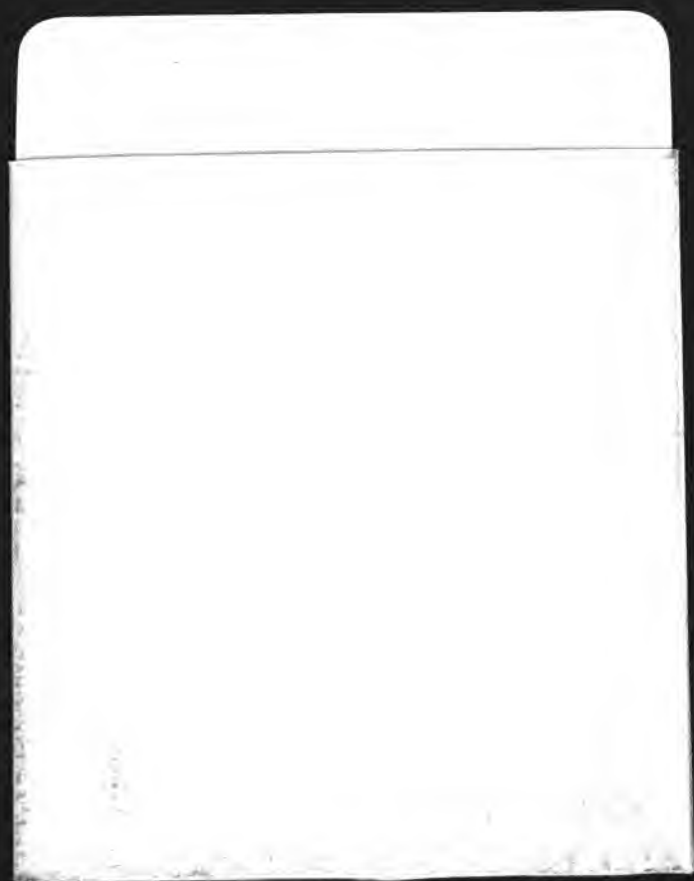








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